

PHOTOPLAY

MAGAZINE

June

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In this issue

"Mollie of the Movies"

Begins Her Letters

*Beautiful California Homes
of Movie Favorites*

Baby Pictures of the Stars

Getting It Right

The Struggle for Accuracy in Photoplays

Directors

The Creators at Work

*What Your Favorite Will Do
This Summer*

Fiction News

Interviews

Mary Fuller



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VOL. VIII

No. 1

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1915

Cover Design—MARY FULLER

Pictures of Popular Photoplayers

Dorothy Gish, William Elliott, Grace Washburn, Franklin Ritchie, Mae Marsh, Julia Swayne Gordon, Rita Jolivet, Fred Mace, Sallie Crute, J. Warren Kerrigan, Louise Vale, Ina Claire, Mack Swain, David Griffith, Bessie Barriscale.

<i>Frontispiece</i>	Civil War scene in "The Birth of a Nation"	
Pickford the Second	K. Owen	27
A queen who is the sister of a queen.		
The Sign of the Rosé		31
What Your Favorite Will Do this Summer		34
Edward Earle; An Indifferent Idol		36
Scholar, gentleman and artist.		
Mothers of the Movies		38
A Lady General of the Picture Army	L. H. Johnson	42
The Justice of Omar Khan (Short Story)	Frank Williams	43
A plain tale of the East.		
Impressions	Julian Johnson	49
Brief brilliancies regarding players.		
Scotty Weed (Short Story)	George Wolfe	51
The turning point at which a dark past died.		
Lo, the Poor Property Man!	John Ten Eyck	58
An appreciation of an unsung martyr.		
How I Keep My Strength	Francis X. Bushman	59
An all-America matinee idol tells his recipe for a "sane mind in a sane body."		
Picture Theatres the Public Never See		63

Contents continued on next page

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: \$1.50 in United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; \$2.00 to Canada; \$2.50 to foreign countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order.

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CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1915—Continued

The Reward (Short Story)	Edith Huntington Mason	65
How a girl found love and how a man found his soul in Times Square.		
Domestic Drama on the Screen		71
The-Sort-of-Girl-Who-Came-From-Heaven (Short Story)		
In which Fate gently satirizes a novelist.	Mrs. Ray Long	73
Directors	Harry C. Carr	80
The men who are making the movies.		
When Shining Stars Were Baby Twinklers		86
They were the cunningest babies you ever saw!		
Frauds (Short Story)	George Vaux Bacon	90
In which the Government engineers a romance.		
The Girl on the Cover (Interview)	Colgate Baker	99
About Mary Fuller.		
Photoplays of Tomorrow	Jesse Lasky	101
A prophecy concerning the art of the photoplay.		
Mollie of the Movies	Kenneth McGaffey	103
Being the first installment of Mollie's letters to Clara Bell.		
Seen and Heard at the Movies		107
At the Stroke of Twelve (Short Story)	Cora North	109
How a life was saved by the ticks of a clock.		
News of the Day in Pictures		116
Courtot—Well, Who is She?		120
Brief history of one of the youngest stars.		
Movie Royalty in California	Grace Kingsley	123
Palaces bestowed on screen actors by picture-fandom.		
Hints on Photoplay Writing	Capt. Leslie T. Peacocke	129
Movie Manners	Reginald Pelham Bolton	133
Classifying some familiar Fauna and a Flora or two.		
Personality in Dress	Ruth Roland	134
Something about "style."		
The Players		136
Getting It Right	Harry Carr	139
How the directors work for correct detail.		
Beauty to Burn (Conclusion of Serial Story)	George Orcutt	143
Rocks and Roses		151
Love letters (and otherwise) from our readers.		
Questions and Answers		153

The play-actor theatres are shutting up for the summer; the actors are all going picturing! And since pictures are a twelve-month institution, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will only glow more brilliantly as the summer advances.

July Photoplay Magazine

is going to be the month's most absorbing reading for the man or woman at home or at the shore; on roof-garden or mountain-top—rocking the baby or rocking the boat.

A FEW OF THE FORTY FEATURES BEGINNING

Charlie Chaplin's Own Story

What Everybody Wants to Know About Him.

"Mollie of the Movies"

—letters from California, as she fights her way up a lot of uproariously funny Alps toward fame.

"My Actor Director"

A story written by his leading woman—a singular "close-up" of two of the biggest personalities in the world of active photography.

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A wonderful lot of looks at film *femmes* as they splash!

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A Harry C. Carr story; enough said.

The Village that the Lens Built

A. B. Frost's ideal "rube town" completely realized by a great film corporation.

The Girl Who Keeps a Railroad

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—likewise, artists in their roles; how pictures are raising their own standard. A Revolution of Intelligence.

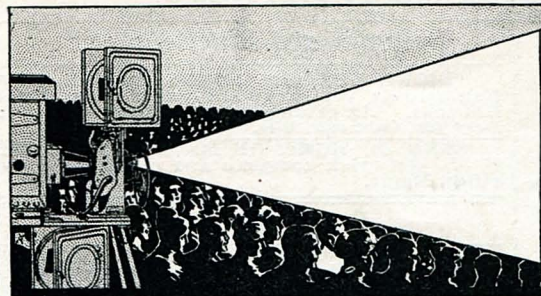
Cecil DeMille as Our Illustrator

The big Lasky director poses his illustrious players for a new Photoplay Magazine fiction feature.

NEWS

**A WHOLE VOLUME OF
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INTERVIEWS



Chicago, March 15, 1915

Photoplay Magazine, Chicago, Illinois

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(CLASSIFIED SECTION CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7)

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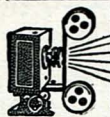
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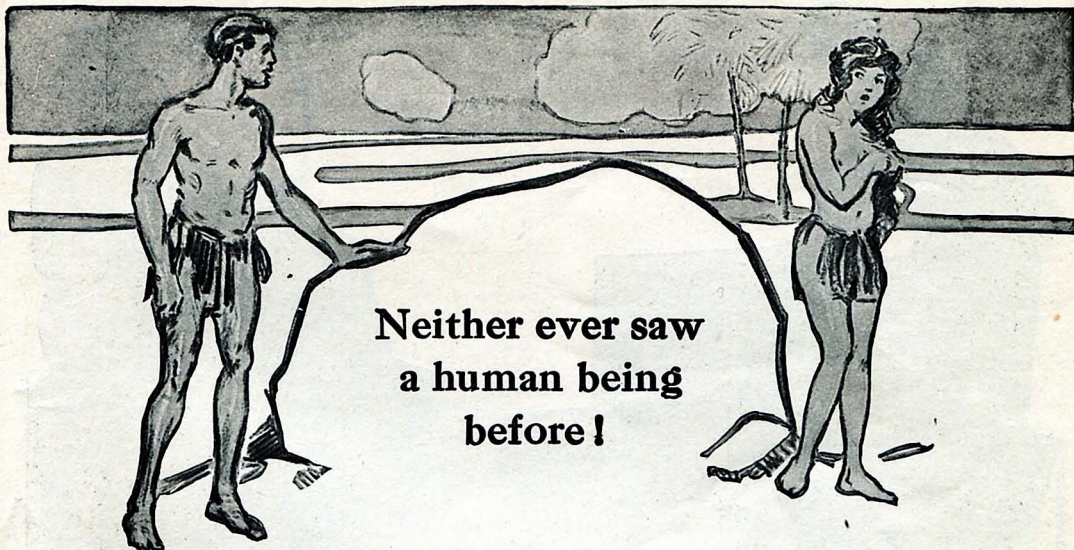
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POPULAR PHOTOPLAYERS



DOROTHY GISH

was born at Dayton, Ohio, March 11th, 1898. She began her photoplay career with the Biograph company about two years ago, leaving it for the Reliance when D. W. Griffith took charge of that concern. She has had experience on the stage as well as in the studio, and is said to be one of the prettiest blondes before the camera. Her eyes are blue.



J. WARREN KERRIGAN

began his career as a reel hero with the Essanay company, from which he went to the American, and thence to the Universal, where he is at the present time. He is twenty-five years old, and has been in the pictures for five years. He lives with his mother, brother and sister at Hollywood, California.



GRACE WASHBURN

was engaged this Spring to be the leading woman of the Charles K. Harris Feature Film Company. Her first screen appearance was in "When It Strikes Home." Miss Washburn, incidentally, has a dash of Indian blood in her, tracing her descent from the Cherokee Indian chiefs. She has been a favorite in England and Russia as well as this country for several years.



FRED MACE

is one of the old line comedians of the screen and is known from Coast to Coast wherever films are shown. He originally appeared with the Keystone company, and at the present time is heading a new organization, the Apollo, with headquarters at New Rochelle, N. Y.



SALLIE CRUTE

is a native of Chattanooga, Tennessee, and is one of the most consistently ambitious girls on the screen, never, apparently being satisfied and always wanting to do herself one better. She is considered as one of the cleverest and most promising of the young studio comediennees.



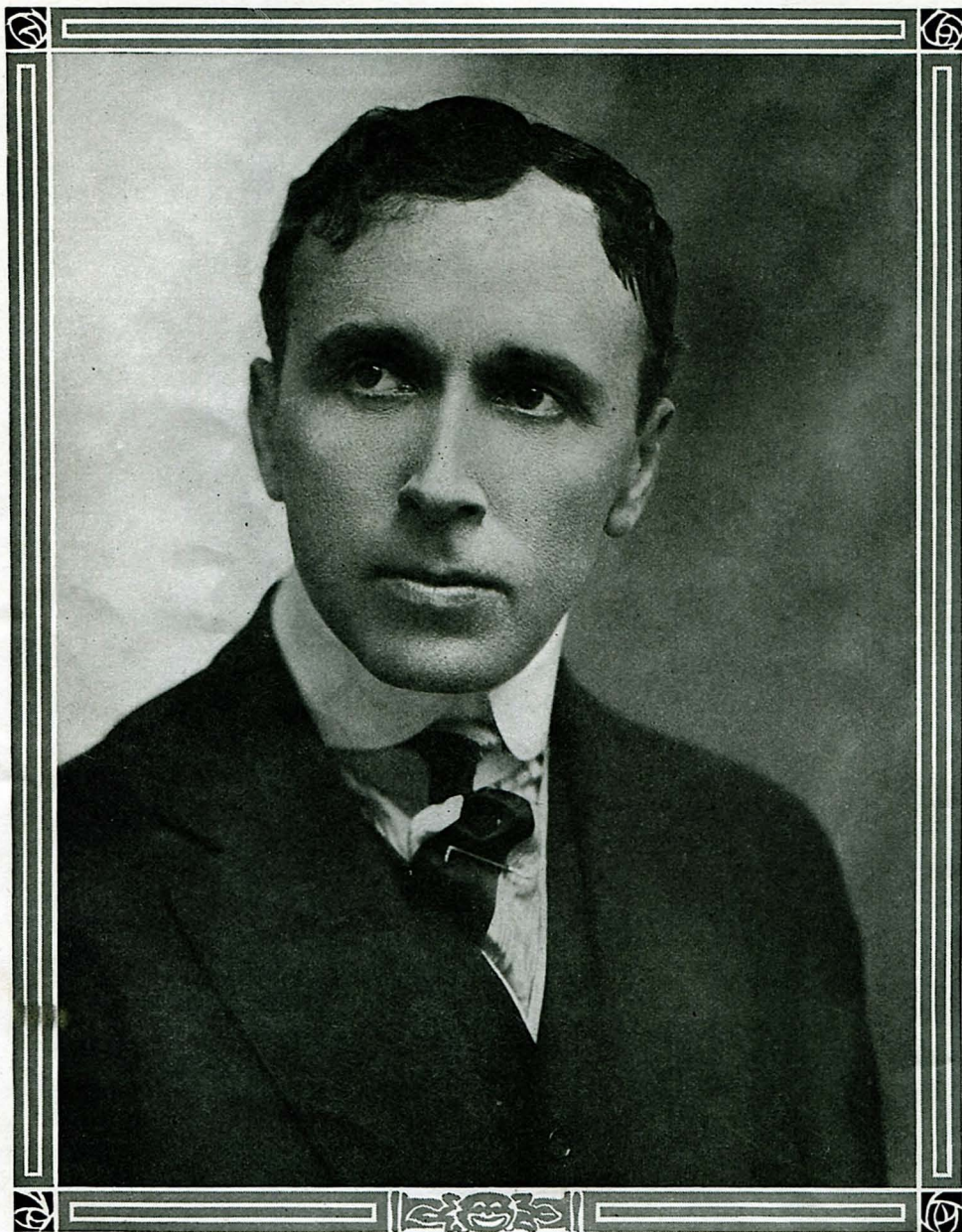
WILLIAM ELLIOTT

is a son in law of David Belasco, and has been for some time recognized as one of the ablest actors on the American stage. He left the speaking drama, in which his recent success was as Youth in "Experience" for the movies this Spring. Mr. Elliott is remarkable for being a unique combination of artistic and financial ability.



LOUISE VALE

is the new leading woman of the Biograph company. She is a piquantly beautiful girl, of a Latin type, and as a result is particularly forceful in romantic plays, strongly emotional parts, and parts of the Gypsy type.



FRANKLIN RITCHIE

is the "leading heavy" of the Biograph company. He comes from the Pacific Coast where he was well known as the villain in the good old days of the ferocious stage melodrama. He is equally well known as a hero, however, and is a man of great versatility. He was for some time connected with the Morosco stock organization in Los Angeles before going into the movies.



RITA JOLIVET

makes her debut in America as a moving picture actress this season, although she spent last year with the Ambrosio company in Turin, Italy, it being her first studio experience after several years as a stage star. Miss Jolivet was born in sunny France, and has all the fascination and exquisite technique of the finished French actress.



MACK SWAIN

began his theatrical career in Salt Lake City at the age of eleven. He became a famous vaudeville comedian, leaping from success there to a scream of popularity as the indescribable "Ambrose" of the Keystone collection of comedy. Swain's comedy is a thing absolutely of his own invention.





MAE MARSH

is an exhibition of David Griffith's ability to discover latent genius. She is the sister of Margaret Loveridge, through whom she was first brought to Griffith's attention at the time he was a director with the Biograph company. She is at present with the Reliance and Majestic companies and is a recognized Mutual star. She is a past mistress of realism on the screen.



DAVID GRIFFITH

is admitted to be, by a consensus of opinion on the part of those who know, one of the greatest photoplay directors in the world. It is doubtful if there are three other directors in America as well known to the people at large as is Griffith. In the production of terrific and awe inspiring spectacles on the film, he is a master.



BESSIE BARRISCALE

new star of the New York Motion Picture company, is one of the best loved and cleverest young actresses of the country, and is a product of the Morosco engine of artistry. Though long the most prominent amongst the younger actresses of the Pacific Coast, she attained nation wide celebrity as the Hawaiian girl in "The Bird of Paradise," about three years ago.



JULIA SWAYNE GORDON

one of the handsomest women on the screen today, has been identified practically throughout her career in the studio with the Vitagraph Company of America. Miss Gordon is one of the most temperamentally brilliant of the great photoplay actresses, and was the first of the American stars of the camera to attain international renown.



Moffett Photo, Chicago

INA CLAIRE

was born in Washington, D. C., and was educated there at Holy Cross Academy. She first appeared in vaudeville, then went with Richard Carle in "Jumping Jupiter." Last season she made a great success in London with Sam Bernard in "The Belle of Bond Street." Miss Claire is making her debut before the camera under the Jesse L. Lasky management.



The progress of an army in "The Birth of a Nation," David Griffith's great moving panorama of the Civil War, which is the biggest and most comprehensive picture ever attempted, dwarfing in spectacular effects and number of people employed even the mighty "Cabiria," which only a year ago set a record which at that time seemed almost impossible of attainment. The better part of a year was occupied in making "The Birth of a Nation," cameras were planted for its scenes from the Atlantic to the Pacific, thousands of players appear in it, and it cost nearly half a million dollars.

Pickford the Second

THIS ONE IS LOTTIE,
MARY'S LITTLE-BIG
SISTER, AND SHE'S ON
THE GLORY ROAD

By K. Owen

THE Pickfords, royal family of the continent of Photoplay, have annexed another kingdom.

Lottie, after two years of self-imposed retirement, has returned in greater glory than ever: she is the star in the interesting new serial, "The Diamond from the Sky," now being picturized by the American Film Company at Santa Barbara, California.

After severing her connection with the Imp Company, two years ago, Lottie created the leading role in "The House of Bondage," a six-reel feature. Before her retirement she was starred by The Famous Players, in several productions.

Can you imagine Mary piloting a racing

motorcycle, doing a buck and wing dance, or diving from a fifty foot cliff? What?

That's the difference between Mary and her sister Lottie.

And it might be well to state right here that this story is about Lottie Pickford and it will be about Lottie, although necessarily there must be some reference to Mary, about whom has already been said and printed all that can be said and printed. So remember that this is Lottie's story and not Mary's, although as stated hereinabove, Mary must figure quite extensively in it because she is part of Lottie's life. It is regrettable that Lottie cannot be the only Pickford in it now that she has developed into a full-fledged star in her own right. So just to even up things and make

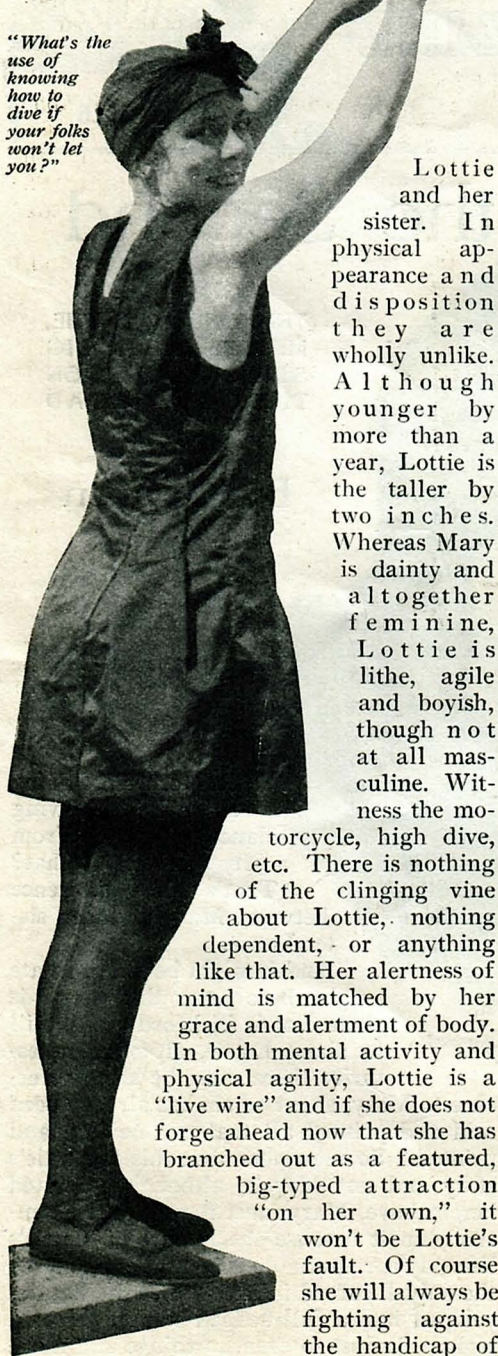


The Star of "The Diamond from the Sky."

long delayed restitution, little Mary will have to play "just sister," for once—at least for the purpose of this story.

There is a wide difference between

"What's the use of knowing how to dive if your folks won't let you?"



Lottie and her sister. In physical appearance and disposition they are wholly unlike. Although younger by more than a year, Lottie is the taller by two inches. Whereas Mary is dainty and altogether feminine, Lottie is lithe, agile and boyish, though not at all masculine.

Witness the motorcycle, high dive, etc. There is nothing of the clinging vine about Lottie, nothing dependent, or anything like that. Her alertness of mind is matched by her grace and alertment of body. In both mental activity and physical agility, Lottie is a "live wire" and if she does not forge ahead now that she has branched out as a featured, big-typed attraction "on her own," it won't be Lottie's fault. Of course she will always be fighting against the handicap of

being Mary Pickford's sister, but she hopes, without detracting a whit from Mary's fame, that some day folks will forget that she is a "sister" and remember only that she is a real actress who need not depend on a family name to get her share of fame and what goes with it.

Reverting to comparisons before proceeding with the story proper, and to clear up any vagueness in the mind of the reader as to Lottie's physical personality, it may be stated that she also differs considerably from her sister in natural "make-up." Her hair is dark, almost black, and not so curly, though still quite curly; her eyes violet between dark lashes, a Celtic inheritance from "Manager Mamma."

"Manager Mamma" Pickford herself is worth a story in any old magazine, and deserves it, too, for giving to the world two such daughters, to say nothing of "Jack," the baby of the family, now approaching manhood and perhaps fame of his own as a motion picture star. "Mamma" acquired her business acumen, which no manager is disposed to question, at least not more than once, in a hard school. Herself debarred from becoming a dramatic star because of a delicious brogue which restricted her Thespian activities to "Irish parts"—there was no "Peg-O'-My-Heart" in those days—"Mamma" had some pretty hard sledding in the old days when "Daddy" crossed the great divide and left her with a trio of kiddies.

Considering the assignment of interviewing Lottie, I felt that it would be a rather delicate undertaking. Surely she must resent her sister's wonderful climb to fame and fortune. But not so.

"I was never jealous of Mary—not the tiniest bit!" averred Lottie, so convincingly as to allay the suspicions of the veriest skeptic. "I have gloried in her success. And I don't think she would ever feel that way toward me if I should become as famous. We have always been inseparable, and always will be, in spirit if not in body.

"Perhaps it is because we are so different that we get along so well. I have been accused of being more aggressive than Mary and perhaps I am, because I have a horrible distaste for turning the other cheek when someone swats me.

"It's just the same when anyone is unkind to Mary. You see I feel something like a big brother toward her now that I

am so much bigger (Lottie is five foot three in Mary Janes) and I would and do fight just as readily for her as for myself, and that is *some readily*, I can assure you!

"The history of my life? All right. Ready. Camera:

"I was born June 9, 1895, which will make me twenty years old in just a few weeks more. Do you know that it is a terrible thing to lose your teens and get into your twenties?"

Considering this as a personal interrogation, I assured Miss Pickford that my teens were so far away as to constitute ancient history, of which I never was particularly fond.

"But it's so different for a girl, and"—with a hasty glance into the future—"I never will be able to cheat about my age because people will always remember Mary's age and in that way keep track of mine, if I'm worth it. (Mary was twenty-one April 8, so she can vote now if she stays in California.)

"I was christened Lottie Stella after mamma, whose name is Charlotte, but I've never featured the Stella. I never did like that name, but as it means 'star' perhaps there may be something prophetic about Mamma's christening idea. At least I hope so.

"Daddy died when Jack was a little baby. Mary and I were not much more, as Jack is only two years younger than I; my debut on the stage was made at the age of three years. Of course I could tell you all about it and what my sensations were, except that I don't remember a thing! I do know, however, that Mamma had no cinch making both ends meet and keeping three youngsters in clothing that would meet the approval of Anthony Comstock.

"Mary's story has been published lots of times, and mine is about the same.

"Usually when Mary had a good part, I understudied her both ways from Little Eva.

"All of us were with Chauncey Olcott for three years and I had my first chance as understudy for Mary in 'The Fatal Wedding,' and made good. I had a dandy part in my last year with Mr. Olcott, playing Sheilah in 'Ragged Robin' and at that time I got perfectly splendid notices, quite eclipsing Mary. I only mention that because I really 'had it on her' then.

"I went into pictures at the same time Mary did, about six years ago. My first part was that of the Cardinal's page in 'The Cardinal's Snuff Box.' It was with the Biograph Company, and I felt very proud because I appeared throughout the thousand feet of it. Since that time I have been with the Independents, P a t h e, Vitagraph, Kalem and Famous Players, but I do not believe I will ever enjoy anything so much as those first child parts.

"Last January I came out to California with Mary and the Famous Players. I like the work in Los Angeles, but I knew there was no chance of getting very far with that company as long as they were featuring Mary. One Pickford at a time is enough for any company to feature; so the offer from the American at Santa Barbara received ready consideration.

"We have already turned out several episodes, although they will not be known as episodes or anything like that.

"As I understand it, 'The Diamond from the Sky' will be the screening of a complete mystery novel, and it will take thirty-five weeks to finish it. So far they have not told us much about it. I guess they want us to help the public do the guessing, as they just carry us along from chapter to chapter.

"One reason why I was so eager to take this offer was because I thought there would be a chance to do 'stunts,' like riding a motorcycle on a wild chase or taking an aeroplane flight, or high dives. But Mamma says nothing doing on the stunts.



Her hair is almost black; her eyes, violet between dark lashes—a Celtic inheritance.

"What's the use of knowing how if your folks won't let you?"

"The people at Santa Barbara have treated me royally and I expect to get as much pleasure out of acting in the picture as I hope the people who see it will receive."

"I had one thrilling experience last week, when a horse kicked me in the chest. Yes, he did! It was a sure enough kick. He was a trained horse and he was prancing around on his hind legs with me trying to yank him down with the bridle when he slapped me over the heart with one of his paddies. It knocked the breath out of me and it was two days before they would let me go back to work."

"When Mamma hears about it she will want me to come right to Los Angeles and I will sorrowfully tell her that it can't be did. She has as much of a horror of stunts as I have of having people at the depot when I leave for anywhere. When I left Los Angeles I wouldn't let anyone come to the depot. It's too much like playing leads in a funeral."

"Of course I miss Mamma, Mary and Jack. We have all been pals for so long and I know I will miss them more when they go back to New York this summer. But my work in Santa Barbara ought to keep me pretty busy."



Lottie is lithe, agile, boyish — taller than Mary by two inches.

"I want to take back what I said about never being jealous of Mary before you go. I have been jealous of her in the past, but it has been something of a secret with me. It had nothing to do with her success. It was only because I thought Mamma paid more attention to her than she did to me."

"Oh, yes—but I know she has. It wasn't imagination, but I am beginning to realize why it was. It's hard to explain, but you can probably understand when I tell you that I wouldn't talk to her director for weeks because he scolded her for taking too much time for lunch. Mary isn't the kind to get angry over anything like that so somebody has to do it for her."

"Let me tell you (this very confidentially) no one will ever have to fight for me!"

But for all this belligerent talk, there is nothing hoydenish or vixenish about Lottie. Her obvious ability to take care of herself does not detract in any degree from her sweet girlishness and if she does not "get on" rapidly now that she has her chance, it will be no fault of Lottie's. Her blue eyes and black lashes constitute only the least of her inheritances from her very capable mamma. Added to them is the imagination, the charm, and the wit of the Celt that has e'er now made great poets, great soldiers—and stars.

The Precious Twins

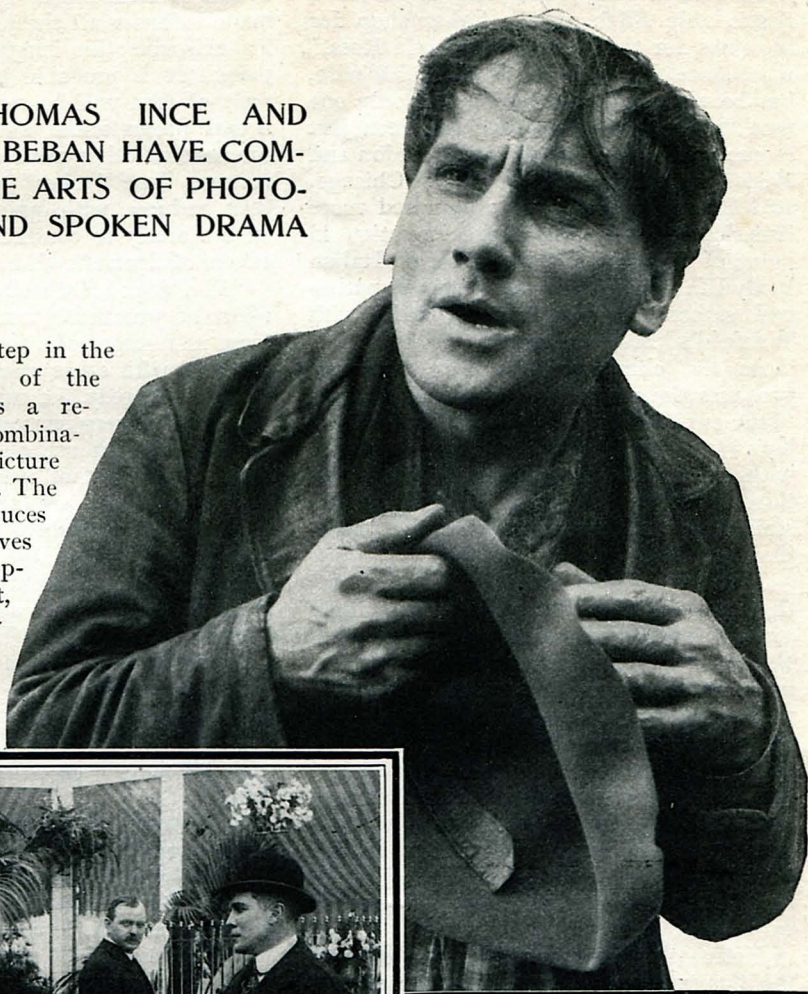
RARE twins are these; we cherish them alike,
Yet equal joy to them are frowns and grins.
Each has its plan and place, like pond and dike,
Yet 'round the circling track each toiler spins.
Distinct in service as "receive" and "strike,"
But neither owns the prizes which it wins.
In looks as similar as nail and spike—
Two little handles are these precious twins:
On cam'ras one inwinds the living pictures, score on score;
And one unwinds the scenes before the wee projection door.

—Mary H. Coates.

The Sign of the Rose

HOW THOMAS INCE AND
GEORGE BEBAN HAVE COM-
BINED THE ARTS OF PHOTO-
PLAY AND SPOKEN DRAMA

THE latest step in the development of the photoplay is a remarkable combination of motion picture and spoken drama. The photoplay introduces the characters, gives shape and development to the plot, piles up the situations, arrives at the denouement—presto! The



George Beban as Pietro; and the Flower Shop in "The Sign of the Rose."

screen disappears, the lights appear, and the very actors whose silent shadows have been creating very real emotion appear in person and carry the story swiftly to its logical completion.

This is Thomas A. Ince's idea treatment of George Beban's little one-act masterpiece, "The Sign of the Rose," which, it is safe to say, has been seen everywhere that vaudeville has reached first-class proportions.

Beban has been on the Coast for many weeks, laboring with Ince.

Those who have seen "The Sign of the Rose" will recall that it is the story of a poor Italian immigrant who comes to a fashionable Fifth avenue flower shop for blossoms for the bier of his "leetla Rosa," who, since the untimely death of his wife, has been his only companion, the only one who "understands." Beban has been just as successful with the piece in London and Paris as he has in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and half a hundred more American cities. His characterization in point of accuracy is the best bit of Italian lowly life ever seen on our stage: in pathos and sincere heart-interest it ranks with Warfield's "Music Master."

As the climax of the film play approaches the screen does a rather startling "fade-out" on its own account, and Thorley's (the flower shop) appears quickly, with the people of the play in their costumes, and in the identical positions described in the last glimpse of the photoplay.

Those who have seen this production say that the demonstration is a surprisingly strong argument for the photoplay: that Beban's facial emotion, magnified to intense proportions in the "close ups" of the picture, is infinitely more convincing than the patently false illumination, the confined settings and the more or less distant figures of the theatrical stage. The duration of the play from this point, is, however, so brief, and its emotion so strong, that its vitality balances what is lost by the departure of Ince's splendid camera work.

Pietro, the immigrant, is seen only in the flower shop in the vaudeville sketch. In the film play his life story is told. The

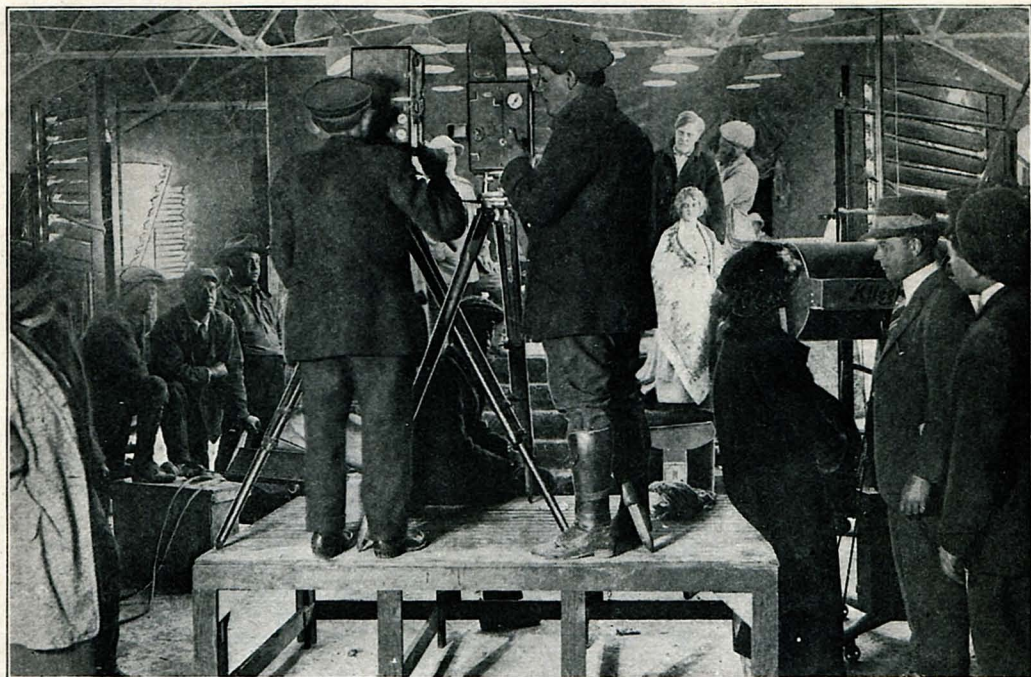
advantages of the screen in this respect are manifest in the various scenes in which Pietro is introduced, for the audience is made to know all the joys and sorrows of his existence: his laughter, as well as his tears. It is probable that the ample ten reels of film will be somewhat reduced in actual presentation, but in common with the several other really big American directors, Ince "takes" voluminously, and then reduces with painstaking care, and an eye solely to continuity and the proper effects of dramatic climax.

"The Sign of the Rose" has had the effect of practically removing Mr. Beban from new stage roles for several years. In common with other effective portrayers of real-life tragedy, he was at first a comedian, and a very successful one. He and David Warfield are only two of the numerous proofs that healthy laughter and the sincere tear are near kin. Warfield attained great celebrity as comedian with Weber and Fields, and his first stellar vehicle was a curious compound of gulps and laughs. Beban was an actor of French grotesque characters. His performance of the milliner's boy in an almost-forgotten musical comedy, "The American Idea," lifted it up into the only success it attained. While it was the only thing that made the play possible, it gave him a great reputation.

The debut of Beban into the arena of shadowgraphy is something that may well occasion interest in every circle of picture fandom, for he is such a character-creator as the screen has long needed.

The release of the new Ince-Beban "Sign of the Rose" will probably be followed with further interesting announcements.

The July issue of Photoplay Magazine will be on the News-stands June 1st. Thousands were disappointed last month because their newsdealers were sold out. Order Your Copy in Advance and remember that we have moved to our new home at 350 North Clark Street, Chicago.



TAKING the first picture ever made at the new indoor studio in Universal City. The subject was the final episode of "The Master Key," and back in the jungle of Cooper-Hewitts may be discerned the "Master Key's" leading figures: Robert Leonard and Ella Hall. This studio is declared a marvel in scientific lighting, its illuminations being an approximation of sunlight in quality and brightness.

Carlyle Blackwell Moves

SCREEN devotees from coast to coast will be interested in the news that Carlyle Blackwell has just signed a Lasky contract, and will appear as leading man with Ina Cl  ire, in the forthcoming Lasky releases. These two players should make

a superb and redoubtable popularity team. Miss Claire is internationally renowned as a comedienne on that stage which augments its resources with voice and footlights; Mr. Blackwell is not less well known as a photoplayer.

Those Lips: Keep Guessing!

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is not solving the "lip puzzle" this month. Speculation is too keen; a tardy interest has grown too rife. The May number of the magazine contained a double page of "lip portraits" of favorite players, with a challenge to name the owners of the respective and assorted mouths. Preliminary studying on this page must have been careful, for it was deliberate. Then, quite suddenly, the answers began to make the mail man weary. The volume has grown every day. At the hour of going to press, there is a substantial daily avalanche.

The solution of this mystery of mouths will be printed in July. Meanwhile, as Caesar was warned concerning the Ides of March, the editor bids you beware of Mouth No. 2. A lot of you are going wrong on—well, the name is up to you!

What Your Favorite

A SLIGHT FORECAST OF THE LESS "VACATION SEASON" THE

THE summer plans of The Famous Players embrace the world and the seas thereof. Mary Pickford is going to Japan, there to make a great photodrama of the immortal "Madame Butterfly," playing Cho-Cho-San in her own native surroundings.

Pauline Frederick, on the other hand, will be sent to Southern Europe and Egypt for an equally elaborate picturization of Robert Hichens' famous novel and drama, "Bella Donna."

The Laskyites INA CLAIRE, the musical comedy star, will remain in Hollywood, California, and will complete a feature photoplay called "The Wild Goose Chase," under the direction of Cecil DeMille. Another Lasky star production will be Miss Charlotte Walker's depiction of "Kindling," Charles Kenyon's powerful play, in which Margaret Illington made an extraordinary furore some years ago. For Lasky, also, Edgar Selwyn is building an entire Bedouin village for "The Arab"; Fannie Ward is enroute to California for the summer, and Louis Mann and Donald Brian are destined for a Southern California "dry season." Blanche Sweet's next play, upon which she will probably work the most of the summer in Hollywood, is "Stolen Goods," an adaptation of Margaret Turnbull's book, "Keeping Up With Sandy."

"Biographers" LOUISE VALE, Isabel Rea, Gretchen Hartman, Claire MacDowell, Franklin Ritchie, Charles H. West, Harry Carey and Alan Hale—all of The Biograph company—are soon due to return from California to the Bronx studios of this concern, there to begin the production of famous plays and dramatized stories. One of the first of these will be "A Celebrated Case." Roy Norton has been engaged to write photoplays for Biograph summer presentation. The "Biographers" named are only the best known principals of a pictorial regiment seven companies strong, all planning a heavy summer in the greatly enlarged filmery in the northern part of New York City.

Essanay Journey ESSANAY of Chicago is planning to send its various companies South for the summer, there to make Southern plays in Southern scenes. The first to go will do its premier work at Chattanooga, Tenn., and will be under the direction of E. H. Calvert, with Bryant Washburn, Lillian Drew, Mabel Forrest, John Cossar, Grant Foreman, Eugene Acker, Bertram Bates, Betty Scott, May Skinner and Jack Meredith. When this group returns another company will be sent South.

Lubin PERHAPS the biggest and most definite of all the summer programmes has been laid out by the Lubin company, which will keep hard at work throughout the hot months no less than eighteen distinct organizations! The main centers of summer Lubin activity will be the big Philadelphia studio and the three smaller studios on Lubin Ranch, a short distance from the Pennsylvania metropolis. The companies here will be directed by Arthur Johnson, Barry O'Neil, Joseph Kaufman, John E. Ince, George W. Terwilliger and Edgar Jones. Rose Coghlan, Ethel Clayton, George Soule Spencer, Dorothy Bernard, Lilie Leslie, Gladys Hanson and other Lubin favorites will be seen in such plays as "The Light Eternal," "Mrs. Dane's Defense," "The Great Divide," "Sporting Life," "The Great Ruby," Hobart's "Dinkelspiel" and "John Henry" stories, Clyde Fitch's "The City," "The Truth," and "Captain Jenks." Romaine Fielding, Lubin's wandering director, is at present at Phoenix, Ariz., but will probably make pictures this summer (writing his own scenarios) in California, Hawaii Territory and Alaska. Lubin has established a comedy center at Jacksonville, Fla., under the direction of Arthur Hotaling. Billy Reeves, the English comedian, will make many pictures there this summer.

Fox Features THE Fox Film corporation finds its biggest summer star in William Farnum, whose next heavy work for that house will be Roy Norton's Western story, "The Plunderer." In this it is promised that the doughty "Bill" will have a fight rivaling his Homeric encounter in "The Spoilers." The scope of the Fox summer work may be realized when it is known that works of Zangwill, Belasco, Bernstein, Sutro, Chambers, Carleton, Sheldon, Tolstoi and Dumas are already on the stocks for completion before autumn.

Will Do this Summer

MOST ARDUOUS AND BREATH- PHOTOPLAYERS HAVE KNOWN

Blackwell at Work CARLYLE BLACKWELL, just returned from New York, is completing Jacques Futrelle's big story, "The High Hand," and will immediately take up work on another feature. He expects to remain working in Los Angeles throughout the summer.

Morosco Plans OLIVER MOROSCO—who now seems to be both Bosworth, Inc., and the Oliver Morosco Photoplay company—has a very definite rising star in Miss Myrtle Stedman. Miss Stedman won several recent popularity contests, conducted by newspapers, and she has already appeared in several big releases. Morosco summer features will be "The Jade Idol," "The Judge and the Jury," "The Society Pilot," and "The Half Breed." Mr. Morosco will produce "Peg o' My Heart," and "The Bird of Paradise" on the screen this summer, with Peggy O'Neill in the first, and Lenore Ulrich in the second.

Fenwick to Europe GEORGE KLEINE is sending Irene Fenwick to Europe this summer, to make a production of "Hawthorne of the U. S. A.," in whatever Balkan state is not upset by the conflagration of war. Kleine is also sending another company of American players, for summer productions, to his new Italian studio at Grugliasco, on the mountain lakes.

Selig Specials THE SELIG POLYSCOPE company is preparing a number of its spectacular specials for early release. Kathlyn Williams and her company, under the direction of Colin Campbell, are finishing "The Ne'er-Do-Well" in Los Angeles, out-door scenes for which were taken in Panama. "The Carpet From Bagdad" is to be another summer release.

The Seligs will also release a big serial, probably very late in the summer, as most of the warm months will be occupied in taking it. This is to be called "The Chronicles of Bloom Center," and an entire village has been built for it in California.

Tom Mix is writing a new series of Western plays for himself.

Tyrone Power's stellar features will come along rapidly; Harry Mestayer will be a new star making his Selig bow, and others to appear include Grace Darmond, John Charles, Irene Wallace and Harold Howard.

Ruth Roland Stars PATHE is to feature Ruth Roland throughout the summer in its new series, "Who Pays?"

Griffith's Next ?? DAVID W. GRIFFITH is already at work in California on a twelve-reel play which it is said will be a rival of "The Birth of A Nation" in size and impressiveness. Name and nature: very secret.

Keystone Romance KEYSTONE, it is reported, will go in a bit for romantic comedy, with Mabel Normand, supported by Owen Moore.

At the same time Director Sennett is enlarging his comedies, and is soon to return to the screen himself, in a four-reeler.

"The Goddess" ONE of the most interesting announcements that has proceeded from Brooklyn is that concerning "The Goddess," the big new fifteen-episode Vitagraph serial, in which Anita Stewart will play the title-role, co-starred with Earle Williams. Ralph Ince is the director, and the company has gone South for the first pictures.

At Balboa JACKIE SAUNDERS is Balboa's rapidly rising star. "Ill-Starred Babbie," scenario by a Catholic priest of the Pennsylvania coal regions, is rapidly nearly completion, and other stories will be written for Miss Saunders' summer picturing, by the same author.

Edward Earle:— Indifferent Idol

By J. de Ronalf

ALL through the romance of the ages there is a little truth that crops up which very few people ever think of—that perhaps, the “punch” writers would deride: but it’s true.

Women love the quiet, scholarly young man. Give him good looks and wit and he is that fascinating masculine creature every woman fears and therefore loves—the irresistible lover.

What girl can keep her affection from the man who is like a handsome, somewhat shy grown-up boy? And if from that quietness, the rapier-like power of a keen intellect flashes—Ah me! Many a little heart has been split in twain upon the keen edge of an epigram!

Such a type of man is Edward Earle, the young leading man of the Edison studios in New York. When he is not busy at one of the many scenes which take up his day, he will be found, nine times out of ten, curled up in a great armchair somewhere, reading a book and with an enormous pipe in his mouth. Sometimes there isn’t anything in the pipe: but that doesn’t make any difference. Its presence assists concentration, and that is all he wants. Much of his charm rests in the indifference



“Women love the quiet, scholarly young man. Give him good looks and wit—and he is irresistible. What girl can keep her affection from the man who is like a somewhat shy, grown-up boy?”

to all things of earth, including girls, which is the most valuable of all rewards the scholar receives—for it makes him independent. No matter how his heart may be torn, he can always return to those faithful friends on the bookshelf who are with him always, existing only to make him happy. And their beauties, unlike those of fair women, are as lasting as the music of the sea and the glory of the stars.

I found Edward Earle, quite naturally, therefore when I went to the Edison studio a-hunting for him, curled up

in a large property lounge with a book and an unlighted pipe.

Tentatively I broke the news that I had come to find out a lot of things from him about himself.

He dropped the pipe and book, arose, asked me to be seated, and was cordiality itself.

“I am afraid you won’t find me a very interesting person,” he began modestly. “As you see, I am a distressingly ‘home man.’ Balzac or Stevenson is to me what ‘a night out’ would be to some men. I work so hard during the day at the studio here—and acting, real, earnest, intellectu-

ally-inspired acting is a strain—that I welcome my books and pipe like a child deprived of his story book. And I've got the finest collection of pipes!" he enthused. "Some from every part of the country, others, gifts to me. But I forgot you are a woman," he remarked smilingly and guiltily, "and you are probably more interested in cooking and such things. Well, I'm as much at home cooking as at smoking. Nothing I like better—in the kitchen when I can't get away to the woods and out of doors. And I can cook some corking good dishes," he assured me as he caught me smiling. "But I guess my greatest dissipation is skating.

"But, really, one doesn't get much time for his own recreation when he is a photographer," and I added—"and a favorite." He looked at me doubtfully as if he thought me trying to "josh" him, and smiled reprovingly. "I believe that if a man attempts to play leading roles he should take very seriously the obligations, in a way, placed upon him. For this reason, I answer every night, religiously and personally, all letters sent to me—and it's 'some job'—and give them my views and advice according to whether they query me on women suffrage or 'how to break into the movies.' But I must confess that some problems put up to me are rather delicate to handle." He laughed. "Such as the other day when I received a glowing letter of admiration from a young girl fan and in the next mail, a similar letter from her mother, telling me not to 'mind daughter' as she, the mother, was much more worthy of my attention!"

"How did you get into Motion Pictures," I asked. "You have such a stage presence for one so young!" I confess I put the last with the hope that he would be led out to tell his age.

"One so young!" and he laughed tauntingly. "Well, it's a long story. One day in Toronto, where I was born—well it's sixteen years ago. That is, sixteen years ago, since that day," he replied with a smile as he saw me raise my eyebrows in surprise. "I struck Lester Lonergan, then playing there, for a 'job.' He laughed and as a joke gave me a speaking part in the Valentine Stock company, in comedy. For all of \$5 a week did I thus spend my genius! Next, 'The Dairy Farm' shed its actors so fast that I was the all-around

actor, picking up their parts as they fled the company until I had a regular ninety-day cruise touching practically every part in the play. But it was great experience.

"I then played one-night stands with Tim Murphy in 'The Bishop's Carriage.' My first New York engagement came with Henrietta Crosman and later Bertha Galland in 'Sweet Kitty Bellairs.' Then followed about a year in vaudeville and later with Mary Mannering in the original cast of 'Glorious Betty.' I was also fortunate in getting in the original company presenting 'The Shepherd King' and then I flirted with musical comedy in Augustin Daly's Musical Company. Then came, in time, 'The Blue Moon,' with James T. Powers, two seasons with Marie Cahill in 'Boys and Betty,' and with DeWolfe Hopper in 'The Matinee Idol.' My last stage appearance was with Ina Claire and Clifton Crawford in 'The Quaker Girl.' Quite a record for a 'youngster,' isn't it?" he asked with taunting modesty. And now the secret's out. Edward Earle must have the touchstone of youth, for no "youngster" could have all that experience and be the beardless youth that he appears in Edison pictures! And such a range!—Melodrama, drama and a singer, too. It's too bad that we can't "hear" him in the pictures—this matinee idol of the fans. But I really don't think he likes that term, "matinee idol." He likes to be appreciated but he thinks the term hardly suggests the seriousness of parts he has essayed—this confidentially, of course.

"I first went with Famous Players," he continued, "and later to Pathe whence I came to Edison. The plays I have liked best are 'The Unopened Letter,' 'The Hand of Horror,' Vance Coleman in 'Olive's Opportunities,' and 'In the Shadow of Death.'"

A director strolled calmly our way and indicated that a scene in which Mr. Earle was to play, was ready for rehearsal. The star closed his book, laid his pipe carefully away behind the lounge, and with a smile and a bow was off to a corner of the studio where a battery of camera men, a crowd of people in evening clothes and the quarter section of a ball room indicated the taking of a scene.

And then I went down the hill from the studio, and catching a Brooklyn Express, was whirled away over the Bronx and under Washington Heights to the haunts of humdrum daily toil again.

Mothers of the Movies:

HOW often, in darkened theatres, have you followed the disappointments, the heartaches, the joys and the tender ministrations of the picture-mother!

They placard the heroine's name in big, big letters. The leading man is as prominently mentioned as the title of the picture, but "Mother's" name, seen momentarily if at all, has scarcely time to make any memory impression.

Yet the American mothers of the movies have their devoted followings, thousands strong, who are always glad to see them though they do not bandy their names about familiarly.

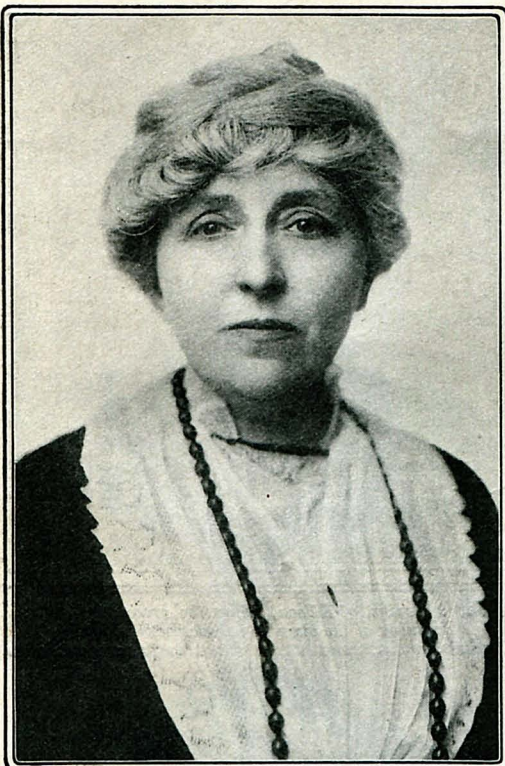


There is certainly no better known — nor no more beloved — mother than Mary Maurice of Vitagraph.



Loyola O'Connor in her remarkable character conception in the Lasky feature, "The Warrens of Virginia."

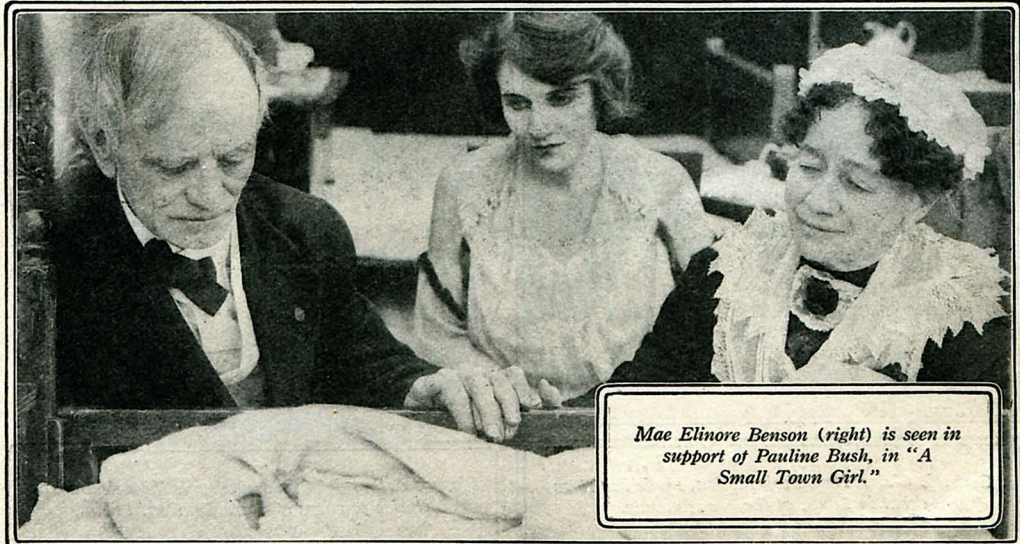
Some of Them Are Real Mothers



*Mrs. Wallace Erskine, the charming
Edison Mother.*



*Bess E. Wharton, of Pathe, has given a convincing
touch to many of their realistic plays.*



*Mae Elinore Benson (right) is seen in
support of Pauline Bush, in "A
Small Town Girl."*

Most of Them Have Been Queens



Helen Dunbar is Essanay's champion "society mother," and has qualities of force, sincerity and affection.



Jessie Stevens, of Edison, brings the graces and sure training of the stage to her characterizations.



Gertrude Claire, New York Motion, made her stage debut in 1878, at the age of twenty.



Playing Arthur Johnson's mother is the sole and exclusive privilege of Clara Lambert, Lubin.

in the Spoken Drama of the Stage



Eleanor Barry, of Lubin, was a thrilling Trilby during the rage over Du Maurier's dramatized novel.



Sabra de Shon, of Eclair, created Mrs. Hawkins, in "Quincy Adams Sawyer" and played the part for ten years.



Fanny Midgeley, of New York Motion, has played many mother parts noted for their fine intensity.



Mrs. William Bechtel, recently retired from Edison, has appeared in scores of well-known photo-dramas.



A Lady General of the Picture Army

HER PERSONALITY; HER
HISTORY; HER OPINIONS

Lois Weber-Smalley, Virile Director

By L. H. Johnson

I MUST tell you of my first glimpse of Lois Weber, the handsome woman director who works like a man, and who turns out photoplays of super-masculine virility and "punch."

It was a vivid midday in California's early winter: that "winter" of scarlet and gold and green which is the great state's restful relief after its long summer of brown earth and steel-dry blue sky.

I beheld a king and a queen in royal robes; a great train of attendants; a gathering of white-froked monks; a hundred men-at-arms in bright armor of mighty halation; a rabble of country folk in all sorts of queer disarray. They were not noisy. I think hardly one of them said anything; it was just as though they were spirits in a sunshiny spot in Dante's Purgatory, condemned to eternal restlessness and gesticulation on the fork-prongs of some invisible band of demons.

If one looked long enough, one found the demon-ess. She stood on a tree-stump, in a silk shirtwaist and a smart skirt and chic tan boots; her commands were few, incisive and very direct, and the populace, royal and bourgeoisie, were not slaving half as hard as was her chief subject and vassal, a perspiring camera man, cranking as though Old Nick, instead of a pretty woman, were a yard behind him.

She was producing "Hypocrites" the great Bosworth feature.

In her home, however, she lays aside the sternness of the firing-line, drops her professional name, and becomes Mrs. Philip Smalley, wife of one of the best-known actor-directors in California.

"We are not only married, but we always work together!" exclaimed Mrs. Smalley.

She had met me on the deep veranda of her pearl-gray bungalow, in a room of soft old blues and delicate ivories.

"This desk," explained Mrs. Smalley, her hand upon a plane surface of exceptional mahogany, "is a gift from my husband." At the extreme edge of the desk were piled three books: an unabridged dictionary; a "Treasury of Words;" a Bible.

"These are my chief assistants," she explained. "You see"—lowering the commanding voice with furtive cautiousness—"while I may *sit* at this desk, I never really work on it. I *can't*. I just get a pile of yellow paper, a stub pencil that continually flies to my mouth—and I write on my knee! I have to. I've always written that way. If I should suffer an amputation at the hip I'd be done; I'd never have another inspiration as long as I lived!

"I first became interested in pictures through writing—and selling!—scenarios. My husband, who had a great deal of faith in me, left a splendid position on the dramatic stage to act in them. That was in the old Rex company. We worked very, very hard. My field began to enlarge. First I was asked for advice concerning other people's work, and so, quite naturally, I eventually became a director.

"I like to direct, because I believe a woman, more or less intuitively, brings out many of the emotions that are rarely expressed on the screen. I may miss what some of the men get, but I will get other effects that they never thought of.

"I think there is no particular theme or treatment in a good play which does not appeal with equal force to both sexes."

Mr. and Mrs. Smalley have just left Bosworth, Inc., for Universal.



"Across the saddle-horn, struggling and supplicating, lay Neva Hyde."

The Justice of Omar Khan

A STORY OF A MAN WITH THE
SOUL OF HAROUN-AL-RASCHID

By Frank Williams

(Illustrations by the Selig Polyscope Company)

I

OMAR KHAN, dark-skinned, inscrutable, did not reply at once when Phillip Hyde finished speaking. The pain in the other's voice, the lines of suffering on his sensitive face stirred to the depths the Oriental's loyalty to their old friendship.

"You say this man Harcourt makes love to your wife?" he asked finally in his studied, precise English.

"Yes. He and Neva are the talk of the town already, and as for me—" Hyde broke off abruptly and dropped his eyes to the Persian rug at his feet. His fever-racked face was ashen.

"And she? What about her?" Khan's voice was gentle, menacing.

"Oh, I don't know. I sometimes wonder—" Hyde's hands clenched. "I've tried not to notice things, but I'm afraid, Omar Khan, I'm afraid!"

Beneath the red fez that accompanied

so strangely his European dress the Arabian's bearded face gave no sign except a strange flash of his splendid white teeth.

"I thought when we first came here that it would be safest to let Neva indulge her whims—" The vice-consul was mulling over his problem for the hundredth time. "It's hard enough to condemn her to a hole like this as it is. Can I deny her what little amusement there is in the place?"

There was a pause, and during it, the burning, hot breath of the dusty Egyptian streets came in through the casements and stirred the silken hangings. Came, too, the high, melancholy voices of donkey boys, the jingle and screech of peddlers and the snarling bubble of caravan camels padding towards the great desert to the south.

"Miss Merrick doesn't seem to need that sort of amusement," Khan replied drily.

Hyde's lips tightened again as he thought of Joan Merrick, his wife's dependent cousin, who had lived with them ever since their marriage. Sweet, steadfast little Joan, scarcely better than a servant in the house and yet the one ray of light, the one breath of sweet wholesomeness in his life. Ah, she was a pillar of strength in moments of need. And he had needed her often of late!

The curtains at the doorway parted to admit two women. One, tall, dark and assertively handsome, was dressed fashionably for the evening and came first, an insincere smile on her painted lips. The

other, much younger—in her early twenties—followed behind carrying an evening cloak and bag.

When she had acknowledged Khan's salutation Mrs. Hyde turned to her companion.

"Joan, my fan!" And as the girl searched: "Have you forgotten it?"

For a minute, panic struck the girl as the elder woman threatened her. Then from the bag she carried she drew the missing article. The other snatched it without a word.

Ready to go at last Neva turned to her husband.

"Poor old Phil, I'm so sorry you can't go tonight," she cooed. "But when consuls give balls I suppose vice-consuls must stay at home and work. Sit down in your chair, there's an old dear, and let me make you comfy."

She settled him and then leaned over the back of the chair petting him and whispering endearments until a flush of quick pleasure mounted to his thin cheeks. But a little aside, watching the by-play with eyes that penetrated its insincerity, stood Omar Khan, his inscrutable face masking the play of his emotions. His glance pierced Neva's sham as the Damascus blade on the wall might have pierced her flesh.

When she swept from the room Joan sighed with relief, for with that departure the world grew warm and bright for her. Her eyes rested for a moment on Hyde. Ah, if her hands could have but touched his face, her cheek have felt his mutely eloquent good-bye kiss! Unseen the girl gently picked up from the table a photograph of Phillip and pressed it to her heart.

But for a moment only. She laid the picture down and hurried upstairs to set to rights Neva's disordered dressing-room.

In the midst of her work she came upon an unaddressed envelope and, uncertain what it contained, opened it and unfolded the sheet within. As she read her eyes widened with horror. With the signature of David Harcourt at the bottom,

"His glance pierced Neva's sham like a Damascus blade."



it revealed and confirmed the sickening truth that the world had whispered for weeks. Phillip Hyde was dishonored.

Joan stood a moment holding the letter, uncertain, irresolute. Should she put it back where she found it? Should she show it to Phillip? No, not that! He should never learn from her of his wife's disloyalty!

What, then? A moment longer she stood, and then the idea came. She stole downstairs where the two men sat smoking their hookahs and drinking their coffee in the easy silence of perfect comradeship. She waited her chance and when Phillip left the room for a moment showed Omar Khan the note.

With stern brows but with a half sneer upon his lips he read it.

"Oh, my friend," the girl cried, "can't you help him? If he found that Neva was disloyal he would kill them both. This mustn't go on. He mustn't know! You are his friend, can't you do something?"

Omar Khan, his eyes veiled, smiled; but made no other reply. Slipping the note into his pocket he made his adieu and left.

II

Far to the south across the golden desert that ached with heat beneath the brazen sky, Amir Pasha sat upon the cushions of his palace and smoked.

And as he puffed his hookah he schemed. A new covetousness stirred within him that made as naught the beauty of his gold and inlaid palace, his herds of camels and his uncounted bales of silks, for he dreamed now of a white woman for his harem.

He clapped his hands and when a giant Nubian appeared, called for paper and ink and ordered his swiftest messenger.

Then he wrote Omar Khan and made his desire known—his desire for the loveliest white woman in all the East—and in the letter offered a thousand pounds in gold for the one who would suit his fancy. The missive sealed, he handed it to his messenger, who rushed from the palace

to his horse and galloped swiftly into the desert.

III

The consul's ball was brilliant. Omar Khan in the bright-hued, flowing robes of his native land arrived late accompanied by Abdullah, his stalwart man-at-arms, and seemed, as he moved silently about among the noisy Europeans, the embodied spirit of the mysterious and unfathomed East.

Wherever he went, whatever he did, he watched constantly the pair whom he had come to watch: Neva Hyde and David Harcourt.

The man he did not like. Slender, dissipated-looking, with a drooping mustache and heavy gray hair, Harcourt seemed to have aged prematurely. There was about his dress something a little too fashionable, about his person something a little too sleek. And when, late in the evening, Omar Khan saw him lead Neva into the conservatory, he followed with Abdullah.

Silently he took up his place behind them at a partition and listened. And as he heard their murmured words of passion, and saw Harcourt take Neva in his arms, his eyes gleamed like diamonds and his hands clenched at his sides.

It was true then! The friend whom he had grown to love almost as a brother was

*"Can't you do something, Omar Khan?"
"What Allah puts
into our hearts to do,
that we will do," answered the Arabian.*



betrayed. The emotions behind that dusky mask seethed for there was no clearer call to Omar Khan's loyalty than that of Phillip Hyde's need. The look that sped from his eyes to the pair before him threatened danger.

Meanwhile, at home, Phillip sat awaiting Neva's return. Beside him on a low stool crouched Joan watching his loved face anxiously. It was three o'clock, and the only sound in the city was the howl of the pariah dogs in the streets.

"Why doesn't she come?" he said. "I don't understand it. She should have been home two hours ago."

"Please don't worry," begged the girl.

"Perhaps the supper was late or Neva didn't want to be the first to leave—or something. What could possibly have happened?"

Phillip reached out and took her hand.

"Dear Joan!" he said, gratefully. "I sometimes wonder what I would do without you. You're the best friend a man ever had."

"Oh, Phil—" she laughed unsteadily, and put his earnestness by. But within her her heart sang, and tears of happiness clouded her eyes.

So, as the long hours passed they kept each other company. Then, just as the first glimmer of dawn showed through the curtains Neva came home. Her eyes were unnaturally bright and her cheeks flushed. She walked unsteadily.

"Neva!" cried Phillip, springing up. "Where have you been? You have frightened me terribly!"

His wife stood in the center of the floor swaying a little and laughed harshly.

"Frightened you, eh?" She laughed harshly, advanced a step and struck her cousin across the face. "And what are you doing here? Frightened, too, I suppose! Come upstairs and help me undress."

And as she went Phillip felt as if she

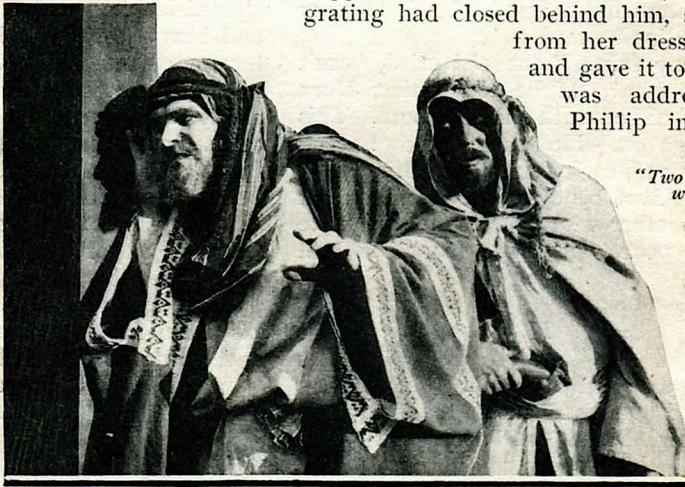
had struck him, not in the face, but to the heart.

IV

A week later, as Omar Khan left his house to visit Hyde, he read over again a letter that he had received the day before by messenger. It was from his friend, Amir Pasha, and offered a thousand pounds in gold for a white woman to grace his harem. Khan shrugged his shoulders and put the letter away, but his brows drew down moodily as he walked.

Hyde was not at home, but Joan met him at the door, pale and tragic, and begged him to come in. Then, when the grating had closed behind him, she drew

from her dress a letter and gave it to him. It was addressed to Phillip in Neva's



"Two other Arabs were behind a wall."

hand and was cruel in its brevity.

"I am leaving you forever," it read. "You have amused me long enough. Do not try to follow me for I shall not come back."

"She left it for Phillip this morning," explained the girl, "but I found it before he did. Oh, this will mean the end for him! Can't you do something, Omar Khan? You *must* do something!"

"What Allah puts in our hearts to do, that will we do," answered the Arabian, gravely. "Leave the note where Hyde Effendi will find it. It is better that she go. She is not worthy of him."

V

Across the edge of the desert where pariah dogs slink about filthy dwellings searching for offal, a European carriage

plowed through the sand. The tough little ponies plunged at an awkward gallop while the driver lashed them savagely.

Suddenly the man uttered a cry and pointed with his whip back along their trail. One of the passengers, a man with a drooping mustache and heavy gray hair, turned and looked. Sweeping down upon them came a group of native horsemen, their long rifles gleaming in the sun, their burnouses flowing out behind them in the wind.

"Into the desert!" cried Khan, and the cavalcade moved forward.

But at home, in the vice-consul's house, a gray-faced man sat holding a crumpled paper and looking upon the ruins of his life. Nearby, her eyes tender and pitying, Joan sought to comfort him with the unspoken love that surged in her heart.

"Oh, that she could have done this!" cried Phillip, brokenly. "Oh, Neva! Neva!"

"Phil!" The girl crept close. "It had



"Omar Khan!" cried the woman, terror-stricken."

"Oh!" cried the man in the carriage. "A thousand pounds if we get away!"

But the sorry ponies were no match for the desert horses. Two other Arabs leaped out from behind a wall before them, and in a moment the carriage was surrounded and brought to a halt. Then the foremost rider, a splendid figure of a man, pushed back his burnouse and looked Neva and Harcourt full in the face.

"Omah Khan!" cried the woman, terror-stricken, and shrank back against the cushions. Then Khan spoke an order, and the next moment the two were out of the carriage and in the hands of their pursuers.

to come. Couldn't you see it? Couldn't you see that she was bound to go her way, and that that way could never have been yours? It hurts now, Phil, but some day you will be glad. Far better to let her go if she would than to keep her here unwillingly."

Then as he had done once before in an hour of trial, he reached out and took her hand, but now his agonized pressure almost made her cry out.

"I'll cling to you, Joan," he said. "You've never failed me yet. I'll cling to you and perhaps after a while I'll see things clearer and truer than I've ever seen them."



"Groveling and whining in his anguish, a white man prone on the sand, raised his hand in supplication."

VI

On every side, sand; shifting yellow hills of it, burning to the touch, shimmering with heat; a skyline of bluish brass cut by flat elevations and blurred by tiny sand-spouts that chased each other here and there with the vagaries of a nightmare.

A man groveling, whining in his anguish, a white man prone on the sand, clasped his hands in supplication to a tall Arab whose eyes glittered like diamonds. About them stood fierce, silent Nubians.

"Oh God! Omar Khan, don't leave me here to die! I'll go back, I'll give you all I've got, I'll do anything, only don't leave me here to die!"

"Forward!"

Khan leaped to his horse and the cavalcade swept on leaving the motionless figure dark against the tawny sand behind. First rode Khan and Abdullah on coursers white as milk, and behind them the stoical Nubians on coal-black horses.

Built of fire and steel was Abdullah's animal, and well he needed his strength for across the saddle horn, struggling and supplicating, lay Neva Hyde, her traveling cloak and dress torn, her hat gone, and her arrogance turned to abject terror.

For hours and days the journey continued. Then the half-crazed woman had a vision of a strange, Oriental palace, experienced the grateful sense of shadow after blinding sun, and heard the voice of Omar saying:

"And this, Amir Pasha, is the present I have brought thee—a white woman for thy harem. Keep her well for the fire of sin runs in her veins."

Months went by and Phillip, as he had said, clung to Joan Merrick. And in the clinging he found a love so much deeper and truer than any he had ever known, that the bitter past was forever forgotten in a new and enduring happiness.

And thus was fulfilled the justice of Omar Khan.

Impressions

By Julian Johnson



FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN: an ancient Greek a la Hart, Schaffner & Marx; your wife's first husband; imaginary Faust to two million Marguerites; a candidate's picture of himself.



MARY PICKFORD: the first child in the world; dawn, over a daisy-filled meadow; the spirit of Spring imprisoned in a woman's body.



MABEL NORMAND: a kiss that explodes in a laugh; cherry bon-bons in a clown's cap; sharing a cream-puff with your best girl; a slap from a perfumed hand; the sugar on the Keystone grapefruit.



CHARLES CHAPLIN: an orgy in a pantry; a thin shoe salesman in Roscoe Arbuckle's pants; a lunch counter in an earthquake; park adjoining an asylum; both Dromios in B. V. D.'s.



HELEN HOLMES: Diana, in a Duff-Gordon frock; Venus, corset-broken; why all boys want to be railroad men.



EARLE WILLIAMS: a Robert Chambers hero escaped from the Cosmopolitan; playwright's ideal business man; an electric treatment for sleepy debutantes.



ROSCOE ARBUCKLE: Mr. Mellen's dream about his baby food; Falstaff in a ladies' waiting-room; a satyr in a soft shirt.



ANITA STEWART: Marie Antoinette in a trolley car; Bernhardt, born in St. Louis and working as a stenographer; Juliet living in Brooklyn.



FRED MACE: a drummer selling Bibles and playing cards; a jolly Friar in Calvinistic garb, living on Times Square.



BEATRIZ MICHELENA: a senorita from Manhattan; wine grapes grown in a cornfield; a Castilian romance with a Michigan avenue setting.



TOM INCE: a sixteen-inch gun embossed with gold filigree; a firing squad captained by a beautiful woman; a tornado with colored cloud effects; a volcano with attractive fireworks.



FLORENCE LABADIE: an angry woman's kiss; the fascination of imperitence; the aggravation of a refusal.



JULIA SWAYNE GORDON: the last glass of champagne; being struck by lightning on Broadway; Lucretia Borgia in Oshkosh.



EDWARD EARLE: every baseball hero is just as handsome — in his own opinion; a saint taking a day off; why girls get married.



MARY CHARLESON: a chocolate sundae with a dash of absinthe; a child in a poppy field at dusk; the first kiss.



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG: a Russian princess impersonating an actress; an actress impersonating a Russian princess; a marble statue just kissed to life.



FORD STERLING: a panic in a kraut foundry; confessions of a delicatessen merchant; love among the pickle barrels; cubist impressions of the birth of a Swiss cheese.



KATHLYN WILLIAMS: the Girl of the Golden West; the best definition of "woman" we know; feminine and a pal fifty-fifty.



"AMBROSE" SWAIN: an erring police sergeant imprisoned in a ladies' tailoring establishment; a cabbage exuding an odor of violet; Goliath made nutty by little David's pea-shooter.



BLANCHE SWEET: Cleopatra with yellow hair and a sense of humor; a child you adore most when it pouts; a slender flame in a night of gentle wind.



DAVID W. GRIFFITH: a battle-picture painted with living paint; a visual Victor Hugo; Field Marshal riding a camera; a poet dashing his imagination out against a white wall.



LILIE LESLIE: the sleek coat of a perfect tiger; pretty pink poison in a cut-glass decanter.



"I'm sure the Chief didn't mean anything. He'll explain that there's been a mistake."

Scotty Weed

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO
CAME BACK FOR GOOD

By George Wolfe

Illustrations from the Kalem Film

J. FRANCIS NORTH read his evening paper with some annoyance. There was a particular article that produced that state. He returned to it again and again, unable to interest himself in the market reports, or even in the gossip of the sporting page. He had reason to be annoyed, as a matter of fact. The article that interested him so keenly was an interview with the Chief of Police of the city in which Mr. North lived; a city, moreover, which rather liked to honor him, socially speaking. And the Chief, in this interview, had intimated that J. Francis North and one "Scotty" Weed were one and the same man.

There had been, of late, a very curious series of robberies in the city. The victims in each case had been individuals or firms of considerable prominence. Almost invariably, too, jewels had been the only loot of this mysterious thief. But this, in itself, was not so curious. The inexplicable thing, the utterly baffling feature of all these robberies, was that, after a certain interval, restitution had been made. The thief's method had been the same on each occasion. The jewels would be stolen. Then, after an interval that varied with each case, their owner would receive a large envelope, containing the pawntickets for the property, and the precise sum for which they had been

pledged! The thief did not add the interest; he left the owner to pay that.

In a way, the whole mysterious series of robberies was a joke. At first there had been a suspicion that some sort of substitution had been made. But each time that was proven not to be so. And so the mystery had deepened. But there were aspects of the robberies that were not funny. For example, a nervous woman, with a tendency toward hysteria, might know, when her jewels were taken, that those of half a dozen of her friends had been taken before, and had been returned—by means of pawn tickets. But the knowledge did not soothe her. She was likely to insist that this time the property would not be returned.

And it was not only nervous women who refused to see anything humorous in these robberies. To Chief Gargan, of the police, they were anything but funny. The Chief wasn't imaginative. He was as far from solving the mystery as anyone. But he could see what the result would be: he would look like a fool. And he did. He was denounced; he was laughed at. And, rather cleverly, he evolved "Scotty" Weed.

"Scotty" Weed, he explained to the newspaper men, was a man who had been notorious years before as a burglar. He had operated in distant parts of the country, but his technique had become famous in the thief-catching profession, and the jobs of this mysterious burglar were stamped all over with the method of "Scotty." Perhaps, at some time, there had been a real "Scotty" Weed; perhaps he still existed. Indeed, the *Courier*, which was against the administration, and eager, as a result, to discredit its Chief of Police, found that "Scotty" was remembered in Chicago. But he had not been heard of for years.

At all events the city and its papers took up "Scotty" with enthusiasm. He was blamed for all the mysterious jewel robberies. "'Scotty' Weed makes another haul" became almost a standing headline in the papers. And Chief Gargan grew more and more vitriolic, and more and more determined to catch him.

It seemed that he was going pretty far, however, when he hinted that J. Francis North was really "Scotty" Weed. For Mr. North was distinctly not the sort of man one suspects of burglary in any degree. The Chief was careful. It was only a hint he dropped. But it was enough to account for



"A man hid a coat in the garden five minutes ago."

Mr. North's annoyance; enough, also, to account for his almost instant decision to go to police headquarters.

He presented his card to an amazed desk sergeant, drowsing near the Chief's office. Three minutes later he was in the Chief's room. He found there a young woman whose looks won his immediate approval.

She glanced at him for a moment, then turned away. And Mr. North, of course, had no excuse for staring at her. So he looked sternly at the Chief and produced the newspaper clipping that had so seriously annoyed him.

"Am I to understand, sir," he said, with dignity, "that you authorized the publication of this interview?"

Gargan was a little overwhelmed. He had persuaded himself to believe that this man was a crook. He believed, moreover, that the return of the stolen property in the series of farcical burglaries was simply part of a deep plan. It was his idea that ultimately there would be a great haul that would not be followed by the return of the loot. And it wasn't in order for a man who knew he was suspected of complicity in crime to come boldly to the police. The thing was outside of Gargan's experience, and he didn't know what to say. He was a routine man; he liked to handle things in a routine way. So he just stared at the rather magnificent Mr. North.

"I think I can explain," said the girl, suddenly, breaking into the awkward pause with a clear laugh. "If you will introduce me, Chief?"

"Uh—er—yes—of course—Mr. North—Miss Stedman, who helps this department in certain matters—"

"They're very nice to me, Mr. North," she explained. "They say that there are cases where a woman's intuition is helpful. And then, sometimes, there are things a

woman really can do better than a man. But, about that interview. The Chief was really awfully angry. They're very unfair to him. And he thought you did look like the photographs we have of this man Weed. You see, we had to work by a process of elimination. You were present, nearly always, when the jewels were taken."

"But so were plenty of other people—"

"Of course! But you happened to have a sort of resemblance to a man whose picture was in the Rogues' Gallery—and none of the others did. So—"

"But that really isn't a sufficient reason for pillorying me in the press!"

"Of course not!" She smiled at him so swiftly that he did not notice she shook her head at the Chief, who seemed about to say something himself. "I'm sure the Chief didn't mean anything. He will explain that there has been a mistake. Won't you, Chief?"

Gargan looked apoplectic for a moment. But he couldn't meet the girl's steady gaze. And in a moment he nodded, sullenly.

"All right," he said. "I guess there was a mistake, Mr. North!"



"Get back!" he cried. "I'll fire into you next time!"

"Please see that it doesn't occur again," said North, stiffly. Then, in his pleasantest fashion, he turned to the girl. "I'm so glad to have met you, Miss Stedman! If you are going out you will let me give you a lift, perhaps?"

"I'm sorry." She shook her head regretfully. "I have some work to do."

North had to go, though, plainly, he didn't want to. As soon as he had disappeared the Chief turned on the girl.

"For heaven's sake!" he said. "You made me look like a fool! Why didn't you let me handle him?"

"Because—you didn't have a thing on him, Chief! I agree with you—he's the man. But you want to catch him in the act, don't you? We've got no evidence now. It would ruin everything to put ourselves in wrong at the start. Let's see—what's the next big function? Oh, I know—Mrs. Winslow's masquerade ball! That will give him a splendid chance! I shall have to go."

"We've been asked to send detectives. Shall I assign you?"

"No. I'm invited. Send three or four men—in costume. But I shall go as a guest, with Mr. Chalmers."

"Chalmers? That joke!" said the Chief. "He thinks he can look after you, doesn't he? Isn't that why he got appointed to the force?"

"He's useful—though he is stupid," said the girl. "In fact—that's one reason he's useful. Now—leave this to me. You shall see what you shall see!"

And with that the Chief had to be content. Against his will he withdrew his insinuations against J. Francis North. He trusted Mary Stedman. He hadn't liked the idea of working with her at first. But he had to, because she and the mayor's wife were very intimate friends. And one or two experiences had made the chief see that this girl had the real detective instinct; that she could do things which none of his men could rival.

She saw North once or twice before Mrs. Winslow's ball. She managed that herself by going to affairs where he was likely to be. She was very nice to him. From the first, he fell under her sway.

On the night of Mrs. Winslow's ball, Mary reached the house rather late. She was in costume, her escort, young Hugh Chalmers, the most persistent of her many

younger swains. So determined was he, indeed, that he had used his family's influence to get an appointment to the police force, that he might be near Mary.

"You're to do just as I tell you to-night, Hugh," said Mary. "There may be nothing—there may be a good deal. First, we're going to Mrs. Winslow and unmask—because, if what I suspect is right, it will be necessary for her to know us, later."

So they went to their hostess, and Mary explained their mission.

"I don't know that the Raffles person will be here," she said. "But Hugh and I are going to keep our eyes open. Of course, the regular detectives are here, too."

"Oh, yes, of course," said Mrs. Winslow. "I wouldn't think of not being protected! But it's sweet of you to help, dear."

"Ugh!" said Mary, spitefully, as they went away. "Just for that I hope she loses that tiara of hers and doesn't get it back!"

Mary began looking for J. Francis North at once. She had an idea that no disguise he could assume would deceive her. But, though she searched the crowded ball room for him, she did not discover him. Curiously enough, she didn't want to, either. She had seen him several times, and—she liked him. It seemed to her that he was not the sort of man to be a thief. She had no illusions about criminals. She knew that they were small and mean, and weak—and she despised weakness as she admired strength. She knew, too, that, as a rule, a man turns criminal not because of force of circumstances; but because it seems to him the easiest way.

So, as the night wore on, and there was still no sign of North, she felt relieved. She danced a good deal; she did not want to be suspected. And then, suddenly, in the midst of a dance, she stiffened. She had seen, suddenly, a familiar figure. It was North! She was sure of it, though his disguise—that of a mediaeval clown—was excellent. Two minutes later one of the detectives managed to speak to her.

"A man hid a coat in the garden five minutes ago, miss," he said. "What shall we do?"

"Leave it there," said Mary, quickly.

He looked surprised. But he nodded. And a few moments later Mary, who was dancing with Hugh, made an excuse to go out in the garden. She wanted to study the lay of the land. The place was beauti-

ful; it was modeled on the Japanese plan, with tiny lakes and carved stone bridges, and, in the moonlight, was fascinating: but she was not there to admire it. She saw all she wanted in a few moments, and returned to the ball room. And in two minutes she saw what she had feared. Mrs. Winslow's tiara was gone! She had not missed it before; but almost at the moment of Mary's entrance, she did. In a moment the scene was one of wild confusion. The

He snarled that at her. "And do you think I'll give it up—!"

She backed away.

"Carson!" she called, in a high, sweet voice, naming one of the regular detectives. He started toward her, tearing off his domino. A bullet sang over his head. The thief had shown himself. Mask torn off, so that Mary could see he did not really look like North at all, revolver, still smoking, he threatened the crowd.



"The search proceeded through the apartment."

tiara was a famous one; it had been photographed for a dozen Sunday supplements. It was literally invaluable.

Mary didn't hesitate. Her eyes sought those of the man she was so sure was North. He happened to be looking at her. She went to him at once.

"The game's up, 'Scotty!'" she said, beneath her breath. "Give up that tiara."

"Damn!" He said it low, but she heard. It was a hoarse, harsh voice, not the voice of North: "How did you get on—"

"I knew it all the time, Mr. North," she said. "Don't fight—"

"North? What d'ye mean—North?"

"Get back!" he cried. "I'll fire into you next time!"

He was backing through a door as he spoke, and suddenly turned and disappeared.

In the uproar Mary gathered Hugh and two of the detectives. Her mouth was set in a grim line.

"Come with me at once," she said. She had given him a chance—and he had done this! Now she would have no mercy. She led the way to her car; ten minutes later the little party was in the vestibule of the bachelor apartment house where North lived.

"Mr. North—at once!" said Chalmers, showing his shield.

The telephone operator was surprised.

"He's sick—he gave very positive orders that he was not to be disturbed!"

"When?" Mary broke in.

"At ten o'clock, miss."

"But—he's been out! He can't have been home five minutes!"

"Out? No, miss! He hasn't been out to-night! John!"

He called the elevator boy, who confirmed the telephone operator.

"And I've been here all night, miss," said the operator.

Mary was puzzled. But she insisted that they go upstairs. There was a delay at North's door. He appeared finally, in a bathrobe, sleepy and indignant.

"Oh—Miss Stedman!" he said, gasping as he saw her. "This is a surprise—and a welcome one! I have been feeling wretched—but this is a pleasure! I had hoped to see you at Mrs. Winslow's ball—but I was too ill to go—"

"That won't do—this time!" said Mary, grimly. "Search these rooms!"

North protested furiously; but neither Mary nor the detective she took with her paid any attention to him. The search proceeded throughout the apartment, till, led by Mary, the men entered a dark room just off North's bedroom. Mary pressed the wall-switch near the door. The lights remained unlighted, although there was a large electrolier hanging from the center of the ceiling.

Mary looked back at North who stood under the lights in the room she had just quitted. Into North's eyes came a peculiar look. Strangely enough, it seemed to be one of surrender. The electrolier was one of the inverted type, in which the electric bulbs rest as in a bowl, reflecting their light from the ceiling above into the room below.

She told the detective with her to step outside into the hall and wait. She wished to speak to Mr. North alone. When he had left them alone she turned to North.

"It was a mistake to turn out the lights. If they had been on, I would never have suspected."

"You are very clever," he said quietly; "but how about my alibi?"

She looked at him a moment in silence. Could her instinctive knowledge of the criminal be wrong? The man who stood

before her was certainly not a weakling. Moreover, he was as clever as she. The difficulty he had raised was unsurmountable.

Even as she thought that, his voice, with the leisurely tone of one unaccustomed to half-measures, answered the puzzle. He was looking away from her as he spoke.

"My alibi was a simple matter. I had timed the special delivery service in the city. I sent myself a special delivery letter. You will notice that there are two elevators in the building. I took the messenger to the elevator, when he left me, talking to him about the letter as though it contained some important news and I were a nervous fool. I noticed the elevator he went down in. I took the other one, a half an hour later. A special delivery messenger is such a common sight for an elevator boy that he does not notice his comings or goings. I returned the same way. My little study in psychology was apparently quite a success. My costume, I left somewhere else. It was not difficult." He laughed. "In fact, it was childishly easy."

His eyes suddenly met hers. To her confusion, she found that she could not meet them.

"You are a clever man, Mr. North," she said.

"Yes; but the game's up! I would have returned the tiara anyhow, however, as usual. You see—I was 'Scotty' Weed. The police framed up a deal on me, years ago, and sent me up for five years; and it was a crooked frameup. I wasn't guilty. They pursued me after I left prison, in Chicago; but I went away to another city, and made good—made good in legitimate business. This Chief is the man who framed the deal on me. I have simply been amusing myself by making a fool of him, in doing which I have made a fool of myself; but no one has suffered, or will suffer for my foolishness, except myself."

"Give me the tiara," she said. "I knew that he had been the man who framed the deal, as you say, on 'Scotty.' That's the reason why I felt sure that you were the man."

He got the tiara and handed it to her.

"This will be found in Mrs. Winslow's room," she concluded abruptly.

The tiara disappeared under her coat.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

She looked him full in the eyes; but only

for a moment. Then her eyes dropped slowly before his.

"Mary!" he said, "what do you mean?"

"I don't know," she answered. Her voice was as soft as a rose petal. Suddenly she added, "—Yes, I *do* know! You are too fine a man to be caught in a mess like this, that's all!"

She said it defiantly, her face flaming.

"Mary!" he repeated, smiling gently, and held out his arms to her.

Her eyes lighted suddenly, and shone into his so that he caught his breath with the sudden wonder of it.

"Tomorrow!" she whispered. "Come to me tomorrow!" And was gone.

And that was the end—the real end—of "Scotty" Weed.

Frank Daniels in Flatbush

FRANK DANIELS, for years one of the premier laughter-masters of the stage, has forsworn the lure of the confining stage and come out as a movie leading man of late. He is a member of the Vitagraph forces in Flatbush now, and leading sun-spot in "My Uncle Bob," a coming release.

Virginia With the Vitagraph

VIRGINIA PEARSON, she of the beautiful eyes and luresome manner, said to be the least villainous of all stage villainesses, and famous throughout the country as the Vampire in "A Fool There Was," is with the Vitagraph Company of America. She will appear in a number of releases this summer.

The Littlest Favorite

MADGE EVANS is perhaps the most photographed child in the world today.

Though not quite six years of age, she has appeared in scores of photoplays, and is enthusiastically continuing her acting in the movies and her primary studies at the same time.

This honor of being the most photographed youngster is of course a matter of renown which rests on a sliding pedestal. Other children have had it in the past; perhaps others will surpass little Miss Evans' achievements tomorrow—just as today's biggest battleship may be outclassed by the very next construction. At the same time, if anyone does surpass Miss Madge, he or she will have occupied a good many square yards of negative.

*Madge Evans as the little sister in
"Alias Jimmy Valentine"*



Lo, the Poor Property Man!

By John Ten Eyck

IN days of old, when the merry cowboys scoured the plains with well oiled six-shooters, the world's name for an unfortunate person harried from pillar to post was Lo, the poor Indian.

Today, who bears the burden of the on-sweep of civilization via the movie camera?—Lo, the poor Property Man.

Does Lottie, the ingenue, find a hole in the toe of the baby blue tights wherewith she is to play the heroic music-hall girl who gives up her beloved for the sake of his dear old mother? Lo gets the blame.

Is it found that the elaborate tin fountain used for a Newport ball-room has sprung a leak somewhere in its soldered seams so that the water stains the hostess' shoes in the middle of a six-reel thriller? Upon Lo descends the wrath of the director, the leading lady, the hero, yea, even of the supers.

Has a Louis Quinze chair wandered into a Louis Quatorze room? Lo flees to the property-room, reviled by the lips of many.

Does it happen that the hero of ten million fans gets a puncture in his invaluable tummy because a property sword has not been carefully dulled? Prostrate beneath the ire of the Gods of the Film lies Lo.

Kitty Calhoun, the beautiful shop girl, retires to her third floor back room in a property boarding house. Sitting on her bed, her head in her hands, she dreams of the handsome young farmer she scorned and left 'way back in her home town, and the burning tears trickle through her lovely fingers.

Suddenly the director has hysterics and is carried to the nearest hospital for treatment. The camera man turns pale, then green, then faints dead away and is brought to only by the aid of the prettiest super in the studio with half a pint of raw Scotch and the studio rocks with impending terrors.

Into that miserable back room Lo has artfully insinuated Sheraton furniture of the purest mahogany.

And after all is over, all there is of Lo is a lonely daisy that sways in the winds of passing summer days above the green mound beneath which he lies, his problems and his troubles forever past.

In the movies, Lo moves scenery. He is not the tinsel figure he was in the "legit."

Great minds have gone insane trying to think of machines to take Lo's place, but it has proven impossible. He must be. Even though his sets of palaces look like the back room of an Eleventh Avenue saloon, still must he be. Even though when sent forth to procure a statue of the Venus of Milo he returns with a photograph of Charles B. Duke, the tobacco king, he must remain an institution. He is the terror and slave of every studio, and like Ivan the Terrible, reigning through fear, is a tyrant in his humility.



"In the movies, Lo moves scenery. He is not the tinsel figure he was in the 'legit'."

How I Keep My Strength

By Francis X. Bushman

EDITOR'S NOTE: The leading actor of the Essanay Film Company is probably the most perfect physical specimen among the many notable athletes of the studios. His is not merely the perfection of appearance, but a reality of hard practice. He is a champion wrestler, a distance runner, a good shot, a fine rider, and a terribly dangerous antagonist in physical encounter—although, like most masters of men, Mr. Bushman is noted for his gentility and good nature.

A GREAT many people have asked me if I keep up my athletic work because I am "proud of my shape," or because it is a fad with me. To answer either question in the affirmative would be absurd. I have no pride of appearance other than that look which implies a normal and healthy human being, and a physique which serves; and while I have fads and hobbies, keeping in physical trim is not one of them. It is just as much a part of my life as eating and sleeping.

In many ways, the ancient Greeks are my ideal of a people.

Greek beauty, philosophy, architecture, bodily strength and learning have stood the test of centuries, and we, today, are not their equals in the arts or even in government. Yet the greatest thing they gave to mankind was the art of living.

Their theory can be summed up in an old proverb. I don't know who was the author of it. I wouldn't pretend to say: "The body is the urn in which the spirit burns; a spark of divine and eternal fire."

That is it: the urn of the soul and the mind. I worked on that theory. I know it is tenable. It has brought me results. Keep the body up to standard, and the mind

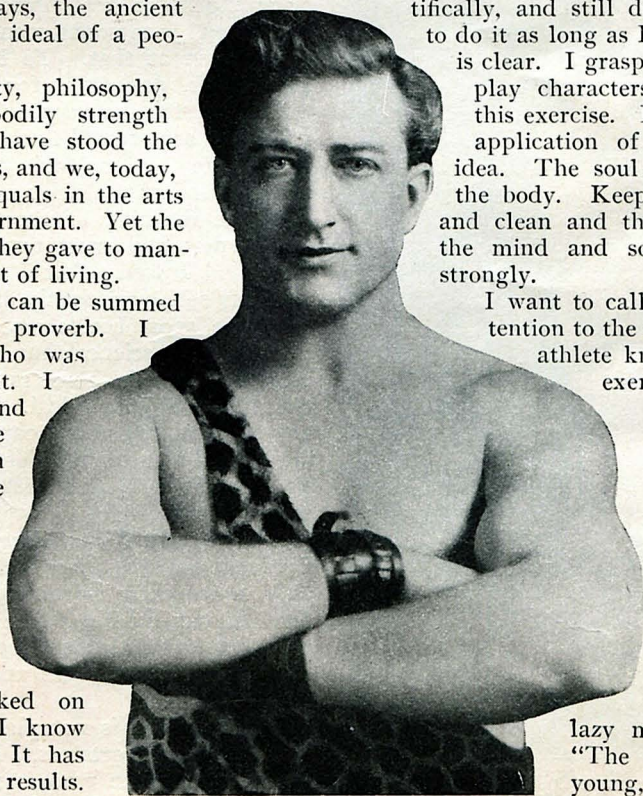
is at its best. Let the body grow overfat, or sluggish in its functions, and the mental processes get slower.

I learned this years ago. I was given a good body to begin with, but I realized that with the passing of the first flush of youth the body would broaden, the muscles grow soft, and limbs and trunk would settle into the maturity of late adolescence. I prepared against this. I worked hard, all the time. I kept right at it, exercised not strenuously, but regularly and scientifically, and still do it, and expect

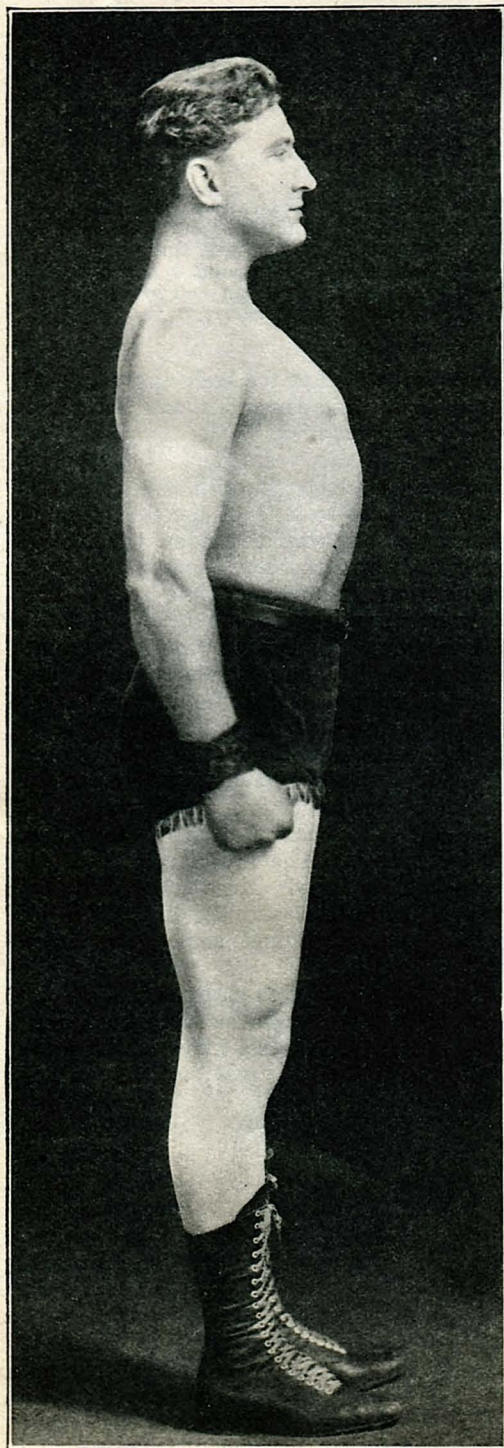
to do it as long as I live. My mind is clear. I grasp every one of my play characters the better for this exercise. It is, you see, the application of the old Greek idea. The soul is contained in the body. Keep the urn bright and clean and the divine fire of the mind and soul glows more strongly.

I want to call the reader's attention to the fact which every athlete knows: that over-exercise is worse than no exercise; that sudden hard exercise is positively dangerous, and that irregular exercise is worthless.

You have probably not escaped the lazy man's wise saw: "The athlete dies young, with worn-out organs or an enlarged heart." And that



"The soul is contained in the urn of the body. Keep the urn bright and clean and the divine fire of the spirit burns more strongly."



"With scarcely any effort on my part, I could in five minutes break the neck or the back of the strongest man in the world—provided he was not a wrestler."

other favorite: "Your athlete is never the real strong man, he's too muscle-bound." All of which is quite true when used in reference to improper athletes, or in a word, to those sporadic, intemperate, unscientific strainers and feverish exercisers who are not true exercising athletes at all.

The needs of an individual in exercise are as individual as his needs in clothes, food and amusement. Doubtless there are men to whom my regular regime would be exactly fitted. But were I to recommend my own daily course of physical endeavor I think the law ought to hold me responsible for the burst hearts, the strained backs—even the deaths which might follow.

My chief form of strenuous exercise is wrestling, for which I have prepared myself by what amounts to a life-time of training. Here is an exercise which I recommend to every young man, and advise for no one. As that statement seems paradoxical, I beg to explain.

I do not think there is a finer sport in the world, nor one which contains more—or as much—of real physical artistry. I recommend it to young men only, and very young men at that. To begin wrestling is, I think, dangerous for any man over thirty-five, for the very pulls and strains, gradually accustomed to the body of a lad in his late teens or early twenties, would break or injure the older man. Wrestling is to me the king of sports. It is truly the hardest and most terrific. I box as well, and I fancy that I am able to defend myself quite neatly, but boxing is to me tame sport beside wrestling. Wrestling is more science than brute strength, although pliable muscles and physique count for a great deal. With scarcely any effort on my part I could, in five minutes' time break the neck or the back of the strongest man in the world—provided he was not a wrestler!

I have several wrestling partners, and I wrestle several times each week, preferably in the early mornings, most often in the Essanay studio, where I can dispose a mat conveniently; and because it is also convenient to the baths and to my dressing room.

My wrestling is not playing or posing. I never have spectators. I never have a wrestling partner who is not hired with the understanding that he is to throw me if possible, and to throw me hard. And

sometimes he does! This is quite delightful, for in such a man I have something to really work for.

Afterwards I have a few minutes of absolute relaxation after the strains of wrestling, in which I allow every muscle in my body to become nerveless, soft and pliable.

Then I take a 150-pound dumb-bell for a few brief moments, following it with some turns with the bar-bell.

The final of my exercises is customarily a run with my trainer through Lincoln Park, which is at a convenient distance from the studios. In running as in the work on the wrestling mat I endeavor to be scientific and to do the right thing at the right time. A man may run in a listless, slipshod fashion which does him absolutely no good. Another man may run—overheated from the indoor work—in careless fashion and acquire pneumonia. I run for leg exercise, for wind, for deep breathing and to oxygenate thoroughly my blood, which is, in my estimation, one of the vitally important duties of the modern man too much indoors.

I either run back to the studio, or I return to it in my machine, thoroughly wrapped up as a protection against chill. A cold shower completes my morning's work, and after a short rest and a chance to read my mail, and perhaps dictate some correspondence, I am ready for a studio day.

You must understand that it is not possible to definitely set a routine of this sort. I do not do this particular set of performances every day. I

cannot. Many things might interfere. My wrestlers might not be in attendance. My work in some outdoor picture might be of such strenuous nature that it would obviate this mechanical, set exercise—obviate it for that day only. For certain reasons I might want to take an extensive gallop on my horse.

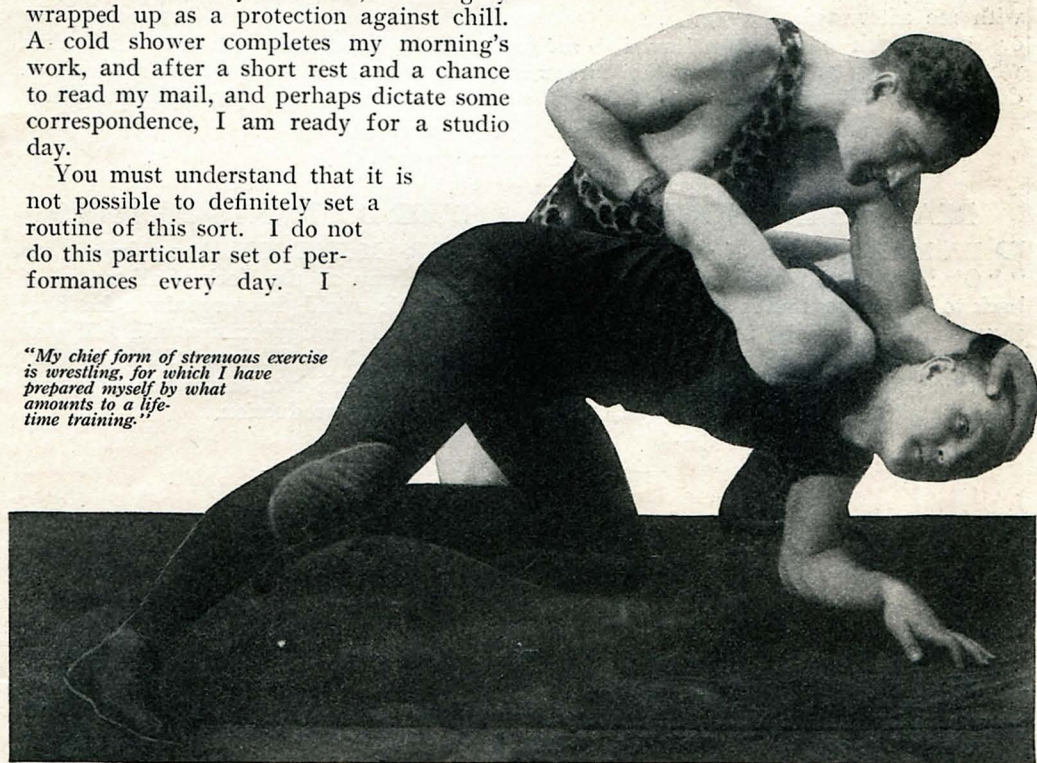
But the point is, I take one form of exercise, or its practical equivalent, every day in the year, Sundays included.

Procrastination is not only the thief of time, but the true athlete's insidious enemy. Something is always tempting the athlete to put off his run, or to abandon his boxing for the day, or to cut his time in the gymnasium in half.

Don't trust yourself. I never trust myself—because I can't, and athletic work has become as much a part of my existence as sleeping and working. Have set times and absolutely fixed periods from which you do not permit yourself to vary.

My system is my own, and I give it to you as a statement of fact; not as a recommendation. I hire a personal athletic director for myself, and I hire him with

"My chief form of strenuous exercise is wrestling, for which I have prepared myself by what amounts to a life-time training."



the understanding that he is my boss, and can take me by the scruff of the neck — metaphorically speaking—and make me do things when I have forgotten, procrastinated or deliberately sneaked.

This man has taken me out of afternoon parties and made me do my daily physical allotment much as a teacher gets a truant school boy and takes him to his classes. When I take the afternoons for exercise — as strenuous early mornings in the studio sometimes compel me to—this man rides down town in my machine with me afterward, or goes with me wherever I go, and does not permit me



"Sometimes, I do not go through my particular set of performances every day; but take an extensive gallop on my horse."

to go to dinner until I have "performed" for his benefit.

For all of which I eventually thank him, though I must admit that he gets on my nerves sometimes.

In diet I endeavor to eat those things—in moderation, always—which will be conducive to my best internal, and muscle building condition. Far, far too much is written on diet nowadays, and there are far too many rules. I do not believe in stimulants of any kind, and I believe only in the moderate use of exceedingly simple, wholesome foods. Proportions are best settled by the individual when he finds out his own physical demands.

REA WITH THE BIOGRAPH

REA MARTIN, late of one of the "Peg O' My Heart" companies, has come back to the movies and is again a Biograph ingenue. She will be in "When Love Is Young," which will be the first photoplay in which she appears since her recovery from "legititis."

BURR BUSTS INTO PICTURES

BURR McINTOSH, long known to Broadway as the Jack-of-all-trades of the artistic world, has organized the Burr McIntosh Film Corporation and will play the stellar role in "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," which is to be the new organization's premier production.

The Players

For us they hide their private cares,
We see no discontent of theirs,
But only happiness and glee;
Their tears they hide, their smiles we see.
As each fulfils his nightly task,
There's many a hero 'neath the mask.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.



Women's Rights—the Besserer Definition

Eugenie of the photoplays believes in improving HER OWN Southern California property in her own way, via her own firm biceps and bronzed small fingers. Mark the emphasized HER OWN; this little bungalow, perched on a slightly side-hill location, is in the center of a big piece of Los Angeles city property which is unincumberedly this fair photoplayer's: the product of her artistic toil.

Picture Theatres the Public Never See

IN the heart of London's Filmland are about twenty miniature movie theaters, to which the public is never admitted under any circumstances.

These show places do not make any charge for admission, but you have to be a film selector in order to enter them.

The film selector is a person of importance in British film circles, for his judgment means much to the renter—the middleman—and exhibitor as well as the film manufacturer. To the latter it often results in the sale of a copy of a film. Picture palace proprietors usually select their programs through this critic, while he studies the wants of the renter's customers. Some are employed by renters, others by the exhibitors for a small retaining fee and are carefully picked men.

As a rule, these private theaters are open from nine in the morning until six at night and it is the duty of the selector to go the rounds and see all the films that are being shown.

These theaters are very comfortable and elaborately fitted up. They are merely rooms in office buildings converted into showrooms, as they are dubbed by the trade. The critics see the manufacturers' wares nearly two months before they are released for public exhibition. The films are in a spotless condition and as time is precious they are sometimes run through at twice the usual theater speed.

Every little consideration is shown to these men who count. During the projecting of the films, expensive cigars and high class cigarettes are handed round free.

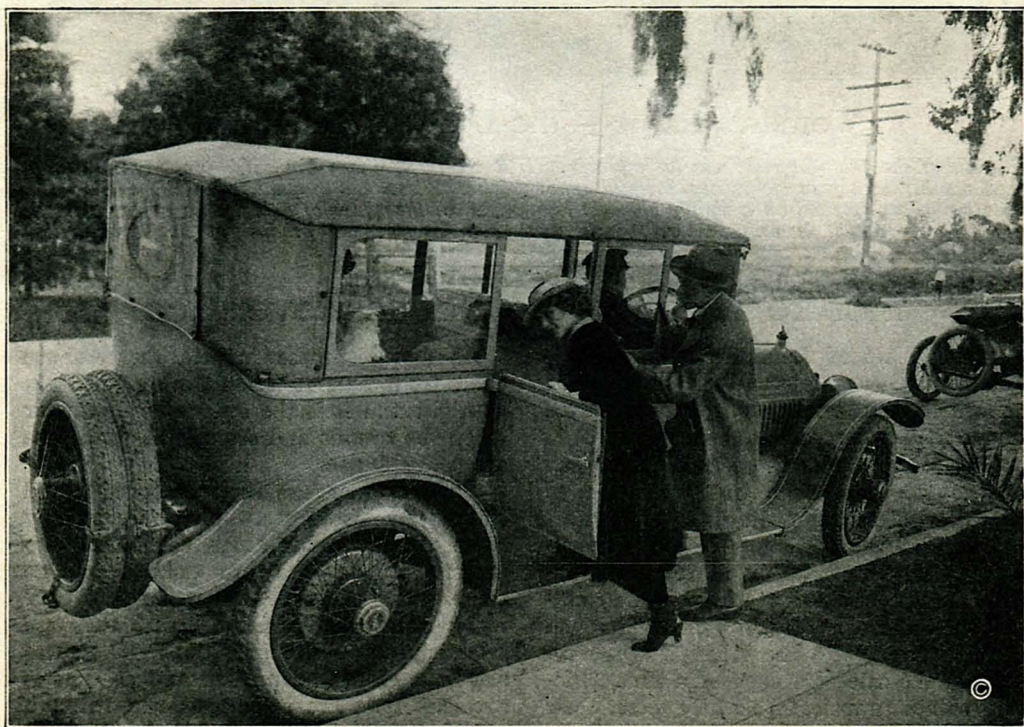
A Star for a Star

SUCH is Grace Darmond, who has been consecrated by the Selig Company to exclusive leadingwomanship for its biggest legitimate star, Tyrone Power. Though Miss Darmond has been on the stage and before the camera a number of years, she is only eighteen years old. She made her debut in "Edytha's Burglar." She played a season in a sketch by George M. Cohan, and was for two years in the "Auld Lang Syne" company. She has important parts in the Power photoplays, "A Texas Steer," and "A Servant in the House," and assumes leading feminine roles in "The Quarry," and "Whom the Gods Would Destroy," spectacular Selig specials soon to be released. Miss Darmond, an automobile enthusiast, drives her own car about Chicago, and each day to the studio in the morning and home at night.



Grace Darmond

The Queen A-Working Goes



In a gas chariot all her own, and attended by the Prince-Regent, brother Jack. (Translation into common sense:) Mary Pickford, enroute from her home to the Famous Players Studio in Los Angeles. Wherever the star goes, she trundles the small white ball of canine aggravation which will be seen nestling on the window-ledge within the car.



"The subterranean cell, lit day and night by rows of gas-jets, where the chorus girls arrayed themselves."

The Reward

THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO DISCOVERED THE REASON FOR SELF-RESPECT

By Edith Huntington Mason

Illustrations from the Thomas Ince Film.

A NUMBER of girls were waiting in the room outside the manager's office when Jane Wallace made timid entrance. With what bright hopes of concert engagements she had come to New York! How badly her dear dead mother would have felt to know that her daughter was not only seeking a position in a stage chorus; but that success in obtaining one had become a matter of necessity.

Her name was called. The awful moment of interview was upon her.

Perhaps it was the unusual range of her voice that influenced the manager, perhaps it was her delicate prettiness. At any rate he made a brief matter of giving Miss Wallace a position in the chorus of "The White Rose."

The girl who had the dressing-table next to Jane's in the subterranean cell, lit day and night by rows of gas-jets, where the chorus girls of the White Rose company arrayed themselves, was Trixie Reinhart. Jane was glad to make friends with her

among these girls who stared at her so boldly, and whose type was so utterly unfamiliar: but if Trixie had thought to attract more attention to herself by holding up the Quaker as an object of ridicule, she could not have thought of a more disastrous method than to introduce Dan Conby to her pale prettiness.

The news of the girl who refused to be dazzled by the "Great White Way," caught his imagination. At the thought of meeting a showgirl who was not interested in cabarets or kings, the bored look faded from his dark, red-veined eyes; the fretful curve to his fine mouth diminished.

"Bring on your Quaker Queen, Trixie!" he said. "Suppose you'll be trying to make me think next that I'm going to meet a chorus-girl who holds honor before all else!"

Trixie opened wide her heavy-lidded eyes. "Exactly!" she said, "Jane Wallace may die lonely but she'll never die anything but good."

Conby laughed. "My dear child!" he said, "How wonderful your faith is! You ought to know that there isn't a woman in the world who won't take the Primrose Path if she gets the right chance!"

That was practically the last word Miss Reinhart had with Mr. Conby, for the next moment he was looking into the coolly sweet gray eyes of Jane Wallace.

Winning the friendship of the Quaker was slow work. Dan found to his chagrin that his visits with her were limited to walks in Central Park.

Yet, for all that, Jane did not attempt to conceal from herself her interest in him. His cynicism and restlessness appealed to her mother-instinct. The flattering feeling that he had need of her, took possession of her.

The day came when Conby succeeded in persuading her to have luncheon with him. He had chosen for this first venture the Brevoort, a famous old hotel downtown, renowned for its French cuisine.

"There's a question I've wanted to ask you a long time," he said sipping his demitasse.

"Ask me," challenged Jane.

"You know," he said, "I've never met anyone like you before, and I'm just wondering what reward such a girl finds in keeping 'straight'? Stage life must be full of temptations to make things easier."

Jane's starry gaze widened to wonder. "Reward?" she repeated. "Does anyone need a reward for living right?"

"Most people do," he said. "They go wrong because they can't seem to find one."

She drew a long breath. "There is a reward after all," she announced, "the respect of the world."

He raised his eye-brows. "My dear child!" he exclaimed. "People suspect one other too much, nowadays, to respect one other!"

From that luncheon dated Conby's serious determination to understand this girl. The desire to know what her answer would be if temptation were put before her in concrete form, became almost an obsession.

It was his birthday and Conby had at last persuaded Jane to go to supper with him after the theatre. A friend of his, Cranston Willing, and Lilly Barrington, another showgirl, were to be of the party, and Jane had found no reason for refusing.

The flight up the Great White Way in a limousine was, to Jane, a whiff of Paradise. Heretofore the bright lights had only served to show her the way home. Until that evening they had never beckoned her to pleasures and palaces.

The four entered Murray's, where they were to have supper. An important looking personage hurriedly escorted them to a table just at the corner of the space reserved for dancing. In the centre of it was a goddess in black and silver with a jeweled band encircling her flaxen hair. She was dancing the latest steps with a slight, flat-eared youth who followed her dextrous writhings with mirror-like fidelity.

"Zoey May, the highest priced dancer in vaudeville," said Mr. Willing as they sat down. "What will you have to eat, Miss Wallace?"

But Miss Wallace did not care whether they ordered fresh goose liver with truffles, or just plain hash. She was too busy looking about her. The bizarre light for which the restaurant was famous shed its blue haze on the Titan figures of Egyptian princesses, guiltless of drapery, which ornamented the wall above the stairs, the hundreds of well dressed people at the surrounding tables, and next to her at her own table, the well-bred faces of the two men, Conby and Willing, and the white, penciled profile of Lilly Barrington. What a world it was after all!

Dan smiled, a cynical amused smile, as he watched the wonder grow on her young face.

"Shall we dance?" he asked. The music had begun, and couples from neighboring tables were continually rising. Lilly and Willing were already upon the floor.

Jane turned a little pale. All her training on the stage had not prepared her for

He leaned across the table toward her.

"I want you," he murmured in iron tenderness. "I have the means to give you everything that makes life worth while. There is only one way for little pretty girls, my sweetheart. If I marry against my mother's explicit wish it's the end of all my money. She is a very positive woman—so you see . . ."



"Meanwhile, a leaven of shame and compunction had been working in Dan Conby's heart."

the sensation of dancing with Dan at a public restaurant. But when they had one-stepped together the third time she accepted with quite an air of sangfroid, a clover cocktail.

Conby laughed to himself. "The Quaker wears a gay petticoat!" he thought.

It was growing late and Lilly Barrington and Cranston Willing had long ago taken their departure. Conby and Jane after dancing three or four numbers in succession, sat down at a table to rest.

Dan looked at the new fire in the girl's eyes, and an idea came to him. He would make the test he had so long wanted to make. Was the respect of others dearer to Jane Wallace than anything else?

They had argued the question so many times, abstractedly, and Conby had expressed his views so freely, it did not come as a shock to Jane to find that he was making of himself a concrete example of temptation.

But it did come as a surprise to the man to find that he awaited her reply with something like fear. He had anticipated the moment of her capitulation, with triumph; now that it seemed actually at hand, he discovered that he was in mortal dread lest Jane should justify his cynicism.

But he did not know Jane Wallace.

Already the glamour of her first fling was fading. She smiled at him sadly, indulgently.

"O Dan! Dan!" she said, "do you really think, because I've let myself go tonight, just this once, that I've forgotten how much I care for respect?"

A tide of relief, mingled with mortification swept over the young man. Almost she had persuaded him.

"Come," he said, rising; "let's go."

Conby was an obstinate sort of man. The wish to try her once more and in a different way proved irresistible. He knew that the respect she prized so was difficult to obtain. Many well-born, well-bred persons were incapable of believing that a chorus girl could keep straight. He wanted very much to hear what Jane had to say about her "reward" when she should have encountered some of these.

Not many days later Jane received an invitation from Dan's aunt, Mrs. Hathaway Steele, to one of her informal Sunday evenings at home during Lent.

Determined not to disgrace Dan, Jane put the money she had been saving for a suit into a frock for the occasion.

She liked it all, the taxi which took her to the house, the solicitous footman, who

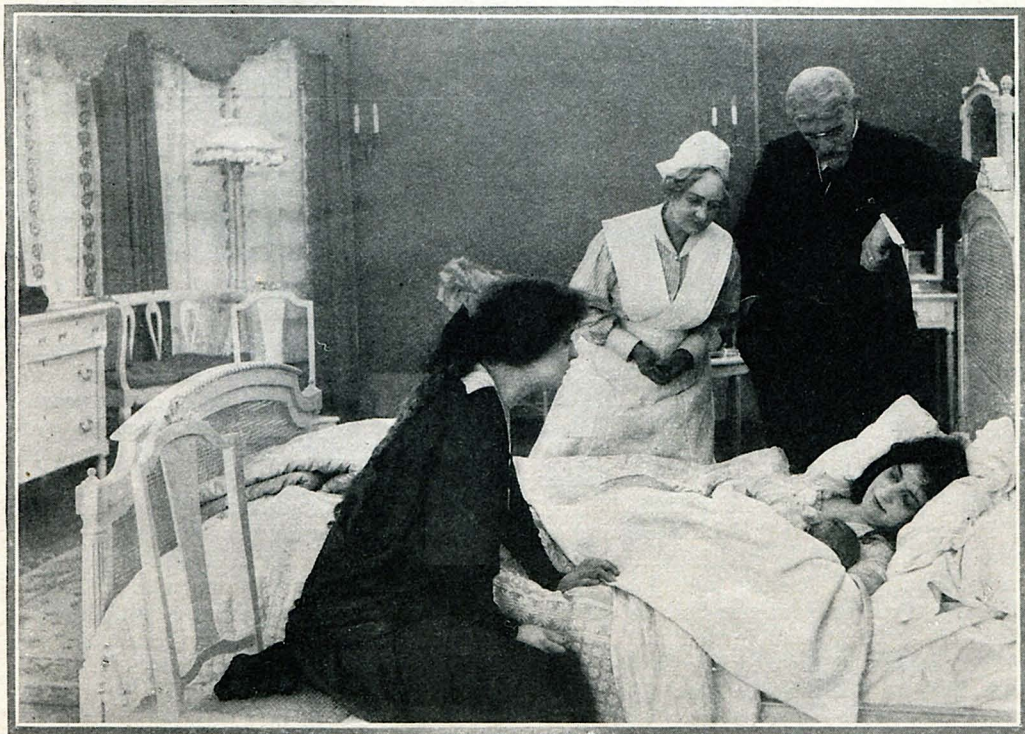
pointed the way upstairs, the maid who helped her off with her wraps as carefully as if they were cotton batting about a precious jewel.

Her enthusiasm received its first chill when she noticed that the other girls in the dressing room, pretty young things, about her own age, though they ceased their chatter for the fraction of a second on her entrance, resumed it again exactly as if she had not joined them. It made her feel suddenly lonely and out of it.

Dan met her at the drawing room door. The next moment she was shaking hands with his aunt.

Poor innocent Jane! Before the evening to which she had looked forward so much was half over, her quick wit told her that she was regarded as an interloper. The other guests were politeness itself, yet there was a something about them, as chill and remote as the north pole, which gave her to understand that she was there on sufferance.

At first she felt bewildered. Her dress she knew was as correct as anyone's, her shoulders more dazzling.



"The reward of virtue is untainted motherhood."

Slowly the realization came to her that she was an outcast because she was "in musical comedy." Like Dan, these people did not believe in a "show girl."

Hot, furious tears rose many times to her eyes, but she never let them fall. Hard circumstances as well as easy ones make thoroughbreds and as far as the others knew,—Miss Wallace was enjoying the evening.

Human endurance has its limit, however, and at the first signs that the party was breaking up, Jane fled to her lonely taxi. She did not even wait to take formal farewell of Dan. Somehow she felt too unhappy. The fear that he was right and that there was no reward for virtue, began to eat into her very soul.

Her experience at the theatre the night following was not just the right one to counteract this feeling. Jane was late in arriving and the stage manager fined her. As she lingered to argue the matter, Trixie and another girl charmingly arrayed, swept in, and were passed without so much as a mention of the word "fine."

This was too much for Jane's sense of justice.

"That's not fair!" she cried.

The stage manager eyed Jane's shabby little black suit and then tossed his thumb toward Trixie and her companion.

"Fine a pair o' golden geese like that? Their Johns have half the boxes every night. What do you take me for?"

Jane's understanding of such things was quickening in this hard school of experience. In bitterness of spirit she went to the dressing-room.

She found that she had it to herself. Drearily she put on her make-up, did her hair, and wiggled into her costume. Then she stood looking down at the hated tights which tonight seemed more hateful than ever. Her lips trembled as she remembered the only word of notice she had received from the press: "Jane Wallace, in rose-pink tights, displayed to advantage her gorgeous limbs." Not a word about her voice, though she had a song.

It was debasing,—humiliating! Wasn't there some way for her to get even with life? Wasn't there some reckless, desperate thing she could do to signalize the death of her ideals?

The call-bell rang. She dabbed powder at her chin; then, as she paused to stare

at herself in the glass an idea seized her—

"I'll do it!" she said aloud, "I'll go to him tonight or my name's not Jane Wallace!"

Meanwhile a leaven of shame, of compunction had been working in Dan Conby's heart. Why had he allowed interest in his experiment to subject little Jane to such an ordeal as his aunt's party? The memory of her proud lips and courageous eyes sent a stab through him. He had known when he asked her, how things would go. How cruel he had been! He must see her at once and ask forgiveness.

It was after theatre time. Jane would be at her boarding-house by now. He jumped into his car and made all speed downtown. At the very same moment, Jane, in a cab, was making for the apartment house where he lived, to tell him he was right—the primrose path was best.

A Japanese butler admitted Miss Wallace, and bade her be seated. Mr. Conby had just gone out, but would return shortly.

Jane was disappointed. It made her nervous to wait. She wanted to throw herself into Dan's arms while her nerves were screwed to high tension. She paced restlessly around the room examining pictures and photographs. Then she picked up one of Dan's gloves lying on the table. The imprint of his hand was still in it. She kissed it. Perhaps, perhaps it would not be so bad after all. He would be good to her, she knew—

Sounds of confusion from the next apartment startled her. She put down the glove. The Japanese came running and opened the door. Jane, looking over his shoulder, saw a gray-haired man standing in the opposite entry looking anxiously toward the stairs. He caught sight of Jane.

"Come here quick," he said, "I need help."

Jane followed him into the neighboring apartment. In the bedroom a battle for life or death was raging. It was an emergency case; there had been no time to summon the trained nurse, and the doctor had been obliged to handle it alone. The child had come safely into the world, but the mother was in danger.

Jane knew little or nothing about such matters; but she was intelligent, and found no trouble in obeying the surgeon's quick, sharp orders. In a very few minutes the danger was passed, the young mother safe.

Jane felt suddenly weak. She heard the doctor's voice saying, "here, drink this," as he held a glass to her lips. She rose to go but the faint, weak voice of the new mother detained her.

"Give me my baby!" it said; "give me my baby!"

Jane sat down on the edge of the bed and watched with breathless interest while the doctor placed the newly-born infant in its mother's arms. The sight of the tiny dark head against the breast of the white-faced girl in the bed, brought the tears in a sudden rush to Jane's eyes. The scene seemed, in a moment to have a meaning that was just for her. A phrase she had read somewhere came to her mind.

"The reward of virtue is untainted motherhood."

"If you will excuse me," she said to the doctor, and went out. But she did not go back to Dan's apartment. No! No! Never that! How could she have thought of such a thing! Pale with the fear that he might return, she flew down one of the two flights of stairs that led to the front door, and liberty. But she was too late.

The street door opened, then shut, and a voice she knew well hummed a little song.

Panic-stricken, the girl glanced about for a place of concealment. There was only the darkness of the landing. The familiar steps came slowly up the stairs. Jane shut her eyes. Instead of a prayer the words "the reward of virtue is untainted motherhood," came into her mind.

Perhaps they worked the miracle, but at any rate Dan failed to observe the slim, dark figure, which flattened itself against the wall as he passed, and she was free to run down the stairs and let herself out into the street.

On reaching home she was told that a gentleman had called to see her and that he had left a note on the table in the front parlor.

She entered the musty room and turned up the gas jet. Yes, it was there, a letter from Dan! She kissed it,—then tore it open. The contents were brief.

"Dearest girl in all the world," it ran, "Knowing you has taught me that living right is the only way for anyone to live, man or woman. I came tonight to tell you that you are dearer to me than money or family or anything in the world. I want you to be my wife.

"DAN."

Muriel Ostriche With Vitagraph

MURIEL OSTRICHE is one of the many well-known movie stars that the Vitagraph company has been taking into its fold this month in pursuance of a steady policy of enlarging its constellation of stars pursued since the beginning of the year.

Miss Ostriche will be seen in a number of roles quite different from anything she has recently attempted. Her first appearance under the new management will be in a three reel feature.

Some time ago she was suddenly stricken blind while working before the camera and for a while it was feared that she would lose her sight, or that it would be permanently impaired. Fortunately, however, her friends' fears were groundless and Miss Ostriche has thoroughly recovered and is ready for work again.

Catherine to Be a Gray Nun

CATHERINE COUNTISS, well known throughout the country for her work on the dramatic stage, will appear this summer in "The Gray Nun of Belgium," produced by the new Dramatic Producing Company of Los Angeles.

JACK TUCKER, of the team of Williams and Tucker, has been converted from vaudeville to the movies, and will appear in films produced by the Jacksonville, Florida, studio of the Lubin company.

COLONEL WILLIAM N. SELIG, master mind of the Selig Polyscope company, is fifty-one years young. He celebrated his fifty-first birthday early this spring.

Domestic Drama on the Screen



The dramas are "over," in show parlance, and the Philadelphia players are breathing freely.

The principals are Joseph Kaufman and Ethel Clayton.

The subjects have not emanated from the pen of any one writer, but have mainly been directed by Kaufman.

For months Miss Clayton and Mr. Kaufman have been creating photoplays of two or three reels, based on the problems that confront a husband and wife in some of their more intimate relationships.

These photoplays have not been without their touches of humor, but the trend in the main has been serious. That pathos which quickly becomes pathos has been avoided, though one must admit, after seeing the subjects with which Kaufman has worked, that the margin of "sob stuff" in plays of this description is always dangerously close. In Kaufman's intelligent, clean avoidance of it has lain his success.

*Ethel Clayton,
Joseph Kaufman,
and a scene
from "The
Blessed
Miracle."*



WHEN the purpose of the first "moving picture" was to drive a tardy audience out of a vaudeville theater not even the most sanguine foresaw the legitimate photoplay comedy and the great photoplay spectacle immediately impending.

Now that these have arrived; now that big dramas are reproduced with their stage splendors raised to the nth power on the screen, producing managers and imaginative writers are leaning toward the finer side of histrionic impression. The ultra-modern director is trying to get screen subtlety, even as he has already obtained screen laughter, screen thrills and screen pathos.

One of the most interesting of these experiments—happily, a very successful one—has been the domestic drama series of the Lubin company. This has been an enterprise of stealth. No one at the Lubin studio has patently labelled them "domestic dramas." No one dared to. The Lubin folks have been holding their collective and respective breaths and—waiting.



What is the thing most liable to wreck the modern home?

Is it—as our more conventional and casual dramatists would have us suppose—the intervention of some third party; the malministration of the missing line in the eternal triangle?

Kaufman thinks not, and probably he is right, for in his subjects he has gone below the surface of domestic discord; he has made the lack of children the prevailing factor of discontent and quarreling.

The Lubin studio immediately found itself confronted with two walls of difficulty. Would an audience, used to the broader and plainer sort of entertainment in film theatres, accept a story of this delicate nature as anything but tiresome? Granted that the subject were made vividly realistic, would the superficially "nice" think such treatment vulgar? But the domestic drama has escaped both the devil of hypocrisy and the deep sea of boredom.

The happy endings have invariably been brought about by the birth of a child.

In one instance the wreck of a home has been effected through the wife's indifference to the husband's craving for a child.

In another it has been the feverish, money-getting husband who has deprived his wife, in a selfish love which was little else than pride and lust combined, of woman's ultimate attainment, motherhood.

Respite

IN childish days, to dry the tear
A picture book of Mother Goose—
Jack's giant with ferocious leer
And four and twenty birds set loose.

When now assailed by fretting thought,
The movies—Ships and buried treasure,
Lorn beauty, and brave men are brought
To give an hour of pleasure.

—Mary Louise Benham.

Safety First

LAST night, she was a maid demure,
With dimpled chin, caressed
By satin bow of pale azure,
And roses on her breast.

Today, in gown of gorgeous hue,
She danced the gay Maxixe;
And from the Screen brave kisses blew
To me—beyond her reach!

—D. H. O'Neill.

The Venus of Milo Has Nothing On



these dismal, broken-rimmed, flat-tired, derailed, shrieking feet for precious financial value. Each of these horrible objects has just been insured for \$25,000! As the champion shapes of ugliness for all time? Possibly. There is something in that. But they were insured because of their potential powers of silvery laughter—limbering up crooked minds—letting some humor-sunshine into midnight hearts. As far as that is—. What? Oh, yes; they're Charlie Chaplin's feet.



"He felt as if he'd known her always, just as he'd always known the evening star."

The-Sort-of-Girl Who-Came-From-Heaven

A VISION THAT WAS JUST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE

By Mrs. Ray Long

Illustrations by the Vitagraph Company of America

AT twenty-five, Mortimer Vinton had come to that place in life where he felt he knew what was what.

These "whats" referred respectively to the broad field of what the public wants to read, and to the broader field of women—honey women, business women, social butterflies, actresses and suffragettes. Vinton believed they were synonymous.

"No man-and-dog stuff for me," he would say to his club friends. "All the big Swedes and faithful malamutes in the Arctic can freeze in every winter and I'll not raise a pen to dig 'em out. It's GIRL that people want, always have wanted, and always will want—GIRL, with every letter a capital."

Here Vinton always grew a little dramatic. He had started early and been several lean years "coming." Now that he could keep up with the fashion in over-

coats, and pay his club dues, and all because of his great discovery, he felt himself a benefactor for being willing to put other struggling writers on the right track.

"What sells the newspapers? War? Not any. Watch the people step up with their coins when the boys yell, 'All About the Love Letters Read in Court.' And when I get hold of the kind of girl I'm looking for, a sweet, modest, quiet girl who has the pep all right, but, hang it, a kind of dynamic pep, if you understand what I mean, who shows you she could flirt and raise the dickens but wouldn't, you watch me. I promise you'll be proud of me. I'll write the best seller ever if I find the-sort-of-girl-who-comes-from-Heaven."

"Not to mention something else that's liable to happen to you if you find her," put in the club wag, one February day, as Vinton was going over his pet monologue.

It was well known that with all of his live model study in building his heroines, Vinton had never really fallen in love.

"Well, I'm on my way," drawled Vinton, as he prepared to leave. "When I find her I'll let you know."

"Don't trouble yourself. You won't have to. We'll know." And Vinton went out not at all displeased at his friend's last shot.

The business he had set for himself that afternoon was to get a new line of small talk for the heroine he was building. He thought a minute. A song bird he knew had eyes with a wonderful glint in them. Vinton saw no reason why work should not be pleasant, so turned his footsteps to her hotel, already enjoying in anticipation the delight it would give him to bask in the dancing light of her whimsical gaze.

They found a table up in the tea-room where dancing held sway. Vinton ordered carefully and sparingly. He still lived from story to story.

The lights were just right and he was having as good a time as he expected. He was even having a better time, for never had he seen those auburn eyes in such a riot of sparkles. He forgot to listen for the small talk he needed as he looked into their merry dancing. But soon he had a horrible feeling that they were dancing past him instead of at him. He turned quickly and caught an answering activity in the eyes of a prosperous-looking man behind him.

Four minutes later Vinton was out on the street, wondering if there really was a girl anywhere who had a sparkling eye that was straight. He was still wondering as he turned into an ice cream parlor on the Avenue in the heart of the shopping district. Here he knew he at least would find small talk, and small talk, he told himself, was all he had a right to think of just now, or he'd run out of money before he got another story accepted. He settled himself at a table near a lot of chattering girls, but listening to them didn't keep him from giving his eyes a chance to roam. They only got as far as a little table against the wall and stopped. The GIRL he was looking for, his Heroine, was sitting there, choosing something from a card.

She was just a sweet-looking girl, almost Quaker-like in appearance, and seemingly lost to the world in the study of her card. Her small hat was plain, except for some

tiny roses at the side, and the only relief to her closely-buttoned corduroy coat was a little lace ruff at the neck.

"Painter's model?" giggled one high nearby voice questioningly.

"Probably doing the pose for some church-window Madonna and can't forget it," jeered another.

Vinton was disgusted. He couldn't understand the unfairness of the feminine mind. He started out, although he hadn't enough material. On the way he saw a girl he knew also making for the door from a table behind The Girl's. He halted, as he wanted to avoid her. Then to his amazement, she was evidently acquainted with The Girl and stopped to speak to her. He changed his mind about the avoiding, and got to her just in time to be introduced to the real object of his interest. And as The Girl raised her eyes shyly to his, he forgot to show any concern when his acquaintance said she had to hurry on. He was only concerned because the eyes had suddenly gone down again.

"May I sit?" asked Vinton, and didn't wait for an answer, but sat.

The Girl looked up again. Hers were wonderfully dressy eyes. They were velvety as dusk and shadowed with thick gentian-like fringes. They changed her whole appearance and yet were in keeping. She seemed to be considering. Anything to keep those eyes up, Vinton thought.

"Oh, if you'd rather I'd not," he said, apologetically.

His hesitancy pleased, and The Girl made a pretty little motion that he continue to be seated.

Vinton never could tell quite how it happened. He'd never met a girl before who said so little herself and made him say so much. After an hour he didn't know a definite thing about her. He hadn't even caught her name when he was introduced. But somehow, he felt as if he'd known her always, much as he'd always known the evening star, for instance. She, like the star, was shy yet beckoning, brilliant yet gentle, companionable yet remote. And just as he would have looked at the star over his left shoulder and wished without the least feeling of flippancy, so he found himself proposing that they drink a sort of philopena, one glass and two straws. She hesitated, then complied and sipped at her straw as demurely as if Vinton were in the next state

instead of only a few inches from her, gazing at her till the warmth of his look must have embarrassed a more sophisticated girl.

Vinton kept the philopena drink going as long as he could, and when at the end she said she must go, he found himself having to pluck up courage to ask her if he might walk home with her. To his chagrin, she didn't seem delighted at all. She puckered her smooth forehead in a delightful lifting way she had, thought a bit, and finally smiled her consent.

On the way up the Avenue, Vinton thought he had never heard anything so pretty as her childish delight in the show-

hungry waif make big, longing eyes at warm buns in a baker's window. He wanted just one thing. He wanted to slip into that store and get that hat for her and give it to her in such a way that it wouldn't hurt her pride to take it. Of course, he bungled.

"It was made for you," he whispered.

"Oh, no, no it wasn't, at all," she answered in a startled little voice, as if she thought he was speaking literally.

"I mean, it's just your style, exactly the thing for you." Vinton looked his admiration for both her and the hat. "And what I'd like is to see it on your head."



"It's GIRL that people want, always have wanted and always will want — GIRL, with every letter a capital."

windows. It was so spontaneous she must lately have come to the city. He was about to ask her, when she stopped before a display of hats. She leaned to the window that separated her from the objects of her admiration like a compass point to a magnet.

"Lo-o-vely," she crooned, as her eyes rested caressingly on a bit of bee-hive-shaped millinery. Vinton could feel the wistfulness of her gaze. In an instant he was like a Christmas shopper watching a

"Oh, I have a hat," she answered simply, and as if that settled the question. Still her wistful gaze clung to the window.

"Let me get it for you," Vinton suggested.

"You? Oh, how could you even suggest such a thing?" She raised her glorious eyes and Vinton saw a mist in them.

"Oh, please, please," he stammered, then seemed to hit a bright idea. He took on a masterful manner. "Now tell me. You'd let me buy you a basket of flowers, wouldn't



"The bill was a shock; but he gathered himself together and paid as nonchalantly as any rounder."

you? Well, what's this hat but a basket turned upside down with the flowers on top?"

"I'd never thought of it in just that way," she said, brightening. "It must be wonderful to be clever."

"Then in we go," he said, still masterfully.

It was really a beautiful little hat and it looked charming on The Girl's beautiful little head. She turned and looked and smiled and turned and looked and smiled again.

Vinton was enchanted.

"Mademoiselle will take the hat?" asked the milliner.

"Certainly," said Vinton, decidedly. "How much?"

The milliner named a fancy, an exceedingly fancy price. Vinton was staggered. He could just cover it, and did it bravely.

"The name? To whom shall I send it?"

Again Vinton was overcome. He had not caught the name. The milliner suddenly had business in another part of the room. Vinton took advantage of the respite to whisper, "Your name, your name."

"Genevieve Corbay," answered the girl, whose rapt gaze at the hat showed she evi-

dently hadn't understood the hitch. Vinton was immensely relieved. He wouldn't for the world have embarrassed her because of his rashness.

Out on the street again he breathed easier.

"Your name is very sweet, but not as sweet as the one I have for you," he told her.

The girl looked waitingly, demurely down.

"I call you The-Girl-Who-Came-From-Heaven." Vinton's voice was soft and almost in her ear. She did not answer. He saw her struggle. It seemed too hard to find the words. Finally she just raised her wondrous eyes to his, all dewy now, and he felt a tightening about his heart that no live model girl had ever given him before.

That night he worked feverishly. He finished the ordered story and delivered it early the next day with a request for check. Checks now meant flowers and golden hours with that girl, and he wasn't going to lose any by wasting courtesy on a magazine business department. He found some dainty blooms and called with them as a pretext. The girl was even lovelier than the day before, in a quaint wasp-waist bodice and full grandmother skirt of softest

dove gray. A little lace collar with big odd gold brooch and lace cuffs were her only adornments. Vinton thought St. Cecilia had come to life. He was so jubilant over his find that when she told him she was an actress he wasn't even astonished.

When Vinton looked for Miss Genevieve Corbay's name in the cast where she was playing, he realized what she had meant when she said she had done so little. He found it in the small type group of the chorus. At once he was indignant. But he knew the way of the stage. Coarse features that "made up" well were always pushed ahead of refinement and delicacy, and it was only rarely that merit got any chance. The only consolation he could give himself was that he was now in the lists for Miss Corbay and he was going to repay her for her brave struggle by immortalizing her in the greatest American novel ever written. And when she came tripping out with the other girls, and stood out among them like a delicate pink rose bud among dotted field lilies, he again felt that suffocating tightness around his heart. He knew she could not have been long among their coarsening influence and he burned to take her away from them altogether.

"Just a little supper and you do the ordering so it will be exactly as you want

it," he coaxed her one night after the play. The manner of his invitation evidently pleased her childish fancy.

"Just exactly what I want?" She smiled up at him with the interest of adventure into new worlds in her eyes. "Oh, that would be l-o-vely." Again her words were a croon as when she first saw the memorable hat. Vinton lost no time in taking her to a quaint Bohemian restaurant he knew and thought would fit her like scenery made to order.

Genevieve was all delight with her surroundings. Vinton had never seen her in this mood. He hoped he would often.

"What's chateaufort?" came questioningly over the big card she held.

Vinton explained, dilating on the cordial's radiant amber color, thinking the description of its beauty would please her.

"Sparkling Burgundy. What a beautiful name. And that—?" She poised her card while she waited.

Vinton found himself hard pressed for adjectives to tell of the richness of its red with his heroine as auditor. Genevieve's forehead lifted itself in that adorable pucker as he finished.

"Wouldn't it be interesting to have a kind of rainbow dinner?" she said after a minute's pondering. "There would be colors enough?"

Vinton fell to searching for the proper colored beverages and found them all or



so nearly that no rainbow need to have blushed at the result. And Genevieve showed the delight she would have in a new game. She hunted for foods to match the drinkables with gay abandon. Vinton told himself he never dreamed it would be such fun showing things to a girl who hadn't had his advantages. And the supper itself was as much fun as the choosing. Genevieve sipped wines and cordials like a bee hovering over flower honey cups. Vinton wondered why other women couldn't learn this delightful way of drinking that didn't seem like drinking at all.

The reckoning with the host was the only drawback. Careful and frugal ordering had always been Vinton's rule from necessity. It was a shock when the bill was brought. He started to look over the items to see if there was a mistake when he caught a distressed look on the girl's face. He gathered himself together and paid as nonchalantly as any rounder.

As the days went by the money problem began to worry Vinton. He couldn't make himself go past florist shops without entering and sending the blossoms that seemed so much like her to Genevieve. And he couldn't afford it. He had almost decided to give up work on his great book and spin out salable short stories, when the publisher, who had long held his last novel, sent him a goodly check for advance royalty. He rushed to the telephone.

"A novel accepted and advance royalty," were the words he sent bounding over the wire.

"You wonderful man!" came tripping back.

"The supper to-night is to be such a supper as never was," Vinton promised. "Don't say 'no' for we're going to the swellest place I can find."

"But you know I don't like the noisy places where the crowds go," pleaded the voice he loved.

"Not even to celebrate?"

"Well, just this once." Then Vinton went back to the pleasant work of writing down the last words and the last sweet mannerisms of Genevieve's he had noted, and for the thousandth time he fell in and out of reveries of the sensation his book and his heaven-made heroine were going to make.

That night he dressed carefully and half

hoped Genevieve would wear a more striking costume than usual. It would better fit the elaborate supper room where he was going to take her. Then he was ashamed of wanting her otherwise than the little Quaker she was. But when she came to him after the play he almost gasped. It was as if a shrinking country girl had gone up a staircase and come down a queen.

Genevieve seemed even to have grown with the change. Her hair had gone up and her quaint, full skirts down. Her low cut bodice revealed a lovely flesh, soft and creamy against the rich material of her gown. The white furs around her shoulders threw out the duskiness of her soft crown of hair.

"You wonderful girl!" cried Vinton. "I just make up my mind you're an elf of moonshine or a gossamer angel and, presto, you're a queen of night. You'll make me a polygamist when we marry, there are so many of you."

Genevieve only looked her amusement and Vinton hurried her into a taxicab, eager to be off.

Their table was tucked in a little grove of palms that did not make them invisible to the rest of the room, but gave them the look of wanting to be alone. Several smiles followed them as they were seated. Genevieve seemed to feel it and actually hurried, as if to escape their gaze.

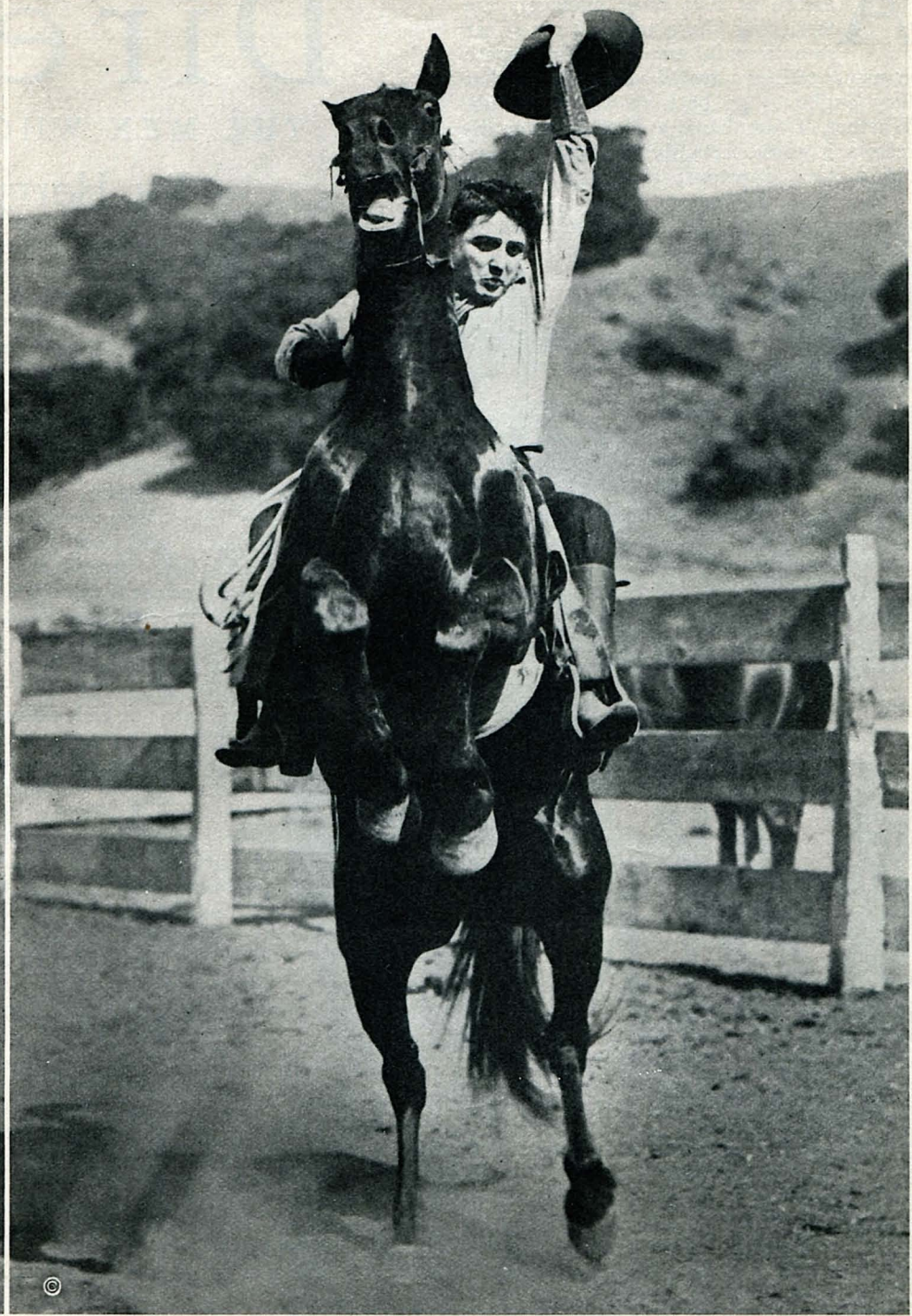
"The child can't help being a little scared," thought Vinton.

The supper was perfect. Vinton beamed with pride on the lovely girl across from him. If she had been born to dinners and suppers in high places she could not have acted with greater ease. She was and she was not the simple girl he had known. And he was exultant. It bore out his theory that she had dynamic pep. It was hard to tell who in him predominated in this exultation, the writer or the lover. He leaned across the table and held out his hand. She laid her hand in his and so they sat looking into each other's eyes.

Genevieve was the first to break that ardent gaze. Her glance went out and came back to Vinton with a look of fear. She started, snatched away her hand and rose agitatedly.

"I'm afraid I must go," she whispered. "I see my husband! Thank you so much for a lo-o-vely time."

A Four-footed Satan at Bay



J. Warren Kerrigan

enjoying the rearing plunges of a black piece of equine dynamite. From a photograph taken in Southern California a few weeks ago exclusively for Photoplay Magazine.

AUTHORS of magazine stories assure us that stage managers are terrifying characters. They swear sump'n awful and spend their spare moments telling talented young ladies that they ought to go back to the wash tub. Whether or not this is a libel on stage directors, it would certainly be a libel on moving picture directors; especially the big leaguers.

As in most other

Dire

THE MEN WHO

By Harry

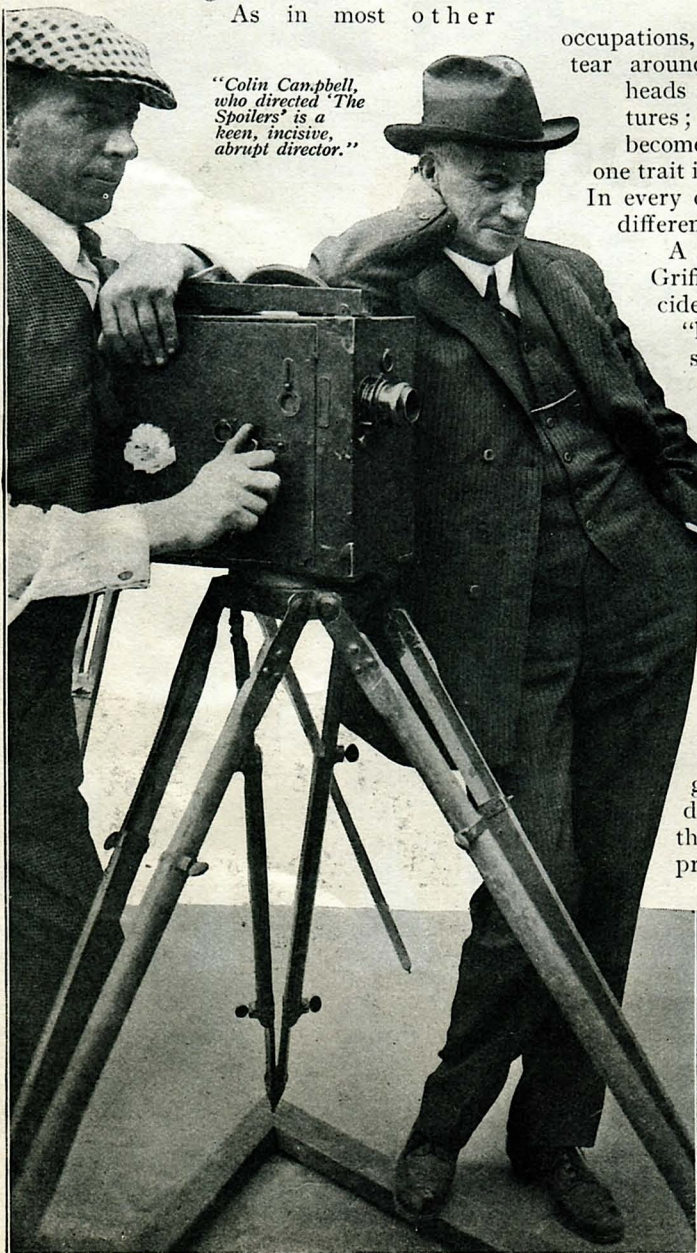
"Colin Campbell, who directed 'The Spoilers' is a keen, incisive, abrupt director."

occupations, some of the bush leaguers tear around like chickens with their heads cut off while directing pictures; but the directors who have become famous seem to have just one trait in common: they work easily. In every other characteristic they are different from one another.

A picture directed by D. W. Griffith, for instance, is a decidedly gay affair. Griffith "kids" the actors and the spectators and has a perfectly bully time himself.

Once there was a well-known semi-pro named Samson who was like a fashionable pianist; the best part of his act was his hair. A girl snipped off his hair and the curtain came down on Samson's career. It cannot be stated positively that Mr. Griffith has a similar affinity for his old straw sombrero, but he clings to that ancient Mexican head-gear as devotedly as Samson did to his hair. No doubt the hat once was young and proud with the pride and glory of its youth; but it is now in years. Most of the crown has come off and the Griffith locks sprout up through the thatching as he directs his companies. He is never seen directing except under this straw hat.

Griffith has one rare characteristic: he can direct while sitting still: literally, squatting still.



ctors

MAKE THE PLAYS

C. Carr

If you would like to know what Griffith looks like as he works, picture a tall man with an aquiline nose. He looks more like a commander of men than an actor. There is something about Griffith that impresses one that he might have been a captain of finance with shiny office furniture, desk telephones and relays of secretaries.

In his outdoor pictures, he has a great habit of squatting on his haunches like a Jap picking grapes. The temptation of the average director is to rush about the actors, showing them his ideas—acting out the parts. Griffith sticks to his post like a captain of a ship in his conning tower. He very seldom moves from his original squat.

"Walthal," sings out Griffith through the megaphone, "come out through the gate. That's good. Now that colored man—faster—Oh, hurry up here, Uncle. You could go faster than that if you saw a chicken, couldn't you? Now Miss Marsh.

"Now the other young ladies—say, are those real diamonds? I mean those rocks on that pretty girl. My, what a lot of diamonds! You'd better turn those inside your hand: they'll cause halation in the picture.

"Now Walthal, this way. Say—I mean that pretty girl—there must be a lot of good exercise in carrying around all that load of diamonds.

"Now Uncle, I want you to do a little jig in front of the white folks. Can't you dance better than that? I can do better than that myself. Say, who's that old colored man back there in the crowd. Uncle,

come out here. I'll bet you can dance. Sure you can dance. Now look here, Uncle. Here's a fifty-cent piece on this chair. You come dancing up here and if you dance hard enough you get that fifty. That was pretty good. We will try again. Walthal, hand me fifty cents: I don't seem to have any more change. That's all right; a dollar will do. Uncle, the bribe is going up, you'd better get busy or some of these colored brethren will beat you to that dollar. Now that looks pretty good to me.

"Wait. Everybody stop just where you

"Tom Ince in action wears a gray sweater, a non-descript hat, usually chews a stumpy cigar, and exudes a sort of repressed intensity."



are. Miss Gish, come over here. Take a look at that. A girl's eyes see a lot of stuff I might miss. Does that look all right to you? Sure, you're right. I should have seen that myself. You are just right. Too many of them standing up. A lot of them should be sitting down. Sit down, you and you and you. Now, how's that, Miss Gish?"

That's just the way Griffith directs a picture. In fact, those words are a literal transcription of his remarks while directing one of the scenes in "The Birth of a Nation," the first two-dollar movie.

There is considerable guile in Griffith's easy method. It keeps everybody good natured and free from tension. Like most men of high spirits, he occasionally tears out in a blue streak of rage. During the battle scene of the Clansman, there was an old man in charge of the explosives who kept letting off the charges in the wrong places and before the scene was through the dynamite was creating a mild commotion compared with the director.

"A picture directed by D. W. Griffith is a decidedly gay affair. Griffith 'kids' the actors and spectators and has a perfectly bully time himself."



One of the most extraordinary things about Griffith is his memory. He directs all his plays without referring to the scenario. He reads the script and it is his. In "The Birth of a Nation" he carried something over 1,500 scenes in his mind. The importance of the risk he runs is appreciated only by professionals. For instance, if he should send a man into a mountain cave without a hat and have him emerge therefrom wearing a hat, the whole film would be ridiculous.

Like Mack Sennett of the Keystone, Mr.

times before Griffith was finally satisfied.

In direct contrast to Griffith, Otis Turner is the most economical director in the matter of film of all the big leaguers. Turner is the dean of the Universal directors.

They call him "the governor" out at Universal City. He is one of the most loveable men in the picture business and like a great many loveable men is appallingly frank. If he likes your work, you can be sure he means it when he tells you so, for if he doesn't, he tells you straight in the



"Cecil de Mille impressed me as being the dramatic artist working on his temperament."

Griffith is a prodigal waster of films. He takes and retakes as though films grew on trees. In "The Birth of a Nation," he exposed something over 100,000 feet of film and used about 6,000. Sennett eats up film in just about this proportion.

If it were not for infectious enthusiasm, Griffith would be a hard man on actors. He takes scenes over so many times and rehearses them so much. The actor who took the part of Booth in the Clansman had to leap from Lincoln's box fourteen

eye that it is the worst he has come across in some forty years' experience.

"The governor" is a type more often found in the army than in civil life and he has from his people the same devotion that old Gen. Chaffee used to have from his soldiers. This type of man never has to move around or make much noise to get results. He is regarded more as a father than a boss.

"The governor" sits on the edge of his chair and smokes cigarettes and watches

the drama going on at his elbow. He rehearses a couple of times with the camera all ready—then takes. There is no wasted time or effort.

"Now, look here, honey," he says reproachfully to Anna Little, who is about as old as his own married daughter, "now you know that isn't the way to do it: turn the other way. Stop just a minute at the door as though you hated to go in. Now that's better. Now the camera."

In an informal way, "the governor" is a sort of father confessor to the other directors. They know they can come to him with their problems and get honest advice.

Turner is a frank believer in melodrama. He is an old stage director of thrillers and he knows to the wink of an eyelash what will "make them holler!" He thinks there may be a day when the pictures will become "high brow" but in the meantime the public wants action and action is melodrama.

"The governor" is one of the few picture people cheerfully indifferent to publicity. "I never had a picture that wasn't roasted by the critics and eaten alive by the public," he says. "I don't blame the critics: they don't know what people want: I do."

In contrasting the output of these two major leaguers, one finds that they are quite as diverse in their personal traits.

One might offer a few hints to the scenario writers who are thinking of hunting them down.

Griffith has a mild mania for "allegory." Recently at a performance of "The Escape," I was the guest of Mr. Griffith's assistant. In the middle of the piece one of these allegories suddenly flashed upon us. It showed a number of young ladies in their nighties gazing soulfully through the window of a big, church-like room upon the surf of the broad Pacific.

"I dare say," said the Griffith assistant confidently, "that only about a dozen people in the house really understand that."

"If you are counting me in that dozen, cut down the census to eleven," I said. "What *does* it mean?"

"Search me," said the chief of staff with cheerful candor.

Griffith also is strong for animals. There have been only a few Griffith films shown on the screen in which a puppy or a kitten or a squirrel does not play a part.

Turner is a great believer in putting children in his photoplays. A lot of little girls in a boarding school, or two babies fighting over a hobby horse are duck soup for him. One of his faults as a director is that he over-accentuates these features. He drags these scenes to a length out of proportion to their place in the plot and destroys the dramatic unities. "Dramatic unities don't worry me any," says the "governor." "You watch the women hunt up the theater where those babies are shown."

A distinguished journalist who recently made a tour of the moving picture studios in Los Angeles passes this verdict upon the directors: "The two directors who made the greatest impression upon me," he said, "were Griffith and Cecil De Mille. Of the two, De Mille struck me as being the dramatic artist, working on his temperament; Griffith struck me as being a man who could have succeeded in any big business but who happened to have veered into the picture game."

De Mille while directing is the exact opposite of Griffith. Griffith sits still and talks through a megaphone and he sits, very often, back of the camera. De Mille is all over the place. He seems to draw the work out of the actors by the force of his personality. Whereas Griffith tells the actors what to do next, De Mille shows them. A dozen times during the course of a scene, he stops the camera and illustrates what he wants by acting the part himself. Although he has the reputation of being a sweet tempered man, De Mille's is the final word. He has had the advantage of contact with the great theatrical minds of this generation. De Mille is probably the only picture director now working who was "in close" to the big theatrical directors of Broadway. He has brought to the moving picture business the craft and knowledge of three centuries.

Colin Campbell, who directed "The Spoilers," is a keen, incisive, abrupt director. He has the admiration of his people and the bigger the people the more they admire him. He is polite, sharp, peremptory and effective. Mr. Campbell does not confide in the members of the cast. He knows exactly what he wants and delivers his orders with a precision that gets action. He depends very little upon the company to supply him inspirations. His is the intellect that shoots to the mark he

has selected. As a director, Mr. Campbell strikes the observer as being cold, clear and intellectual.

Hobart Bosworth has left the Bosworth Incorporated to go to the Universal.

Bosworth achieved celebrity as an actor and stage director before going to the pictures, having been leading man for Mrs. Fiske and other stars. He is a man with the widest experience, artistically and otherwise. He nearly always acts in his own picture plays; so this gives his directing a peculiar cast. His work as director becomes of necessity something of an affair of consultation and collaboration between actors. Bosworth is a man of great personal charm and his good nature is his worst fault as a director. He does not cut his films relentlessly enough. The result is that in spite of his unquestioned ability

his best work is sometimes marred by a multiplicity of "cut-backs."

The youngest of the big directors is Tom Ince, who is thirty-four years old. His studio in Santa Ynez Canon, near Santa Monica, eighteen miles northwest of Los Angeles, is a place where they take pictures, the first requisites of which is a large, iron-muscle masculinity. Ince's stories are men's stories, pre-eminently. They are stories of a conflict broader than the strife of arms; he directs soul-fights.

Ince is not particularly devoted to the happy ending. A great many of his pictures are true tragedies; but though almost all of them are tales of the soil, they are never sordid. Ince in action wears a gray sweater, a nondescript hat, usually chews a stumpy cigar, and exudes a sort of quiet, at times highly repressed intensity.

Tricking an Audience Into Using Its Eyes for Ears



The visual approximation of sound has been undertaken and has met with great success in a new Lubin serial, "The Road o' Strife." Sometimes the words spoken by the characters fade in slowly and as slowly fade out. Sometimes they appear and disappear in a flash, as when a character suddenly cries, "No!" It is the first attempt to make the eye do the ear's work

When Shining Stars Were Baby Twinklers



Mildred Gregory
Lubin



Marguerite Courtot
Kalem



Pearl White
Pathe



Francis X. Bushman
Essanay



Edna Mayo
Essanay

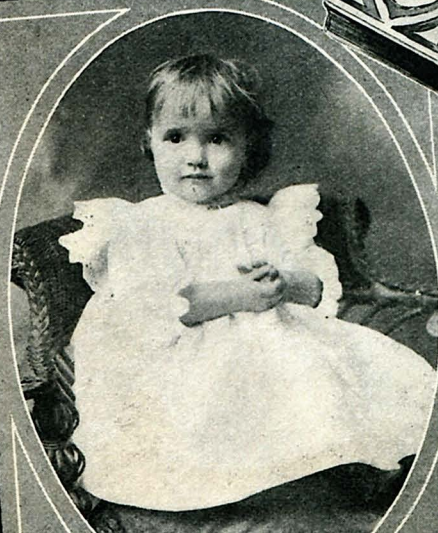
In the Years Before the Movies Came



Edith Storey
Vitagraph



Edward Earle
Edison



Constance Talmadge
Vitagraph



Norma Talmadge
Vitagraph

The Kindergarten Villain and the

Ruth Stonehouse

Essanay



Marc McDermott

Edison

Clara Horton

Features Ideal



Mary Charleson

Lubin



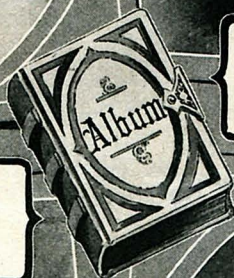
Nursery Hero Were Much the Same

Gladys Hanson
Lubin



Bryant Washburn
Essanay

Creighton Hale
Pathe



Anita Stewart
Vitagraph

TWO men and a girl stepped from the entrance of a Central Park West apartment building one morning in Spring, and walking rapidly to Seventy-second street, entered the Park and disappeared under the wistaria arbors in the direction of the Mall.

As they did so, a boy who had been inconspicuously watching from the shelter of the porte cochere of the Majestic Hotel on the corner, followed them.

The three stopped at a bench in front of some lilac bushes. As the boy drew near, he noticed the two men in conversation with the girl who appeared to be listening to them uncomprehendingly.

He left the path, and ran silently along the grass till he was behind the bush in front of which the three were seated.

As he did so, another man, with the appearance of a servant, joined the two.

Mortimer, one of the original two men, was talking to the girl.

"Now listen, Daisy," he said, "ain't Mr. Eldridge been a father and mother both to you and brought you up like a lady and everything?"

"Yes," she answered faintly, twisting her hands in her lap, and looking at Eldridge, an elderly, benevolent looking man.

"Well, now, here he wants you to help him, and though you ain't been out of school a month, the first time he asks you to do something for him you won't do it. Do you think that's right?"

"Oh, but I can't! It isn't right!" she murmured pitifully. Mortimer turned from her with a snort of disgust.

The old man took one of her hands in his. Crawford, the newcomer, watched him with a sardonic smile.

"I took you from an orphan's home, Daisy," said Eldridge, "and gave you a home. You seem to forget that! You do as I say!"

She dropped her head in her hands and burst into tears. The men watched her, Crawford with an air of discreetly cruel amusement.

With a benevolent leer, Eldridge took her arm.

But with a sudden effort she disengaged him, ran down the path and



"Later in the day, Mortimer, Eldridge and Crawford to give them a pri-

F r a

THE STORY OF A WIN

By George

Illustrations from

without a word vanished around a bend.

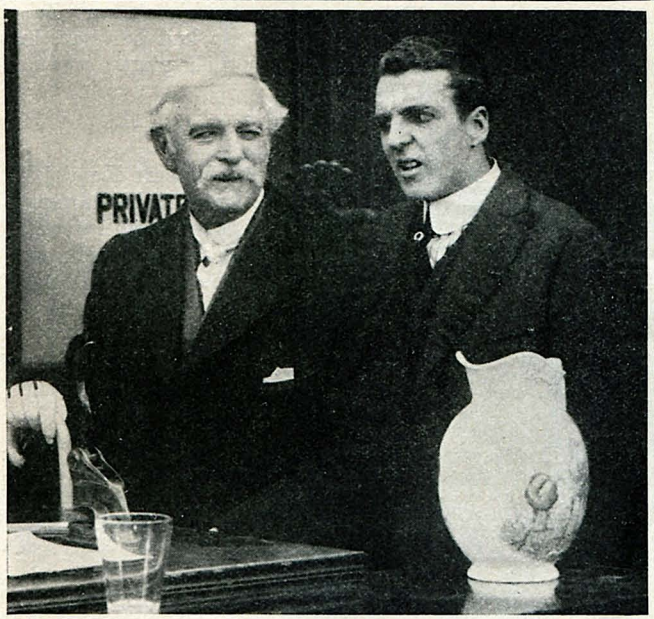
"You d— old fool!" snarled Crawford at Eldridge. "You ought to know better than to try to put a chicken like that up to our kind of deals. She'd lose her nerve the first thing, anyhow."

"Aw, shut up," snarled the old man. "Mebbe you can think of someone else!"

The boy vanished from his hiding place, debouched out upon the path again at the other side of the bend, came out of the Park on to Central Park West, and passing Daisy, who was walking slowly, entered her apartment building ahead of her.

He took the elevator, got off at the fourth floor and producing a key, entered an apartment at the end of the hall.

Once inside, he removed his hat. A



ford went to the little stone jail and persuaded the vate interview with Kendrick."

uds

NING DOUBLE-CROSS

Vaux Bacon

the Essanay Film

shimmering cascade of chestnut hair with golden lights fell over his shoulders. A dive into a closet—the quick pulling on of a gray skirt and coat, and presto! The boy was no longer a boy at all; but a girl.

She was a very pretty girl, too, was Zelda Dunbar, with gray eyes, a firm little mouth and chin, the firmness of both of which were relieved, however, by the soft curve of her lips and a hint of a smile that lurked in her eyes, even as she made these preparations in a determined and, one would have thought, if one could have seen her, almost frightened way.

She opened the door of her apartment an inch and watched the corridor. Presently, the elevator stopped at her floor, the iron door opened and shut with a clank, and

Daisy, her footsteps plainly faltering to Zelda's listening ears, came slowly down the hall.

As she approached, Zelda stepped out of her apartment and stopped her.

"Who—who are you?" the girl asked, frightened.

"I am a friend," said Zelda. "You must not go back to Mr. Eldridge's apartment. Come in here with me."

Without waiting for an answer she led Daisy into her apartment, and locked the door.

She fetched a willow valise from the closet and put it on the table.

"You are in great trouble, aren't you, dear," she said, as Daisy stood against the wall within, looking at her.

"Yes."

"I know. Will you trust me and do as I say?"

Daisy had a sudden vision of old Eldridge.

"Yes," she answered. Anything was better than that.

"Good!" Zelda went to her chiffonier and took out a mesh bag from which she extracted several bills.

"Go to Mrs. Mary Dunbar, at Port Chester," she said. "Wait!" She sat down at her escritoire, hurriedly wrote a note to her mother telling her to take care of the girl, and then, arm in arm, after a look out the window, they went to the elevator shaft, descending in one elevator as the two men ascended in the other.

Zelda saw Daisy on a subway express bound for downtown before she returned to the building.

When she had regained her apartment, she stared at herself for a moment in the glass, then cautiously opened the door to the hall, and closing it after her, rapped on the door opposite.

Eldridge and Mortimer, who had been engaged in mutual recriminations, stopped instantly.

"I guess it's Daisy come back," said Eldridge.

Mortimer, without vouchsafing an answer, went to the door and opened it.

"What do you want, Chicken?" he demanded.

Zelda laughed aloud.

"Chicken, eh?" she smiled. "I know you, 'Squire.' Met you one night with a little bunch of mutual friends down on Forty-seventh street. Don't you remember? Little party at the Pekin?"

A slow smile spread over Mortimer's hard face. He did remember—he had been pretty well "pickled"—but he remembered.

"Oh you was the nifty little dame that sat at the next table to me and threw them little gray lamps o' yours over at us, wasn't you?"

"That was me," agreed Zelda.

"An' you was with Eddie Eisenbach, the racing man, wasn't you?"

He turned to Eldridge.

"I know the kid, and I've heard tell of her. Used to be in the Winter Garden chorus; but the work was too hard so she decided to go into business for herself. What's on your mind, Kid?"

"Eddie told me this morning you had something on and needed a girl to put your stuff over and suggested that I come and see you," said Zelda.

The two men looked at each other in silence.

"We got a deal on—but it's a legitimate deal. The bulls have busted up everything like real money in town this year. A guy's got to be awful careful."

"Well, let's hear about it. I'm with you—and I need some money—bad!" The girl gave Mortimer a meaning glance. He passed it on to Eldridge who slowly nodded. They all sat down in the sitting room, and



"The boy got off the elevator at the fourth floor and entered an apartment at the end of the hall."

within an hour Zelda had her part in their plan.

II.

Robert Kendrick entered his library, threw his hat and coat and stick on one chair and sank into another with a sigh.

Like many a man in New York, he was bored with a surfeit of success. Position in this world is everything—when you haven't it. When you are born to it, it is nothing.

His valet entered.

"Ah, Crawford!" he said, listlessly and in the same tone that one, in a fit of boredom, might speak to a canary.

The shifty eyes of the third man in

the Park became duly servile.

"Are you dressing for dinner tonight, sir?" he asked.

"No. I will dine alone—at Rector's, I think. I understand the cabaret is amusing there this week."

He yawned at the very thought, belying the suggestion that he hoped to be entertained there.

"Very good, sir," said Crawford, and bowed himself out of the room.

While Kendrick glanced over a paper that had been awaiting him on the library table, Crawford rushed to a telephone and called up Mortimer and Eldridge.

"What happened?" he whispered. "Everything's O. K. here. K's going to Rector's for dinner—alone."

"Do you know the table?" came back Eldridge's voice.

"Certainly. Usual one when he goes there. I'll call up and reserve it immediately."

"Good. We'll be there. The same plan we figured on."

"Who's the girl? Daisy?"

"No. We've got another."

A sudden tone of suspicion crept into Crawford's voice.

"Another? Who?"

"Some kid! Mortimer knows her. Pretty as the Devil. Everything's O. K."

"All right." Crawford hung up the receiver and called Rector's, reserving his master's table.

Things were pretty lively with Eldridge, Mortimer and Zelda after Crawford's telephone message.

Old "Squire" Eldridge hastily got himself out of his flashy Broadway clothes and climbed into a modest suit which shrieked the small town department store from its padded shoulders to the exaggerated "peg top" trousers that were rather amusing on an old gentleman of his benign appearance.

At eight o'clock, Kendrick walked into Rector's and went

to the table reserved for him. He had been seated scarcely ten minutes, when another man, of a somewhat countrified appearance, entered, and asked him if he could sit opposite him at his table in order that he might be able to see the traffic on Broadway, which, he said in a strong Maine dialect, fascinated him.

Smiling, Kendrick gave a ready consent, and when the provincial seemed anxious to talk, was only too ready to join in conversation with him.

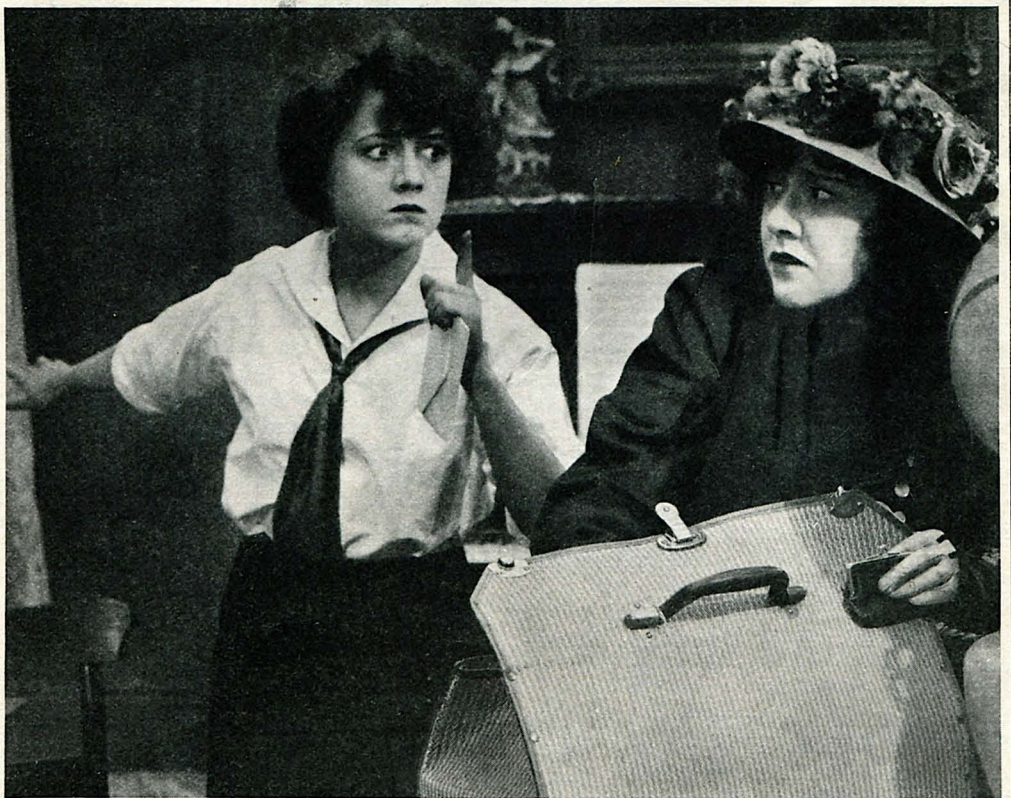
Presently an elderly man and a very pretty girl, both also undoubtedly of the country, came in and sat near them.

Immediately on seeing them, Kendrick's vis-a-vis leaped to his feet and rushed towards them with outstretched hands.

"One of my dearest friends!" he cried to Kendrick, "—and the prettiest girl in Benton, Maine. This is her father, Squire Eldridge!"

Greatly amused, Kendrick invited them all to his table, and the upshot of the meeting was

"Without waiting for an answer she led Daisy into the apartment and locked the door."



a new interest in the young millionaire's life.

The gray-eyed girl with the chestnut hair cured him of his boredom and gave him a problem in return; but was as evanescent as a sunbeam or a rainbow, and no matter to what or where he invited her, "Father" had to come too. The very simplicity of her fascinated him.

Then, one evening, without any preamble, old "Squire" Eldridge and his "daughter" called on Kendrick and told him they were leaving for Benton. Kendrick noticed that the girl seemed distraught, and it was with a peculiar feeling of dislike that he escorted her to the door of his home and saw her walk away down the street beside her "father."

He returned to his library and tried to smoke a cigarette. When half of it was finished, he threw it away and paced the room nervously. Suddenly he heard his doorbell ring. A moment later, Zelda, white and frightened looking, appeared with a grip.

"What—!" he began.

"Oh, Mr. Kendrick!" she begged. "I don't know what to do. I am terribly unhappy. I could think of no one to come to but you. My father insists on my marrying Mr. Mortimer—and I don't want to."

Kendrick had made his place in the world by quick decisions.

"You shan't marry him," he said.

"I have friends in Greenville, Massachusetts. Will you take me there?"

"Certainly," he said.

There was no further hurry or fuss. He found that Crawford had gone out on an errand, and at Zelda's suggestion left a note for him telling him that he had left



"God!" he gasped, "They're after him. When they find out the truth it'll be the end of us!"

town on private business.

Then he packed a few necessities into his own grip and the two left for Grand Central where a New Haven train was leaving for Greenville in twenty minutes.

That evening they arrived, and put up at a little frame hotel across the narrow street from the station. Zelda told him she was too tired to go anywhere and asked to rest there over night. He registered her at the hotel, and took a room himself not far from her.

Her parting request, "Come to my room at ten in the morning and get me," was the last thing he thought of

before he fell asleep.

He did not know that the "Squire's" last word to his "daughter" before she left him to return to Kendrick's house in New York had been:

"Remember, our train arrives at ten-five in the morning."

At eight o'clock Kendrick was up and had breakfast. At exactly ten he knocked at Zelda's door. She received him in a modest but charming decollete, and invited him to sit down and have a cigarette while they talked.

He did so, making himself at home, charmed by her naive simplicity.

Suddenly she rushed to the window and lifted it. He heard a train pull into the station across the street and thought she had seen someone she knew emerge from it. To his amazement, she suddenly began to scream.

He rushed to her, asking what the matter was; but she only screamed the louder, and struggled when he tried to quiet her. As he held her in his arms, there was a sudden rush of footsteps outside the hall

and she became quiet almost immediately.

He released her. Reaching into the neck of her robe, she produced a check on his bank filled out for twenty thousand dollars and lacking only a signature.

"Sign that, and everything will be all right. Otherwise, I will have you arrested under the Mann law for bringing me from New York to Massachusetts," she said calmly.

He looked at her.

"So that is your game," he replied quietly.

"Yes;" but she looked away from him as she said it.

"The money is nothing to me," he remarked. "I could give you a hundred thousand and not feel the lack of it; but the two scoundrels who influence you are not going to profit by making such use as this of a girl like you. Call them in!"

She screamed again.

There was a banging on the door. Kendrick opened it.

"Squire" Eldridge, Morti-

"That evening they arrived and put up at a little frame hotel across the narrow street from the station."

mer, Crawford and several villagers were without, with the Sheriff, who had been hastily summoned.

"There is the scoundrel!" cried the old man. "He stole my little girl from me in New York last night and brought her here. I trailed them by a note I found in the butler's possession when I went to say good-bye again and thank him for his hospitality in the city. The hypocrite! The scoundrel!"

The old man seemed ready to faint with emotion.

Kendrick, who made no resistance, was seized by the Sheriff who was in the crowd, and taken to jail.

Outside the room, after he was gone, Zelda was congratulated with laughter by her fellow conspirators for her cleverness.

Later in the day, Mortimer, Eldridge and Crawford went to the little stone jail and persuaded the Sheriff to give them a private interview with Kendrick, who laughed at them to their amazed chagrin,



when they asked him again to sign the check.

That evening, as they were planning new arguments in Eldridge's room in the hotel, they heard the murmur of a great crowd outside their window. As Zelda looked out, a man shouted:

"Hang the brute! We'll teach the millionaires to respect the honor of women!" and his words were echoed by a roar—the vast growl of a many-throated beast.

Eldridge rushed to the telephone.

"God!" he gasped, "They're after him. When they find out the truth—if they get him—it'll be the end of us!" The two men got their hats and fled downstairs. Zelda looked out and saw them presently, gesticulating and talking to the ringleaders in the street, who pushed them out of their way.

She returned to her chair and sat for a moment, overcome with horror; but only for a moment. A minute later she had on her hat and coat and was running down a back street to the jail as fast as she could go. Crawford had fled to the station and caught a train out of town.

Mortimer and Eldridge, however, anticipated Zelda at the jail and persuaded the Sheriff, after telling him what was happening, to let Kendrick out of his cell so that they could talk to him again, promising in return to help in defending the jail.

For the last time they begged their prisoner to sign their blank check, promising to defend him against this unexpected catastrophe with their lives. Kendrick laughed at them.

"If I am killed your lives won't be worth any more than mine," he said.

Mortimer whipped out a revolver.

"Sign the check!" he growled.

Eldridge produced another.

Kendrick pondered for a second. He noticed that old Eldridge was directly in front of an open cell. Looking up through his lashes, he saw Zelda in the hall outside. She came slowly to the door, and made him a quick sign.

With a sudden intuition, he leaped to his feet, hurled the old man headlong into the cell, locked it and leaped for Mortimer. With an effort, Mortimer threw him off, and was about to fire his revolver, when in a flash Zelda was upon him from behind and held his arms pinioned to his

sides just long enough for Kendrick to deliver a crashing blow on his jaw and send him sprawling. In another second, he had him in another vacant cell and the door locked.

Without the roar of the mob grew louder.

Zelda went out on the steps of the jail. A cheer greeted her. For a moment her tongue was paralyzed, then she said:

"Gentlemen, I appreciate your intense feeling for me; but I am going to confess to having been a little unkind, though it wasn't my fault. This whole affair was put through for the purpose of 'getting the goods' on a couple of old blackmailers, Eldridge and Mortimer, who are now locked up within. Mr. Kendrick is, I assure you, innocent of everything but a desire to be kind to a girl who represented herself to him to be in trouble. I am an agent of the United States Government!"

And she showed them a tiny badge on the inside of her coat while she handed the Sheriff her credentials.

The tension relaxed like a released hawser.

The desire for vengeance was gone. No one apparently thought even of "getting" the two who were responsible.

"By heck, we'll give the little gal a cheer anyhow fur bein' so clever!" came a voice from the mob, and with another hearty cheer, they dispersed, laughing good naturedly at themselves.

The Sheriff escorted Zelda to the two cells where Mortimer and Eldridge were imprisoned.

Kendrick met them, took her hand, and together they walked into the Sheriff's office, while Mortimer and Eldridge, their knees shaking, looked after.

"Well, that was some catch, Kid!" said the Sheriff, heartily to the suddenly revealed detective.

"Thank you!" said Zelda, and unaccountably blushed.

"And your last," added Kendrick. Zelda's eyes stole up to his.

"Why?" she murmured.

"Because you caught me and I'm going to take a long ocean trip soon—in your charge!"

And he just naturally up and kissed her right there in front of the Sheriff, and would you believe it?—She kissed him right back!

A Movie Dixie Queen

ONE of Essanay's latest recruits is Miss Evelyn Greeley, a pretty Southern girl, whose beauty and histrionic talent marked her undeniably for stage success, even if she has not decided to enter the wider field of the photoplay. Miss Greeley has the coloring, the poise and the bearing of the true Southern beauty of classic tale and fable. She has still some distance to go before she will emerge from her 'teens. Miss Greeley's preference is for typically American plays. She loves roles in which the spirit, freedom and splendid poise of the typical American



Evelyn Greeley

girl are exhibited—and she is intensely anxious to play some big emotional parts. She has already been seen, to advantage, in several excellent releases.

The Southern type of beauty is one which because of the dark eyes and hair, the white skin and the intense emotionalism of the Southern temperament, is growing more and more in favor on the screen.

The South is, after all, the home of the most romantic of our population, and it is therefore no wonder that the ranks of the artists are largely recruited from it.

Still, She Loves Him

Mrs. Newly-Wed
Shook her dainty head
And gave a sigh,
With downcast eye.
"My hubby drinks, oh, yes!" she said;
"And gambles, too, oh, me! oh, my!
He even robbed a widow once,
And stole a girl
Whose saucy curl
Had caught his fancy in its whirl.
He stopped a mail train on its way.
He—*killed a man*—the other day!
But still, I love him—for you know
He is a villain in the movie show!"

A Floyd Picture

The excellent photograph of Miss Pearl White in the art section of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for May was by Floyd, New York photographer. Credit for this picture was inadvertently omitted.

I'm Tired

I'm tired washing dishes,
I'm tired scrubbing floors,
I'm tired shining stove-pipes
And stopping babies' roars.
I'm tired tending fires,
I'm tired cleaning stairs,
I'm tired dusting things
Like heavy parlor chairs.
I'm tired doing washings,
I'm tired mending hats,
I'm tired doing housework
That goes with furnished flats.
I'm tired doing cooking,
I'm tired mending clothes,
But I'm not tired seeing
The moving picture shows.

Precipitated

OH, I like to go to the picture show,
Which sure is a trouble healer;
But I hate like sin to be ushered therein
In the midst of a seven-reeler.

Mary Fuller



"She has the most thrilling eyes that one can ever hope to see, and her voice is as great a wonder as her eyes. It is as soft as the murmur of a June breeze."

The Girl on the Cover

By Colgate Baker

THEY say that some of Mary Fuller's ancestors were born 'neath Italy's sunny skies. If such be true or no, I know not; but this I know is so—she has the most thrilling eyes that one can ever hope to see; eyes that set one a-dreaming of Venice, and of the days when Rome was mighty and her dark-eyed maids walked in soft melancholy down marbled avenues, thinking of some tall sons of Rome afar upon the frontiers with the legions.

There is a mystery that doth hedge 'round the stars of the studio even more than that which hedges 'round the stars who are the foot-light favorites of Broadway, for it is possible to see the stage stars walking and talking before you in the theaters; but the film grants its stars a privacy and an aloofness which is truly starlike.

I called on Mary Fuller in her dressing room. Without, there was the noise of changing scenes. Groups of actors and actresses, cleverly yet simply made up so that they did not appear made up at all, yet were utterly unlike themselves when out walking of a Sunday morning, had been standing and walking about watching directors producing a scene here and a scene there, as I had entered the studio building from the capacious grounds without. They had given me in a moment the "atmosphere" of these play-people who are the friends and never-failing delight of one hundred million Americans,—a people dearest to those who understand them best; the real Bohemians in the best sense



"To express humanity one must be able to see humanity."

of the world; a people whose business it is to make others happy!

And such a one is Mary Fuller. She greeted me with a friendly smile and handshake, both given with the naive heartiness of a person whom one knows is ever glad to make a new friend.

Her voice, let me say, is as great a wonder as her eyes, and it is to be regretted that her public cannot hear her speak. It reminds one of Italy as do her eyes, for it is as soft as the murmur of a June breeze through the woodlands of the Apennines, with the underlying musical note which one hears, sometimes, on nearing a waterfall through forests.

"I suppose," I said, taking a comfortable

looking wicker chair she indicated for me, "that your life is entirely bound up in your work for photoplays, is it not?"

She laughed.

"Oh, no. I find many, many things to do besides work. And yet I ought not to say that, for many of the things I do beside my work in the studio are really quite as hard to do as what I have to do here. I learned to play the violin and the piano when I was a little girl. They were hard to master; but I have learned another thing since I grew up that has proven quite as difficult—I should say, a great deal more difficult—than either of them, and that is writing. Do you know, I used to marvel how in the world you writers wrote—how on earth you could think of the things you do; how you could write a story. I would say to myself, 'Now, if I were to start a

story, I would—let me see—well, have my heroine meet with a motor accident. Then she is picked up unconscious from the road by the hero, who is an eccentric young millionaire weary of conventionalities. He carries her to his house

"There is an old saying, 'Hard writing makes easy reading.' I doubt if anyone could ever realize how I struggled to learn the art of expressing my ideas in language."



and has his dear old white-haired house-keeper take care of her, then—' Ah, that was always it. What then? With poised pencil I would find myself facing reams upon reams of white paper without a single thought in my head to be put down upon a single page of them."

It was my turn to smile.

"You solved it, somehow," I said, "for I myself have read several stories that you have written, and they are anything but a struggle to read, so they couldn't have been so terribly difficult to write."

"Well," she answered, "there is an old saying—'Hard writing makes easy reading, you know.' I doubt if anyone could ever realize how I struggled to learn the art of expressing my ideas in language, and how I worked, and observed and read and took every opportunity to go about in order to train myself to 'see things' and to make myself think."

We talked for several minutes on such topics. Miss Fuller is a young woman with a keen and active mind, as I quickly discovered, and her determination has resulted in her acquiring a fund of interest-

ing and comprehensive knowledge of the world and the people in it that is wonderful.

Incidentally, she is a splendid conversationalist.

"What do you think of picture acting as a career for a girl to-day?" I asked.

"It depends on the girl," she replied; "she must have real talent and keen mental perception. Not many girls are qualified to make a success of it. Natural talent is the first requisite; intelligence and a quick brain the next.

"The technique of acting for the screen is more intricate than most people think. But no amount of technique will insure success without natural talent for expression. One must act with more feeling and sincerity than is required on the dramatic stage.

"The producer is the most important factor in picture making to-day, and there are only a few good producers in this country. We need more, for the producer must do fifty per cent of the work of production and all the direction. There must always be a master mind."



Jesse L. Lasky

and several of his associates. At Mr. Lasky's right sits Lolita Robertson (Mrs. Max Figman). Her husband stands at her side, hat in hand. The big man in the dark suit directly behind Mr. Lasky is Theodore Roberts. Robert Edeson, in cowboy guise, stands beside Mr. Roberts, and at the end of the line, to the reader's right, is Cecil De Mille, principal Lasky director. Bessie Barriscale, now with Thomas Ince, sits at Mr. Lasky's left.

Photoplays of Tomorrow

By Jesse L. Lasky

A PROPHECY OF COMING CREATIVE
AUTHORSHIP FOR THE FILM

OF all the problems confronted by motion picture manufacturing, the most difficult to answer definitely and successfully is, "Where are the scenarios and ideas of the future coming from?"

As a consumer of narrative material, the motion picture has the printing process beaten by a million miles and leaves the poor old cumbersome stage absolutely out of sight around the corner. Enough real plot goes into a thousand-foot picture, which the audience sees and absorbs in the

course of fifteen minutes, to make a full two and one-half hour drama in a Broadway legitimate theater. Enough material goes into a Lasky Feature to fill about two novels and a large additional section of the book-case into the bargain.

In making plays from novels the rule is "Cut, cut, cut." In making photo dramas from novels the cry is "Put in more detail and action." And when you go to make a photo drama from the original every-day, legitimate play, you have got to add material enough to double or treble the original

manuscript. You have got to show all the things that the characters tell about in addition to showing all the things done on the stage, and then you have got to invent new things which happened before the play began and more things which happened after it was over. Then you may have enough.

It may be roughly estimated that in this country alone there are more than 150 reels of narrative negative produced and released every week. The amount of ingenuity, scheming and inventing of new material and re-hashing of old material necessary to provide this amount of material is appalling when one stops to consider it. Every country under the sun must be searched for localities that have not been "used to death."

I remember, not very long ago, seeing in "Life" a rhyme telling how a little boy had "seen it at the moving picture show." He had seen everything from the North Pole to the South Pole, all the way around the Equator and everywhere else. Whatever they tried to spring on him, he always had the one answer, "I've seen it at the movie show."

It seems physically impossible that this mass of narrative should be dumped each week upon the public and that the public should still preserve a desire for more.

This brings us to the great problem of how are we going to find new stories for important features, and how are we to foster the interest of the public? The list of available successful plays to be used as foundations for photo dramas is visibly decreasing week by week. They are used by photo-drama producers many times faster than new works can be produced. The novel which has any real unique situations is almost sure to be a bone of contention

at the present moment, and all of history is literally being consumed.

There seems to be only one answer as the eventual solution of this problem—original creative authorship for the film. It is fortunately the case, that if the demand of the public is immeasurable, the desire of human beings to try and be authors is equally limitless. Probably nine educated people out of every ten try to write a book or a story or a play some time before reaching twenty-one years of age, and it is the good fortune of the photo dramatist that the happy idea coming to the untutored mind and roughly transcribed may be made effective for the camera regardless of the form in which it is transmitted to the producer.

In other words, the limitations of literary expertness in workmanship do not exist, and the wise photo-play producer may absolutely draw to himself, from the world at large, strange masses of narrative out of which can be culled the necessary ideas and situations to fill the insatiable demand.

Moreover, the making of the photo-drama is as much the work of the director as the man who creates the original story. Hundreds of plots have now been used over and over again, and some times these same plots have been much more effective than at other times. The secret of success seems to be turning in the direction of genuineness and simplicity. When all the real or assumed sensations have been exhausted, we come back to the inexhaustable interest of sincere human nature.

As the art of the photo-drama progresses it does not tend to the old straining for effects but to the more refined and worthy treatment of suitable subject matter, using only the scenes that are truly called for by the plot and making the characters realistic reproductions of actual life.

FANIA HAD TO SWIM

FANIA MARINOFF, one of the lights of Times Square, has returned to New York after a sojourn in Florida where she was part and parcel of a new photoplay "The Secretary." In the course of the play Miss Marinoff had to swim the St. John's river at night. It was a bit chilly, but she returned to Broadway none the worse for the experience.

LITTLE BRITISHER KEYSTONING

POLLY MORAN, English comedienne, late of big time vaudeville, has joined Mack Sennett's Sunshine club at the Keystone studios in Los Angeles.

GUY COOMBS is busy in Florida with Kalem Civil War scenes these days.

Mollie of the Movies

Her Correspondence: Compiled by

Kenneth McGaffey

Illustrated by Maud Martin Evers.

FIRST REEL

Grundy Center, Ia., March 5.

DEAR CLARA BELL:
I guess by this time, you have seen in "The Weekly" that I have won the prize as the most beautiful girl in Dubuque county. It came as an awful surprise to me. I sent in my photograph but you could of knocked me flat with a feather when I found that I was the winner. I didn't know I was so swell. If I had known I was to of won, I would have had a good photograph taken that looked like me. As it was, Hicks jabbed my head into one of those iron wishbone things, and I nearly choked to death.

The first thing I knew about winning the prize was when someone rushed into the parlor of Martha Williams' home, where us members of the Apollo Dramatic Club were rehearsing "The Lady of Lyons," and right in the middle of my big scene, congratulated me. It certainly was a surprise to certain persons you and I know, who think they are beautiful to gaze upon. I guess you know who I mean, Clara Bell. There are a lot of our most fashionable set, girls that thought red hair was horrible, that have just chewed their fingernails down to the quick since they heard.

My picture is to be in one of the Chicago

papers, Sunday, as Dubuque county's fairest flower.

Oh, I forgot to tell you what the grand prize is. I have three choices. A life subscription to "The Weekly"—a trip to Chicago—or ten dollars, cash. Now, I am going to tell you what I am going to do and I don't want you to breathe a word of it to a soul. I am going to be a moving picture

actress and act out before the camera. I saw an advertisement in the paper the other day "How to be a Mary Pickford in Ten Lessons for Ten Dollars," and I am going to send the ten I won as the prize and take the course.

I have sold tickets now at this old "Bijou Dream" for four months and am getting so I tear off a strip of whatever I have in my hand every time I see a dime and would you believe it my neck is so stiff from trying to watch Charley Chaplin and sell tickets at the same time I have to rub



"I'm getting so I tear off a strip of whatever I have in my hand everytime I see a dime."

it with linnament every night.

Mr. Gotlieb told me just yesterday between the two reel Maurice Costello and the one reel Helen Holmes that I would make a grand movie actress. Although, through jealousy, I only get maid parts with the Apollo Dramatic Club, both father and mother say I am a grand actress and Uncle Will calls me his little Sarah Bern-

hardt. I stood on my head one night over at Mary Wilson's, and practiced turning cart wheels at the Y. M. C. A. gym, and after I rehearse a while jumping off of bridges, and stopping runaway horses and take this Ten Dollars worth of Mary Pickford, I am going out to California and accept an engagement.

Of course, I get good money in the business end of the moving pictures (six dollars every week, no matter what comes in), but my soul yearns for the artistic. Mr. Gottlieb can just sell his own tickets.

Oh, Clara Bell, won't it be just grand to be out there in California where all the moving picture actors and actresses live and hob nob with them and be their equal! I can hardly wait for my first lesson. I have enough money saved from my salary selling tickets at this here old film bazaar to take me to California, and you bet I will have some more saved up before I leave.

Of course, I don't expect to be a five reel feature at first. I think I will have to start as a one reel comic and work my way up reel by reel.

You know that I have been seeing so many pictures since I been working here, that even every one of the "passed by the National Board of Censors" seems to me

like a dear friend, even though the censors do cut out the best parts.

Mr. Gottlieb tells me it is no sinch being a moving picture actress and I can see that; but I am strong and willing. Didn't I work for a month in the Palace Hotel dining room and goodness knows you have to be strong to lug in what those drummers order and willing to work for nothing except fresh remarks.

They tell me that Mary Pickford gets four thousand dollars a week. I know I am going to be alright, but until I am able to show the Directors how good I am, I am willing to take only a thousand a week and pay my own street car fare to and from the studio.

Will write and tell you all about the lessons, but must close now because here comes a dime.

Love,

MOLLIE.

En Route, Apr. 6.

DEAR CLARA BELL:
Well, here I am bound for California, and believe me, I had an awful time getting started.

In the first place, I certainly had my troubles getting the ten dollars out of "The Weekly." They told me how much good a life subscription to the paper would of done and when I wouldn't take that, they wanted to give me a round trip ticket to Chicago on some excursion, but me for the boundless West.

When I finally got the ten—mostly in small change—I sent right away to the moving picture school man and got my whole Mary Pickford course in one shipment, collect. The lessons are hard but certainly complete. I feel that they have done me a world of good, even if they did nearly kill me.

The first thing the lessons taught was to get accustomed to act before the camera. Any camera would do, the book said, so I took brother George's Brownie. Then the book said not to look into the lens while acting. You could not act and do that, Clara Bell, because you have to peek into a little hole to see the lens and you couldn't move your arms or nothing. There was a long chapter telling how to be familiar with



"Hicks jabbed my head into one of those iron wishbone things and I nearly choked to death."

any role—from a street waif to the pampered daughter of wealthy parents.

You know what a chance I had rehearsing with Pa as a millionaire parent when he shucks his shoes and coat as soon as he strikes the house after work. I even had to go over to Cousin Esther's to rehearse my work girl scenes because Mother has a weak heart and if she saw me do anything around the house, the shock might injure her for life.

Another lesson taught me how to rehearse for death defying stunts. That's where I used all the arnicka and am sure lucky to be here to tell the tail. When I got up after leaping from that rapidly moving milk wagon, I nearly decided to forsake my artistic career, and go back to work. There was nothing nowhere in the lessons about using arnicka, but I guess I did not step out of the character by using it as I was, according to the book, supposed to be carried to a hospital and there nursed back to life, by a dashing young doctor, with an automobile and a mission.

Finally, I finished all my lessons and sent a quarter more to the professor and got a handsome diploma tied with blue ribbon. The letter with it said all that I had to do was to show it to any picture director and



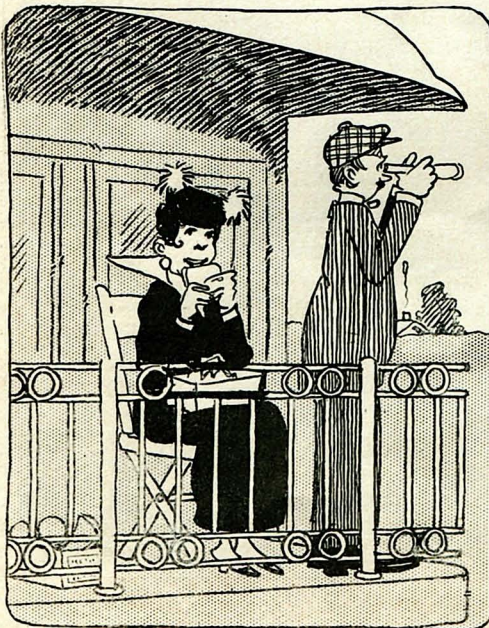
"When I got up after leaping from that rapidly moving milk wagon I nearly decided to forsake my artistic career."

I would know right where I belonged.

When I had enough money saved up for my ticket to California and some left over, I just up and told the folks that Fame was waiting me and left them flat. The whole town was down, as usual, to see No. 6 hesitate; mother cried a little; I kissed the total population of Grundy Center goodbye; Bill, the new conductor, waved his hand and I was off to pastures new.

Of course, Grundy Center is an up-to-date burg, as everybody knows, but so that I would not be taken for any farmer's bride or boarding school Miss, I sent right to Chicago and got the latest Paris creation from Sears-Robuck. You won't believe me when I tell you that the outfit, including the hat of course, cost me \$15.85 without express charges. My dear, it is a silk sand-colored suit, very full skirt, thank heavens, and a broad crimson belt. The hat matches the belt and I wore black low shoes and red silk stockings. The only way that I can tell you how it becomes me is to simply say that everyone turned to look as I walked down the aisle of the train.

I am travelling right in the sleeping car all the way. After you go to bed they take



"I sit right out on the observation platform and eat the lunch mother put up for me."

the stairs out. This paper I am writing on is free. Father bought me the Pullman ticket as a birthday present so all I had to do was to pay my railway fare. I am a regular traveller by now and sit right out on the observation platform and eat the lunch Mother put up for me—fried chicken and everything. They have a cafay on the train but I only go in there for breakfast, and even then, you have to buy more than a quarter's worth whether you can eat it or not.

I met a couple of nice travelling gentlemen on the train. Nothing like the fresh drummers that sit with their feet up on The

Palace Hotel porch railing and sigh for the gay life of Dubuque. They were real kind to me and pointed out all the points of interest and when I told them I was going to be a movie star, one said he'd get more fun out of seeing me act than Blanche Sweet.

We are travelling through a part of California now, and will be in Los Angeles in a couple of hours, so I will close and write you as soon as I get settled. We are going through orange groves now and the snow must be all gone as I haven't seen none under the trees.

Love,

MOLLIE.

Caruso as a Camera Man

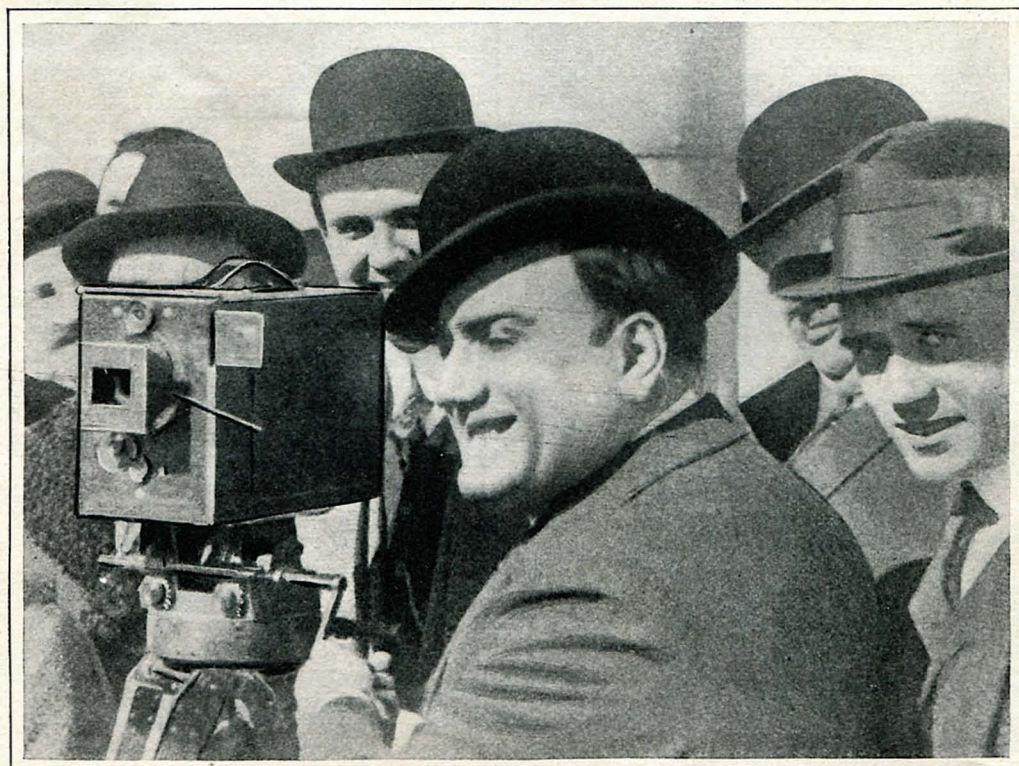
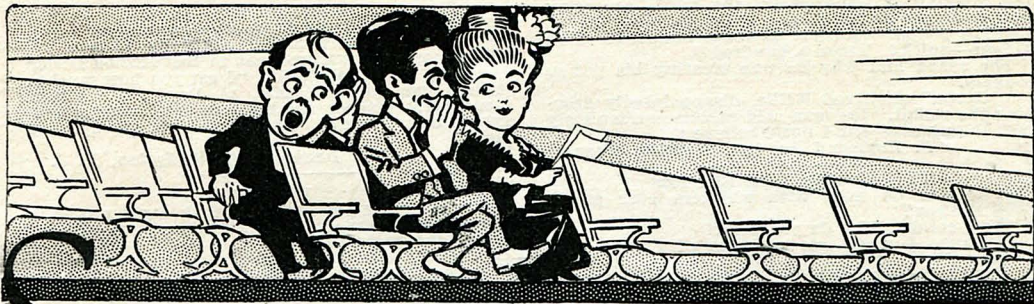


Photo by Pathe

Enrico Caruso, who before he became the most famous operatic tenor in the world was a soldier in the Italian army, is here shown engaged in his latest activity, taking motion pictures; a new vocation which he has taken up with the interest and attention to detail of a true enthusiast.



Seen and Heard at the Movies

Where millions of people—men, women and children—gather daily, many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. A prize of \$5.00 will be given for the best story each month, and one dollar for every one printed. The stories must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to put your name and address on your contribution. Think of the funniest thing you have ever heard at the movies and send it in. You may win the five-dollar prize.

THIS GETS THE FIVE DOLLARS

FIRST GIRL: "What made you so late getting here tonight, Mame?"

Second Girl: "Oh, I was arguing with Mother. She wanted me to go to the hospital tonight to see Father; but I just told her I had to come down to the movies to see 'The Perils of Pauline' or I'd lose the run of it."

Mrs. J. J. O'Connell, Washington, D. C.

WHAT TO DO

LADY OF COLOR in rear of theatre:

"Yas, I'se got a good pair of glasses now. It don't pay to buy store ones. When you needs dem, go an' insult an' optimist."

Frank Kavanaugh, Atchison, Kans.

THE DOMESTIC INSTINCT
The new young lady usher was shy.

An old gentleman, who was a little deaf, entered the theatre.

"Shall I show you a seat, sir?" she enquired prettily.

"What! What!" he demanded.

"Sh-shall I sew you to a sheet?" she repeated.

Miss Hilda Jacobson, Providence, R. I.

GENIUS

A WOMAN entered a theatre and sat down in front of a man without removing her hat. For five minutes, he fumed in silence, then took his own hat out from under the seat and put it on.

Immediately shouts of—"Take off your hat" came from all parts of the house.

And the woman removed her hat.

Mary Belle Payne, Atlanta, Ga.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD THEATRE

ABOUT six o'clock in the afternoon a woman came up to the doorman of the theatre and asked if she could

go in and find her children. Permission was given, and a moment later, her voice was heard within, shouting:

"Sarah, Harry! Come here! I've brought you your dinner."

Edward Zuckerman, Perth Amboy, N. J.

PLACING THE BLAME

TOMMY came in crying to his mother with a big bump on his forehead the morning after she had taken him to a Biblical photoplay.

"Who did it, dear?" she asked.

"God did it," replied Tommy.

Whereupon he was reprimanded for saying such a thing. He listened to the reprimand in silence.

"But God did do it," he insisted. "I threw a stone up to Him and He didn't catch it!"

Mrs. Sarah Olivia Fletcher, Glendive, Mont.

NERVOUS

STIFLED shriek from the aisle of the darkened theatre.

"O-O-oh! What is it?"

Bored masculine voice from the end seat.

"When you're through clutching my hair, Madame, I'll get up and let you pass in."

Mrs. Nevil Hopson, Milwaukee, Wis.

THERE WAS ONE AT HOME ALL RIGHT

IT happened during a showing of "Caprice" featuring Mary Pickford. Little Mary had just been accidentally shot in the arm by the hunter, and upon seeing what he had done, he started to run at full speed. The little five year old boy in front of me exclaimed: "Oh, Mamma, Mamma, he's going after the peroxide bottle."

Ruby Rathbun, Eau Claire, Wis.

EXPERIMENTAL ARITHMETIC

WILLIE had been to see the photoplay, Pigs is Pigs. A human encyclopedia sat next to Willie during the play.

The next evening, after he had returned from school, his mother discovered him holding his pet rabbit by the ears



First Girl, boastingly, after having seen a love-lorn heroine on the screen, "I'd like to see the man I'd love, honor and obey!"

Second Girl, sweetly, "So would I, dear. It seems to me you've been waiting long enough."

N. Reese, Newark, O.

and shaking it impatiently, the while repeating over and over again:

"Two b' four—quick! Times a hundred! Two b' four—quick! Times a hundred!"

She asked him why he was treating his pet so roughly.

"Cause," answered Willie, disappointedly dropping the rabbit, "the man said rabbits can multiply fast as guineas—but I don't believe it!"

S. Raymond Jocelyn, Wichita, Kans.

TELLING ON THE BRUTES

"MAMMA, do men with whiskers ever go to Heaven?"

"Yes, child. Why do you ask?"

"Because I never see pictures of angels with whiskers."

"That's because men get there only by a very close shave."

Patrick Kane, St. John, N. B., Canada.

HARD TO TELL

JOHN BUNNY appeared suddenly upon the screen attired in side whiskers and presenting a strange appearance.

Piped little Nellie:

"Is that a man, Mamma?"

"Hush, child," commanded her mother. "I don't know yet."

O. E. Webster, Brookville, Kans.

EXPERIENCE TEACHES

TWO Irishmen went to the movies. In the photoplay they saw a poker game in which one man drew to fill a diamond flush.

"Shure, Mike," said Pat, "that fellow didn't draw a diamond."

"How do you know, Pat?" asked Mike.

"Because he spit on his hands when he picked it up. Shure, it must have been a spade."

J. Allen Johnson, Denver, Col.

IT CAN'T BE DONE

WHILE witnessing a performance of "The Bishop's Carriage," in which Mary Pickford stars, I was very much amused to hear a tiny tot of four or six years of age inquire rapturously, "Mother, don't you just analyze Mary Pickford?"

Mary Eddy, Cleveland, O.

A NEW ONE

THE beautiful Clara Kimball Young came on the screen and stood, bereft of her hero in the play, staring out across the theatre with her great, mournful eyes.

"Gawd, Bill," whispered an awed member of the audience, "look at them eyes—like a couple o' mince pies!"

F. S. Johnson, Berkely, Calif.

SHE DIDN'T

WHEN the Salisbry pictures of wild animals were being shown a picture of an eagle was followed by a statement that the eagle takes only one mate during its lifetime.

If its mate dies, it never takes another.

A dashing widow sitting next to me, after reading it, turned in a sort of disgusted manner to her companion, and said:

"Well, who wants to be an eagle?"

D. A. Hanson, Seattle, Wash.

AH, THERE, SI!

"THE Children's Conspiracy" was being shown, featuring Mignon Anderson as the village school ma'am.

A small girl of twelve was earnestly watching the film and when the fair young lady met her sweetheart in the woods, the child eagerly exclaimed:

"Aw, he must be a committeeman! He kissed the teacher."

Mrs. Alton Faulkender, Altoona, Pa.

TOUGH ON WILLIE

WILLIE came home from school bawling.

"What's the matter?" asked his father.

"Last night when we went to the 'Million Dollar Mystery,' blubbered Willie, 'I ast you how much a million was an' you said, 'A Devil of a lot of money' an' teacher ast me how much was a million this morning an' when I told her she spanked me!"

David Stein, Bridgeton, N. J.

INDEED!

ON the screen the husband, with royal airs, was ordering his meek little wife about, and she did everything he told her to.

"O look," said little Viola, "the lady does everything her husband tells her to, doesn't she, Papa?"

"Yes," replied Papa, "but that is only a picture, dearie!"

Leonore Nadanero, New York, N. Y.

HE KNEW HER

WIFE was enchanted with a pretty hat worn by Pauline Bush, and suddenly exclaimed:

"Hubby, I'm in love with that hat!"

To which he replied:

"If you will promise to remain constant to it for six weeks, I'll get it for you."

Miss L. Warren, Columbus, O.

THE DRAWBACK

IT was during the fire scene. The gallant fire-laddies were carrying fair ladies and also just plain men down the ladders.

Said Cutey:

"O, Clarence, I wish there were lady firemen!"

"It'd be too expensive," opined Clarence.

"Why?"

"They would all want silk hose."

G. O. Tilghman, University, Va.

FROM THE HEAVENS

A THRILLING picture was being shown. The house was absolutely silent. Suddenly a childish treble piped out:

"Mamma, is papa here?"

"Yes, dear."

A pause.

"Mamma, is sister here?"

"Yes, dear—hush!"

Infuriated gruff voice in the rear:

"Yes, we're all here—uncles, aunts and cousins!"

After a painful silence the small voice questioned fearfully:

"Mamma, was that God?"

Julian T. Harris, Augusta, Ga.

TAKING IT LITERALLY

THE caption, "He Sees a Tool in the Discontented Workman," flashed upon the screen.

"Gee," remarked the One Who Knows It All, "he must be going to use an x-ray!"

Miss Jane Hart, Philadelphia, Pa.

O, THE MEAN THING!

TWO girls were having a violent quarrel about the identity of the leading man.

One of them insisted he was Maurice Costello.

Finally, in exasperation, the other turned to her and said:

"Good heavens! If ignorance was bliss you'd be covered with blisters!"

Frances Keil, New York, N. Y.

DIPLOMACY

IN front of me sat two youngsters, one about ten years old, the other about fourteen. The scene was where a man refused to sell peanuts to a German who was broke. Here is the conversation between the two youngsters:

The older one: "Say, Jimmie, why don't they sell the Dutchman the peanuts?"

The younger one: "Aw, I guess it's becu'z der afraid he will t'row de' shells into London."

Millis Goldman, Brooklyn, N. Y.



What are you wearing that blinder for, Jakey? Did you hurt your eye?
"Hush, Maucruss—I'm going to try to get into the movies for half price."
J. G. Pierce, Chicago, Ill.

At the Stroke of Twelve

LIFE HAD BEEN GOOD TO THIS GIRL
BUT WHEN THE CRISIS CAME SHE
DID NOT RUN FROM THE FIGHT

By Cora North

Illustrations by the Edison Studios.

IRENE BROMLEY, assured, superb in her insolent defiance of time and of most of the trammeling things of life, was checked in Villon's outer office. Not in her progress toward Villon's sanctum; that, of course, would be resumed as soon as Holden had fulfilled his formal task of telling the lawyer that Miss Bromley had come and wanted to see him. She was checked, rather, in that serene indifference of hers to other people; checked by the sight of a man who sat, his face half turned from her, in an attitude of waiting.

"That man looks as if he had spent a lifetime waiting," said Irene to herself.

Just then Holden was back.

"Mr. Villon will see you, Miss Bromley," said Holden.

This time she was checked again, and once more by the man who waited. But this time he spoke. He started up angrily from his chair.

"You told me he was busy—could see no one—" he cried.

"Please go in, Miss Bromley," said Holden, in his low tone. She laughed, and obeyed. She could guess Holden's horror of anything approaching a scene in that



"That night he set his watch by this clock—and did not leave till five after twelve!"

immaculate office that still bore the legend: "John Villon and Son," though John Villon had been dead for years and the business was conducted entirely by Sidney, his son. Then, once she was inside of Villon's private office, she smiled—and nearly forgot the man who waited.

"This is good of you, Irene," said Villon. He rose to greet her; a smooth, well rounded man, her senior by a good many years, but not even middle aged himself. "You come to cheer me here, in this musty old office—"

"I do nothing of the sort, and you know it very well," she flashed back at him. "I come to bother you for money. I've been buying a new car, and the bank says I am overdrawn again. May I have ten thousand dollars, please?"

For just a second he hesitated.

"Of course—why not?" he said, then. He pressed a button; when Holden appeared he spoke, briefly. "Draw a check for ten thousand dollars for Miss Bromley," he ordered. "Charge it to her account—to the estate, of course."

There was a minute to fill with talk while they waited for Holden to return. Irene's thoughts ran back to the man out-

side with the patient, trouble-lined face. "Who is that queer soul waiting for you—whom you won't see?" she asked. "He had the most curious effect on me—he looked so tragic, as if he had been waiting all his life for something that has never come—and never will."

Villon frowned; then he smoothed out the crease above his eyes and smiled.

"Poor devil!" he said. "His name is Hazard, Rupert Hazard, and you've come very close to hitting it. He isn't quite mad, or I might be able to get him in some asylum. But he has delusions—that he has invented a new explosive of tremendous power is the latest of them. My father was interested in him. I helped him out, a year or so ago, with money for his experiments, but his idea was hopeless—impracticable. He bothers me—I suppose because I helped him once he expects me to keep on. Ah—here is your check!"

He took the papers that Holden laid before him. There were two; the check, and another slip. Villon frowned at this; then tore it in tiny pieces. Then he signed the check and handed it to Irene.

"There's nothing to keep me—you'll let me take you to tea?" he said.

"I'm sorry—I have an engagement. But I shall see you to-morrow night—at the dance?"

"I'm not likely to forget that," he said. "You'll save me a dance or two?"

"I'll try," she promised, and was gone. The man who waited was still outside. He stared at her as she passed, but she paid no attention to him this time. With Villon's explanation she had lost her momentary interest in him.

It would not be accurate to say that Irene had been looking forward to the Edgerton dance. Irene's life was too full for her to look forward to anything. She had emerged only a few months before from the chrysalis that mourning and girlhood together had imposed upon her; now, a full-fledged butterfly, she flew from one pleasure to the next. She had money in abundance; Villon's function, as the trustee named in her

father's will, was to supply such demands as she had just made. So she went to the dance, chaperoned by the aunt with whom she lived, expecting neither more nor less than such functions usually meant for her—a good time.

And she was disappointed. For the first time life seized her shoulders, so to speak, and made her stop and attend to its insistent call. It was Arthur Colby's fault. He cornered her; despite all her efforts, he proposed to her. And she had not wanted him to do that.

She had had proposals before; had rather enjoyed them, because she cared nothing for the men who made them. But for Colby she did care. He was, perhaps, her best friend. She liked to play with him; to go about with him. And now he ceased, quite suddenly, to appear as her playfellow, and became a serious, worried being, who asked her to marry him, and begged for his answer. She wasn't cold; she was honestly

"She laughed wickedly as she looked back at Colby."



puzzled and distressed. But he could hardly have known that; he saw only her first flash of irritation, which was followed by a tempered amusement.

"Please—no!" she said. "Don't make me settle it, Arthur. I like you—but—oh, I won't marry anyone! Why should I?"

And then Villon was bowing before her, and she had to go, of course, for it was his dance—as his programme and hers proved. She laughed wickedly as she looked back at Colby. And she was very gracious to Villon, for he had saved her from what had threatened to spoil her evening. And then, after the manner of men, he spoiled all he had done to please her.

For he got her away, and proposed to her himself.

Surprise was the first emotion Irene had at this. It took her breath away, almost literally. She had never thought of Villon that way. Colby, of course, was different. But Villon! She had thought of him, some-

how, as in a different generation; as a contemporary of her father, who had made him practically her guardian in his will. Villon's proposal was different from Colby's, too. The younger man had blurted out his words. His passion had caught him up and made him clumsy, awkward, in his phrasing. Villon was a more confident wooer. An older woman would have guessed that he was used to having his way with her sex; that he had been the pursued, rather than the pursuer. Irene did not grasp that; she lacked the experience. But a very sure instinct that was hers because she was so wholly feminine warned her. There was a quality about her refusal that, all at once, she saw had been lacking from her unwillingness to listen to Colby. Poor Villon, had he only known it, was pleading his rival's cause, not his own.

He was surprised. What was more, he was indignant—and showed it.

"You don't mean that!" he said, to her flat "no!" She stared at him. "You can't! I've been too hasty—you need time to think—"

"I do not!" she said. "Please! You've been an awfully good friend. I've been able to come to you with my troubles—and you know I have lots of them, silly little troubles. I've liked you—you won't spoil that, will you?"

"I can't take that for your answer!" he said, stung. Perhaps he scarcely knew it; certainly only her instinct made her realize that it was his pride, not his hurt love, that cried out.

"I'll see you at any time, of course," she said, determined to end the little scene. "I am sorrier than I can tell you—"

They were interrupted, fortunately. A partner came, to reproach her with the loss of two minutes of his dance. She was vastly relieved, without altogether knowing why. And—when she went home she felt that she had not had a good time. Her butterfly's wings were a little bruised. Life, the world, had touched them.

All of the next day she was a little afraid of what the evening would bring; a little oppressed. It was an opera night, but Villon had known that, and must have meant, she knew, that he would stop in after the performance. He had done that before often enough; so, for that matter, had Colby. She might have avoided seeing Villon, of course. But that she would not do.



"She really cared for him; but he could hardly have known. He saw only the flash of irritation."

It was characteristic of her that she would not evade the issue, once it had been raised.

Villon, as a matter of fact, found an excuse for coming home with her. And her aunt left them alone after a few minutes. They sat in the library, the lights rather dim. It was very quiet; only the ticking of the old clock in the corner broke the silence that fell upon the room when Irene's aunt had gone. Until Villon's voice, quite changed from its usual urbanity, hoarse—

"Irene," he exclaimed, "tell me that you've changed your mind. You didn't mean—"

"But I did," she affirmed.

"Listen," he continued, in the tone of one trying to be calm. "I haven't wanted to tell you this. I wanted to save you. But do you know, Irene, that you are in a very peculiar position? You have been spending a great deal of money—a great deal more than you had. You have gone on buying things, and coming to me for more and more money. I have given it to you. But—in fairness to you, I can't keep on doing that—unless I have the right to do it. You have overdrawn to such an extent that it would take the income of several years to make up the sum—"

"What?" Irene was on her feet now, facing him, her eyes full of an angry fire. "Do you mean that I have been using your money?"

"It was mine, naturally—"

"How dared you?" she said, tensely. It was no girl who faced him now, but a woman, suddenly mature. "Couldn't you have told me? I asked you just how much I had—you let me think that I was well within the limit of what I should draw—"

"I wanted you to have whatever you needed," he said.

This Irene could penetrate that pretense, as the Irene of twenty-four hours before could not have done.

"You wanted to have me in your power!" she said, scornfully.

"No," he said. "I wanted you to be happy. Irene—be reasonable! I love you. For your own sake, I must put our relations on a business basis, unless— But, if you are my wife—"

She only looked at him.

"I'm afraid this has upset you," he said. "I will see you in the morning."

He moved toward the door. She was trying to speak, but, though her lips moved,

there was no sound. She stood swaying as he went out. Then a sudden noise startled her. She swung about to the other door of the room, to see Arthur Colby, his face livid, his eyes staring.

"Irene!" he cried. "I didn't mean to listen—they told me you were here alone with your aunt! I heard him!"

He caught her; he thought she was about to fall. But as he held her in his arms her arms went about him.

"Irene!" he said.

"Yes!" she said, brokenly. "Arthur—I didn't know! He made me understand—I need you—"

He gave a little choked cry of triumph. For a moment he held her close. Then he relaxed his grip.

"I'm going to him!" he said, hotly. "He was lying—I'm sure of it. There's some queer work—and I'll find out what it was! You're not to worry, Irene, though the money needn't matter. I have enough, you know."

She let him go. Instinct, that was telling her so many things, made her realize that she could not hope to stop him now. And yet, had she been able to see what was in store, she would have clung to him, forced him to stay. She let him go, with only a gloomy foreboding, a sense of some evil thing hovering about, to warn her, and that not until he had gone. It haunted her through the night.

Morning brought understanding.

She was surprised, first, and a little frightened, when she did not hear from Arthur Colby. But it was nearly noon when she learned the stunning truth—that Sidney Villon had been found dead in his room, a bullet hole in his body, a revolver on the floor nearby, and, in the same room, Arthur Colby, stunned by a fall!

The papers called it murder, clearly proven. They had the motive; some reporter had discovered that the two men had been rivals for her hand. Life had gripped her at last; it was making up for the sheltered years, the idling, trifling years!

Now Irene rose to meet the crisis and to prove the stuff that was in her. She did not fly away to Europe, as her aunt seemed to think she should. In no way did she try to evade the issue. She went to Colby, splendid in her defiance of gossip; went to him, even in the moment when she believed

that some sudden madness had led him to kill for her sake. She could have forgiven that. But his first thought was to protest his innocence to her.

"I don't know what happened!" he said. "The room was dark when I went in. Someone struck me—it must have been Villon. And then he shot himself, I suppose. I can't imagine what else happened."

"They say that," she told him. "The doctors agree one else that he couldn't have done that it was someone who fired."



"Do you know that you are in a very peculiar position? You have been spending a great deal more money than you have!"

"Then there must have been someone else—a burglar, perhaps," he said, hopelessly. "Oh, I haven't a chance! It all fits in too well—a perfect chain of circumstantial evidence."

"I know now that you didn't do it," said Irene. "And there must be some way to prove it!"

Easier said than done. She did all she could; Arthur Holmes, Colby's friend, and his lawyer as well, did more than it was possible for her to do. Yet they were baffled in the end, and on the day when his trial was to begin they faced one another, convinced that Colby's chance was of the faintest.

"We know he didn't do it!" said Holmes. "But to know it and to prove it—Lord, what a difference!"

And as the trial wore on every trifling circumstance seemed to be magnified. It moved swiftly; the district attorney's case was finished with the first day's session. He had few witnesses; he needed little of evidence save the bare recital of the few damning facts that were already a matter of

common knowledge. And with a final, trifling point, he closed the state's case.

Villon's watch was produced and marked as an exhibit.

It had been stopped by a bullet, at the stroke of twelve.

Holmes leaned over to Irene, contemptuously.

"Why drag that in?" he said. "It has nothing to do with his case—it's a trick to impress the jury. And it works!" he added, bitterly.

But Irene was staring at the watch, as it passed from hand to hand in the jury box. She whispered back.

"Come to me as soon as you can!" she said. "I have just thought of something!"

Holmes joined her in her home. She was in the library, staring at the clock, ticking away quietly.

"That watch was stopped at midnight!" she said. "That night Mr. Villon set his watch by this clock. And—Arthur did not leave me until five minutes past twelve!"

"Thunder of Heaven!" Holmes sprang to his feet, all attention. "Will you swear

to that?" She nodded. "I must prove that this clock was right—who looks after your clocks? Jorgensen? Right—I know him. I can prove that that watch was in good order. We've got an alibi, I do believe! If we could only find the man who did the shooting—"

"Oh!" Irene cried suddenly. "I've been so stupid! You've been hunting high and low for some man who hated Sidney Villon—and I've known one all the time!"

Quickly she told him of the old inventor, Rupert Hazard.

"I'll go to him at once," said Holmes. "It's not too late—"

"And I'll go with you!" she cried.

Holmes protested, but in vain. They learned the old man's address from Holden, reluctant to tell them, but moved by Irene. And, by good luck, they found him. The man's eyes lighted up with a flare of malice at the sight of Irene. He remembered her.

"You're the one who was welcome when that scoundrel kept me outside!" he said. "Aha! You were to have some of the money he stole from me, when he patented my explosive—"

Holmes stared.

"So that was your invention" he said. "People—and I among them—wondered about that when Villon took the patent out. Will you tell us about that, Mr. Hazard?"

He cautioned the girl to be silent; she saw that he was strangely excited.

"I'll tell you nothing," said Hazard, cunningly. "You're his friends. She—"

"I hated him—before he—died," said Irene, quietly, fixing Hazard with her eyes. "The man I want to marry is on trial for killing him—and I think you know he didn't kill him! I was so sorry for you that day—you remember? I asked him about you—and he said you were a crank."

"Aha! I knew he talked like that!" cried Hazard. "But I did see him! I got in as you went out—and I threatened him! But he cowed me. He always could—in the daylight. He said he would telephone for the police—and I was afraid. I waited until I found him in the dark. Then—"

"Then—?" said Irene.

"I—no-o—oh, what does it matter. He stole my explosive—but I have invented a better one. One that acts in such a limited space that a bomb thrown in a room will destroy only the spot where it strikes! You shall see! What was I saying? Oh—I waited! One night I was waiting for him in his rooms when he came in. I killed him! No one knew—they thought a man who came later, when he was dead, had done it! That was a good joke!"

He looked suddenly at a clock on the table near him.

"Stand back!" he cried suddenly.

Irene and Holmes knew he was mad by now—whatever the truth about him had been when Villon had first called him so. But there was something in his voice that drove them back, despite themselves. And then there was a crash. The table and the clock had vanished; before them, shattered, torn, was the body of Rupert Hazard. He had proved the invention he had boasted—at the cost of his own life.

And that was the story that Irene told when Holmes called her to the stand; a story he could corroborate, and that was proved by the evidence of the policemen who had found Hazard's body. Without the evidence of the clock, proving that Villon had been dead before Colby left Irene, it might not have served; without the story of Hazard the alibi might have been rejected. But the two things destroyed the state's case. The district attorney himself moved his prisoner's acquittal.

When Providence Was Providential

ONE night not many weeks ago, the Chaplin film, "A Night Out," was advertised at one of the photoplay houses in Newport, R. I.

When time came to show the film, the manager announced that the Mayor, who

had constituted himself the town board of censors, had forbidden the picture.

Whereupon, that night and every night following for the rest of the week, at least a hundred Newporters went over to Providence and fooled the Mayor.

Some Business Man

MACK Sennett was going to the San Diego fair in his Stutz Car. About three o'clock in the morning, and twenty miles from nowhere, Mack found that his supply of gasoline had given out.

There was nothing to do but sit by the side of the road and wait for something to come along, which Mack proceeded to do. He had waited but a few minutes, when he heard the sound of wheels on the road and soon a wagon was distinguishable in the dark.

"There's a ten spot in it if you haul me to town," hailed Mack.

The driver readily consented and Mack settled down for a three-hour ride. They were drawing into a little burg when Mack remarked that it was rather early for the driver to be on the road.

"Yes," he replied, "but I have to start early to get around to all my customers."

And as Mack handed him the ten spot for his work, the man continued, "You see I peddle gasoline to the stores in the small towns around here."

Sweet at Six

OF course she's been Sweet ever since—even in the Biograph interregnum when she was sprouting the wings of genius under another name—but she was especially so, customary pun on the name and all, at this delightful doll-toting age. Often children are far from being prophets of their future selves; but six-year-old Blanche Sweet bore a good deal of resemblance, in a miniature way, to the straw-haired



beauty with mouth of trembling flame, who has recently made so many screen productions illustrious, and whose interpretative work, from "The Escape" to "The Captive," has been of singular individuality and compelling force.

Bushman Goes to Metro

Francis X. Bushman has just signed a contract as leading man of the Metro Features corporation. He ended his Essanay service—an affiliation which has been historic in picturedom—April 30. Relations between Mr. Bushman and the company he has just left have been entirely pleasant. But he believes, as do some other players, that progress lies in an occasional change of surroundings, associates and subjects. Mr. Bushman will remove to Los Angeles, where the Metro studio will be located. During the actor's recent visit to the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco he made a brief excursion to Los Angeles, and was a guest of the studios there. Miss Beverly Bayne, who has been Mr. Bushman's very effective as well as beautiful leading woman in the Essanay studios, will probably accompany him in his Western progress. Although a young man, Mr. Bushman is regarded a picture veteran for his long association with photoplays. Before the vogue of active photography he headed his own stock company, which was one of the most popular organizations of its class in the United States. Mr. Bushman's first plan of change was for an alliance with Universal.

Chaplin in Revue

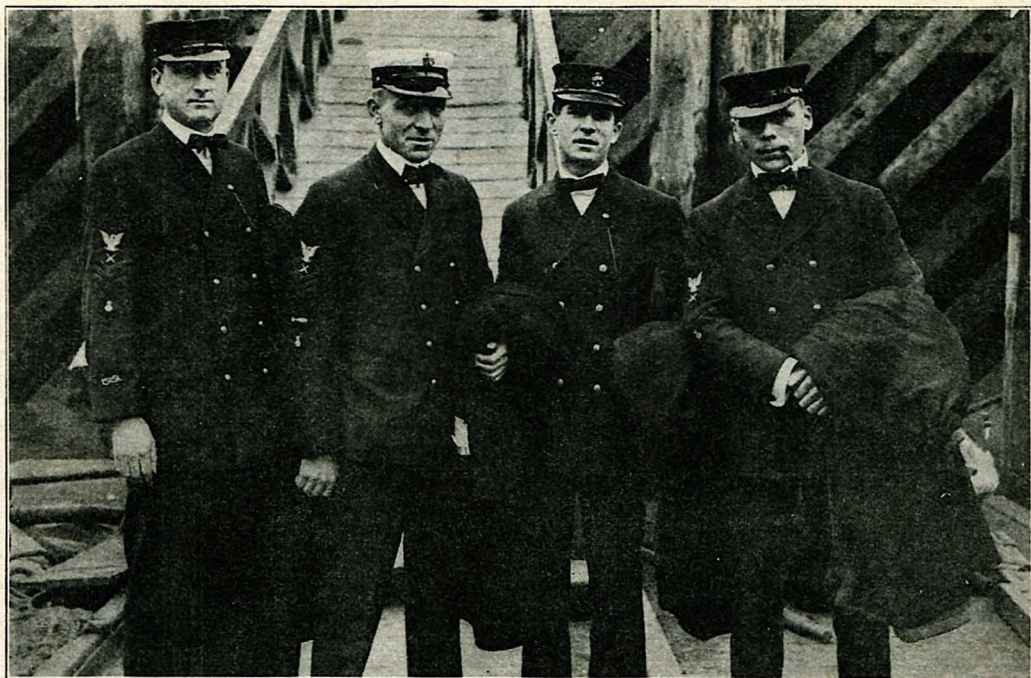
THE summer show at the New York Winter Garden will probably have a "Chaplin number" as one of its biggest features. The Chaplin burlesque will be principally performed by the inimitable little comedian Willie Howard, who, during the Pacific Coast visit of "The Whirl of the World," was Chaplin's guest, and was taught the whole basket of Chaplin tricks by the screen laugh-wonder himself. Chaplin, as a matter of fact, not only tutored Willie Howard in his "stuff," but taught Miss Texas Guinan, Miss Lucille Cavanaugh and Miss Juliette Lippe just how to do "a corner," the "walk," and his other specialties in foot-work and gyration. It is said that this contemplated big number may be done behind a screen, with the players between the screen and powerful lights—so that although performed by actors who are present, it will be shadow drama after all.



Still pictures by Underwood & Underwood. Motion pictures by Mutual Weekly, produced by the Gaumont Co.

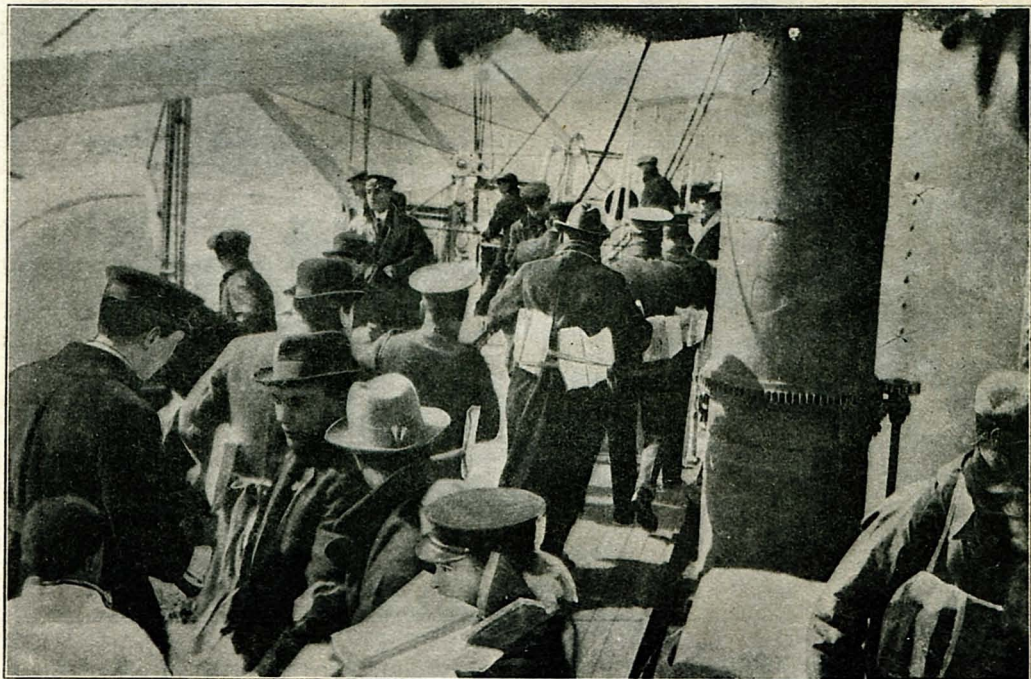
Anna Held, Immortelle of piquant comedienues, marches through Paris at the head of her newly-organized Relief Corps of French Boy Scouts.

Bizarre War and Tragic Peace



(Copyright, International News Service)

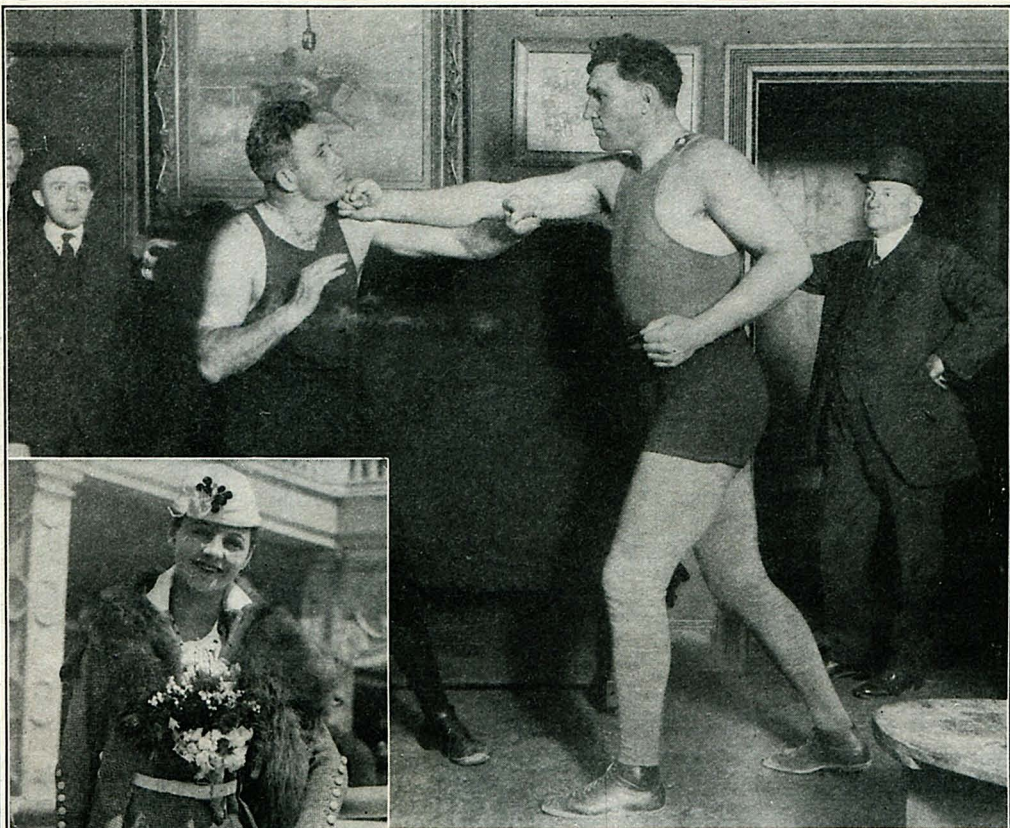
They will charge the terrible deeps for the F-4, lost off Honolulu. Left to right: William Loughman; Stephen Drellishak, who has gone down 274 feet in an ordinary diving suit; Frank Crilley, and Fred Neilson.



(Copyright, International News Service)

A remarkable photograph on the steamer Falaba, made by a passenger just after the German torpedo struck.

Fighters and Russian Boots



(Copyright, International News Service)

Jess Willard demonstrates the blow that made Jack Johnson one with Nineveh and Tyre



(Photo by International News Service)

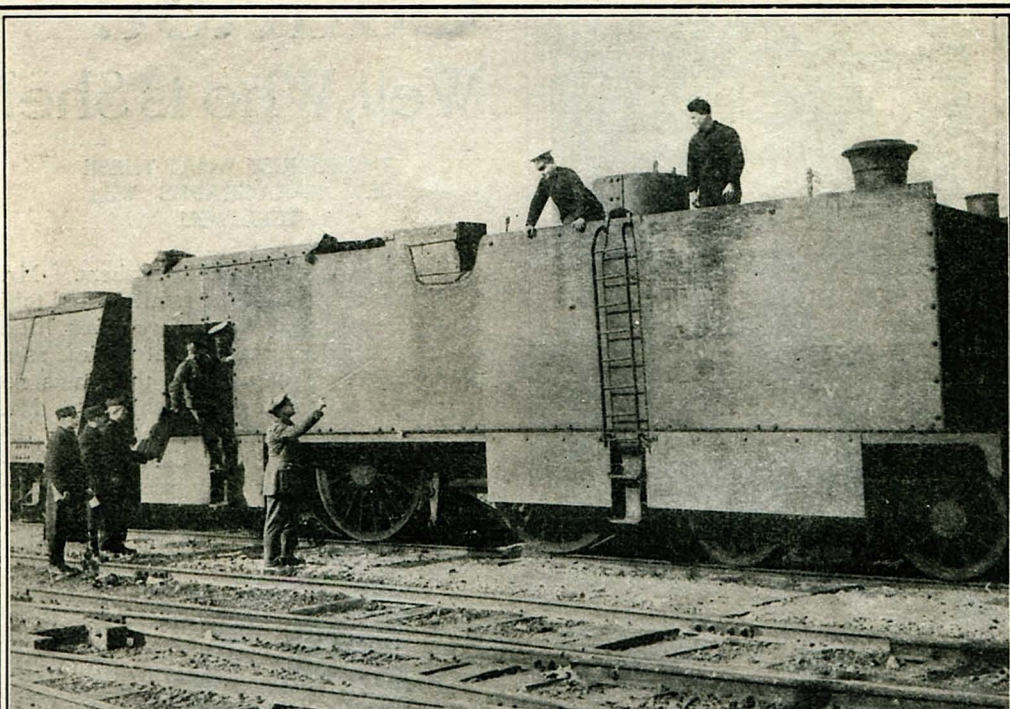
The smart woman of New York is wearing Russian boots. It is said Berlin looks on this style with disfavor.



(Copyright, International News Service)

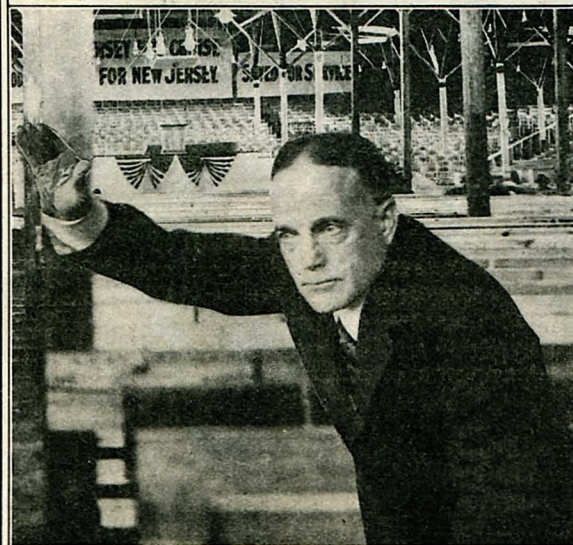
Art Smith, candidate for the late Lincoln Beachey's honors. He does the loop twenty-two times in succession. Please omit flowers.

War Engine; Clocked Stockings



Still pictures Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood. Motion pictures by Mutual Weekly, produced by the Gaumont Co.

One of the European armored trains. This photograph shows the solid rolling fortifications now being constructed in contradistinction to the boiler-iron guard plates of the early war.



Still pictures by Underwood & Underwood. Motion pictures by Mutual Weekly, produced by the Gaumont Co.

Billy Sunday, the most emotionally successful evangelist since Moody; the most financially successful since Dowie.



Still pictures by Underwood & Underwood. Motion pictures by Mutual Weekly, produced by the Gaumont Co.

Ladies, if you wish your ankles watched, follow the timely lead of this Atlantic City damsel.



Courtot:— Well, Who is She?

THAT'S JUST WHAT THESE
FEW PARAGRAPHS WILL
TELL YOU

ford, Fifth avenue photographers. Mr. Davis was a friend of the family's, and told Mrs. Courtot that he believed her little daughter would make a great success as a photoplayer. Finding that there was no

Marguerite Courtot: summer, winter, and in "The Barefoot Boy," her favorite play.

parental objection, Mr. Davis introduced her to the officials of the Kalem company; they seemed equally impressed, and in the following autumn requested

Mrs. Courtot's permission for Marguerite to accompany their Florida company to Jacksonville. But Mrs. Courtot, wiser than most mothers of flattered chil-



SINCE 1915 dawned a little new star blazed up to first magnitude in the firmament of photoplay. To be sure, she twinkled before, but it has been this year which has brought her to planetary classification.

Marguerite Courtot; Kalem; a delightful little comedienne of super-refinement—

That's all most of us know about her.

She has never worked for any company save Kalem.

She has never played any role except that of leading woman.

She was born Aug. 20, 1897, of French parentage. She has been twice to Europe, and on her last visit attended school in France. She converses with equal ease in French and English.

Her home is on the New Jersey shore, just across the majestic Hudson, and when she was fourteen years of age she used to pose occasionally for Messrs. Davis & San-

dren, felt that if her daughter was to have a career an education would be the only real foundation—and accordingly kept her in school.

Though the company was in Florida, they had not for-



gotten the promising little New Jersey girl, and letters kept coming back asking for a repeal of the maternal decision.

Mrs. Courtot was firm, but when the summer vacation came she permitted Marguerite to work as an extra in the New York studio.

In October, 1912, she formally joined the company, and has been seen in nothing but leading roles.

Despite her extreme youth, the indescribable girlishness which is her chief charm, and her fascinating facility in comedy—an inheritance from her Gallic ancestors, no doubt—Miss Courtot prefers strong plays of emotional and problematic tendency.

However, she adores real comedies, too; when the humor is genuine, and not a lot of uncomic silliness. One of her favorite pieces is "The Adventure of Briarcliffe."

"The Barefoot Boy" she considers her very best piece of work.

She played the great role of Zoe, in "The Octoroon," when only fifteen years of age.

When four years old she won a prize as the prettiest baby in her home town.

Only lately, a \$100 prize was awarded her in a national contest, as one of Amer-

ica's fifty loveliest and most charming women.

A life-sized oil painting of her is on exhibition at the Panama Fair.

Every week this winter she has sent papers, magazines and books to the American Ambulance-Hospital Service at Neuilly, France. "Susie Sewing Shirts for Soldiers" might be transposed to fit the case of Marguerite Courtot, too, for she has devoted much of her time in the past few months to knitting warm things for the French soldiers in the trenches.

Tennis, dancing and automobiling are her favorite recreations, although she confesses that she finds not much time for any of them.

Miss Courtot receives a great many letters.

Her mother accompanies her whenever her work calls her away from home.

She does less rehearsing than any other actress in her company, as she thinks out her roles when she studies them, and afterwards discusses them, in all their phases, with her director, before rehearsals are called.

She is at present working in the New York studio of the Kalem company with Tom Moore, who is also her leading man.

The Pianist

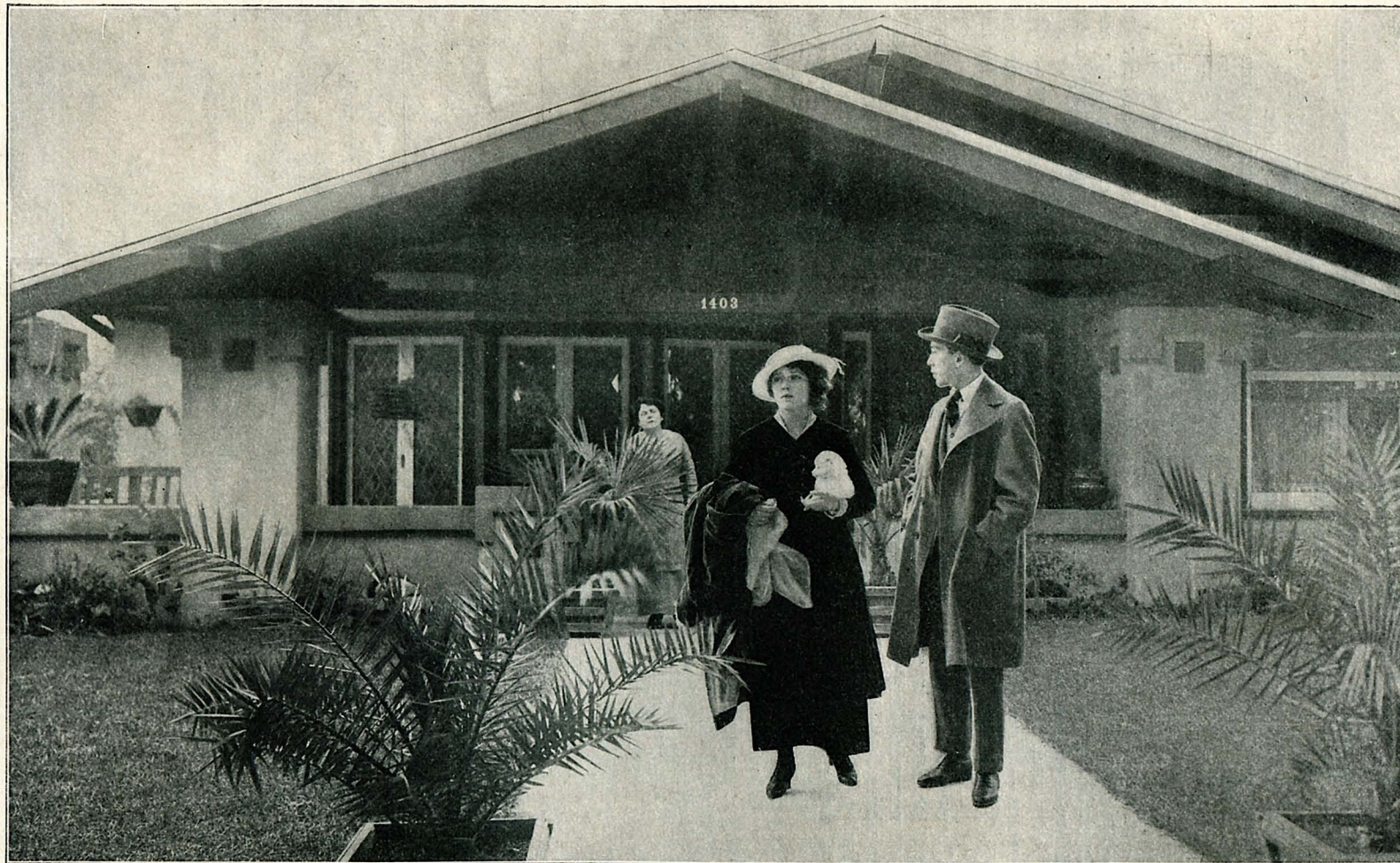
HE had a home-and-mother gaze,
While writ upon his brow,
Was, "I have seen much better days
Than those I'm seeing, now;"
His shirt was worn and thin his soles,

His pants bagged at the knees.
His old frock-coat was full of holes,
His hands sagged on the keys,
But when it came to sneaky stuff,
Beneath the movie screen,

He was the real goods, sure enough,
To boost a tragic scene.
"How can he work so hard," I thought,
"And play from sun to sun,
Such wondrous skill cannot be bought,

Nor yet be had for fun."
To put a battle film across,
The old piano rang,
Oh, how he played—for he was boss
And owned the whole shebang!

—H. S. Haskins.



Mary Pickford leaving her Los Angeles home for a morning in the studios. At her side is her brother, Jack, while her mother stands on the porch.

Movie Royalty in California

ESTATES AND PALATIAL HOMES
BESTOWED ON PHOTOPLAYERS
BY THEIR CALLING

By Grace Kingsley

ONCE upon a time the actor dwelt in a tent, in his carryall, or slept under a tree. He gradually came to a better state, and about the time he had acquired opulence and a country home his motion picture friend—indeed a humble enough person in the beginning—boasted of his superiority because he could establish a residence, a voting place, and an eating account in some one hotel, countryish and isolated though that hotel might be.

As time went on—

Space is valuable, and it is better to summarize the whole story with one word: California.

California has made titled ladies of the photoplay actresses, estate-owning princes of the actors and directors.

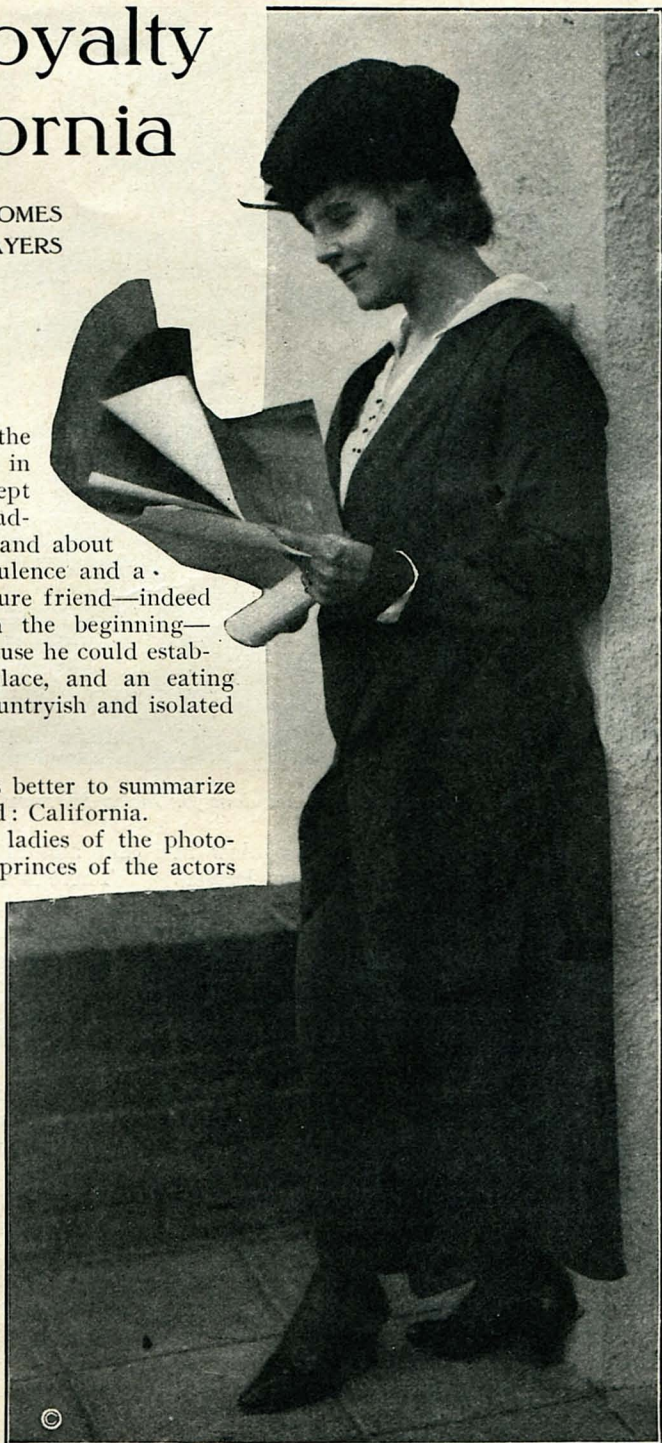
Your flustered and mussed nickel comedian probably drives to his humble occupation in a five-thousand-dollar car, and returns from his toil to a literal palace.

Your favorite leading woman, according to the ratio of chance, has a ranch, a limousine, and maids enough to satisfy the demands of a fussy crown princess.

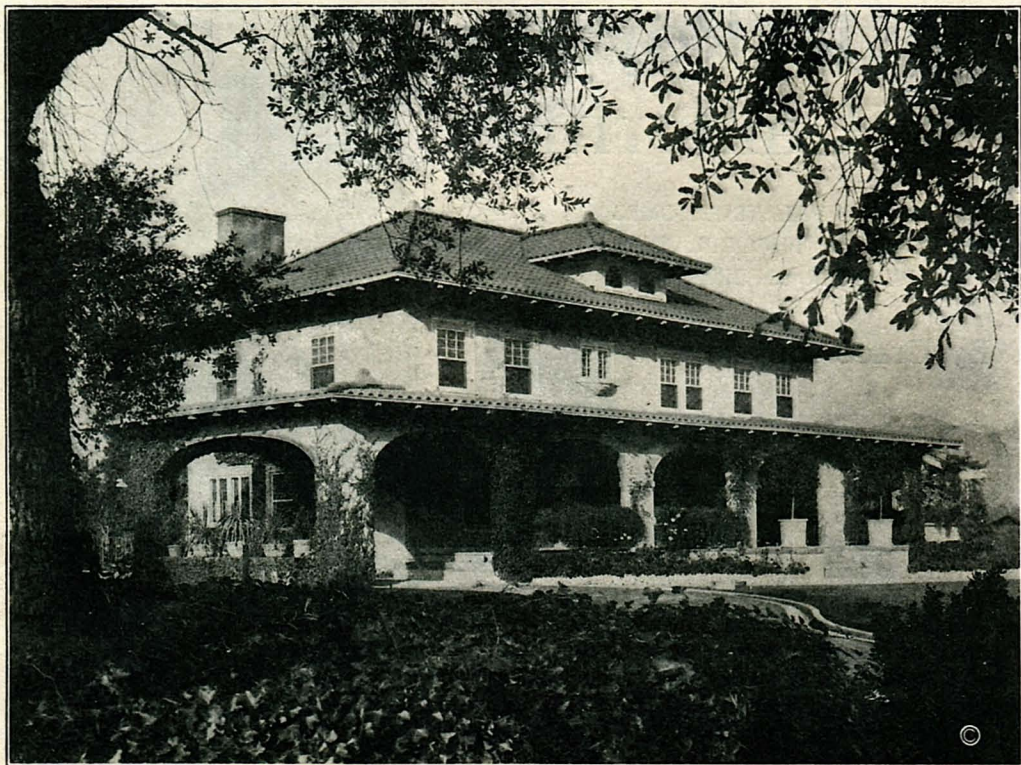
To Hollywood, a suburb of Los Angeles, belongs the palm for housing more picture people than any other spot in the world.

The Pickford Home

Mary Pickford spends her few days of leisure and her



*Kathlyn Williams in her new home,
now building.*



What comedy has done for Mabel Normand—her home.

resting hours in a two-story bungalow in Hollywood, near The Famous Players studio. The house is of rough Oregon pine, stained brown, and has a wide, inviting porch in front, and a great sun-parlor at the side. There are a lovely lawn and some old trees and many roses, and many a fine morning finds Mary out gathering her favorite ragged—robins for the breakfast table.

Within, one enters at once into a huge living room, finished in mission oak, furnished with Persian rugs, mission chairs and tables, a few books and pictures, a huge victrola, a silver vase of flowers, and with a great brick fireplace set diagonally just at the entrance of the pretty little dining room. The sun porch opens off the dining room, and here Mary and her secretary spend an hour every morning; for Mary reads every letter which is sent her, averaging from 25 to 100 per day.

None of Mary's world-wide friends are neglected. Even one letter written in Chinese was carefully interpreted, and was found to contain a courteous expression of

deep admiration from a Chinese Prince.

There is a white tiled kitchen at the rear of the house, and here "Little Mary" loves to dabble her white fingers in cake-making whenever she has time.

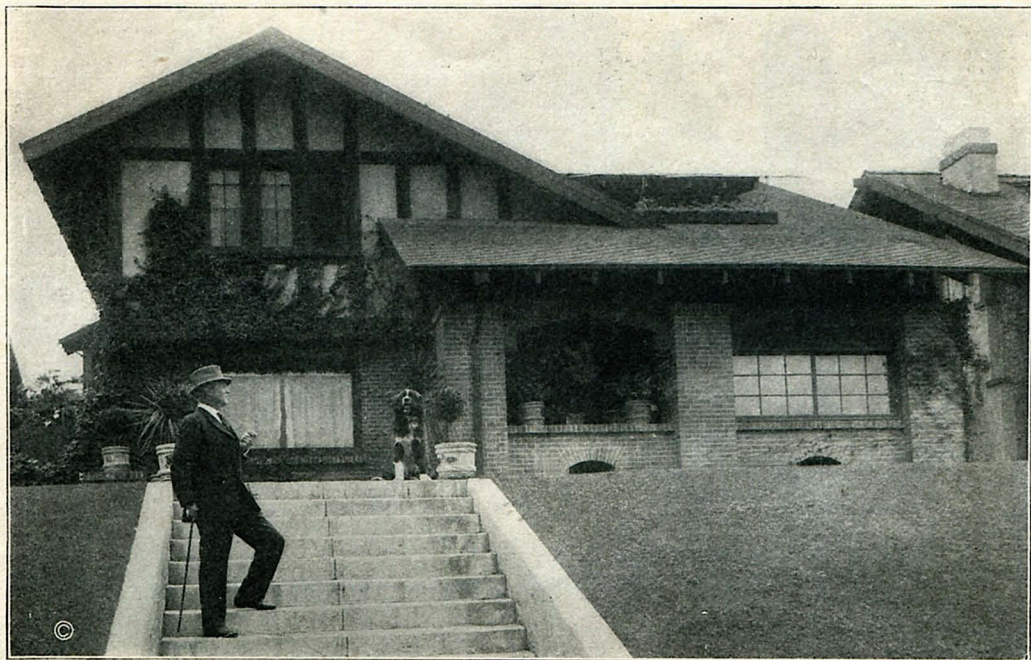
A great cabinet in the dining room contains Mary's most precious possessions: gifts that have been sent her from all over the world. There are some rare bits of china, jewelry, books, a Spanish scarf, the loving cup which the people of Sydney sent her from Australia, and a tiny gold ring which a little girl wrote her was all she had to offer.

Upstairs are three sleeping rooms, Mary's being done in pink and white.

A garage in the back of the lot contains the big mauve-colored car in which Mary rides when she goes abroad.

At Kathlyn's House

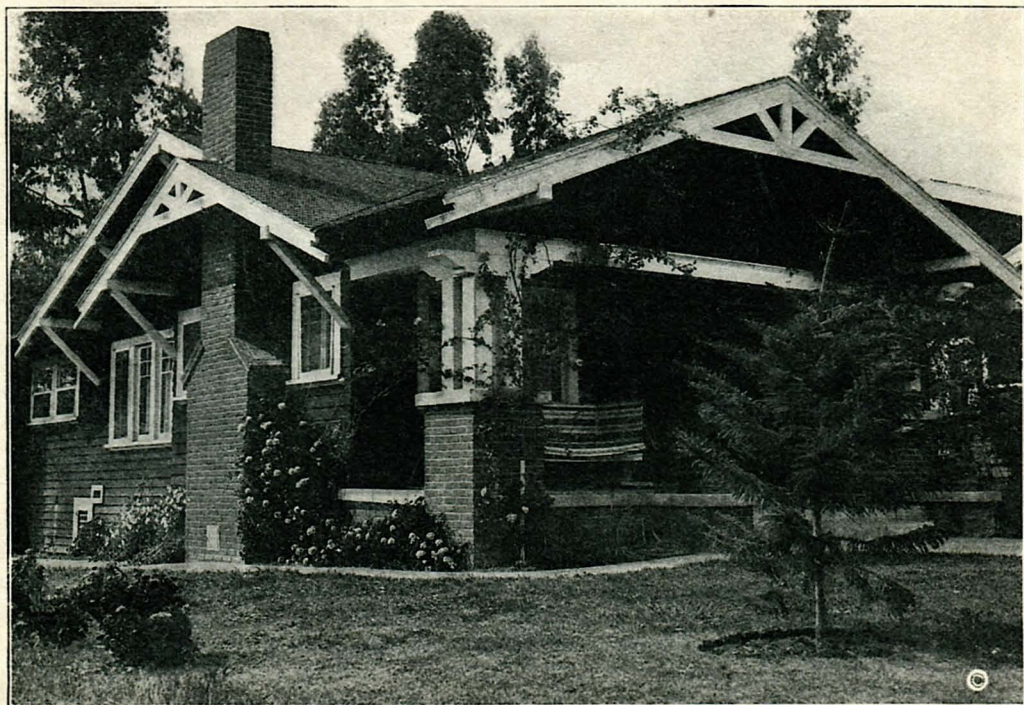
Kathlyn Williams is just finishing a new house. Miss Williams' home is being built on Sunset boulevard. It is in Mission style, is of re-enforced concrete, and will



Hobart Bosworth, on the terrace of his Los Angeles home.



Carlyle Blackwell, in his library.



"Jack" Kerrigan's home is quietly restful.

have great porches running around three sides of the house. These will be furnished with lounges, hammocks and rocking chairs. A wide door opens into the living room, which extends across the front of the house. There is to be a great fireplace at one end, set with porcelain plaques depicting scenes from the life of Jeanne D'Arc; and above is a large Tiffany stained glass window.

The living and dining rooms are furnished and finished in mahogany. Five Persian rugs will adorn the living room and dining room floors; while there is to be a dainty little delft blue and white breakfast room, and a pink tea room.

Back of the tea room, and opening on a tiny garden, is Miss Williams' den, which is also the library, and which will be furnished with antique furniture, her celebrated collection of Indian baskets and Navajo blankets, and many volumes of her favorite authors' works, chiefest being Shakespeare and Mark Twain. If you smile at the combination, she laughs and explains: "Both understood human nature." There will also be a piano.

The dining room is circular, and has

windows running half round it, on whose wide ledges the wonderful collection of tropical plants which Miss Williams brought from Panama will flourish. The floors of dining and living rooms are hardwood and inlaid.

There are three bedrooms upstairs and three large sleeping porches. Miss Williams' room will be finished in pink and white.

There is to be a sweet-pea garden back of the house.

Miss Williams is also a great lover of animals. She owns a horse, two fine dogs and three Persian cats, all of which are to be well cared for at the new home. The garage will house some of her pets and her new Packard limousine.

The Kerriganery

J. Warren Kerrigan dwells at present with his mother in a modest, vine-covered little bungalow on Beachwood Drive, in Hollywood. There is a huge rose garden in the rear and a small orange orchard where "Jack" works daily, night and morning when the length of the days permit,

and always on Sundays. He owns a horse, dogs, pigeons, chickens and rabbits, and to these he gives daily care. There is a large library, for Mr. Kerrigan is very fond of books, mostly latter-day fiction.

The furnishings of the house are simple, but always there are flowers everywhere.

Mr. Kerrigan has a house on paper, however, and a big site in the Hollywood foothills for it, and he is to start building within a short time, for he says he wants a California home always, even though—as now appears imminent—he is to be called to New York's Broadway. His plans are for a house built in the old Spanish style around a court, or "patio," containing a fountain and a garden with a broad lounging piazza. Kerrigan is a very quiet chap, and seldom accepts invitations to parties. He prefers his home, his books, his pets, his music—I forgot to say that Jack is master of the piano!—his mother, to all the gaiety in the world. He owns a collection of Old-World Curios and paintings, mostly heirlooms.

Chateau Normand

Mabel Normand's home is a big two-story house in semi-colonial style. Its high ceilings and roomy stretches give a vastly restful effect.

The dining room, which is used much as a living room, is a long apartment with high-beamed ceilings and wainscoting of mission oak. Collecting odd bits of furniture is one of Miss Normand's hobbies, and her graceful Chippendale would gladden the heart of the most discriminating connoisseur. A wide grate at either end of the room glows with fragrant logs, and the walls are decorated with antlered heads that are mementos of hunting trips in the mountains of California.

Miss Normand's bedroom is as distinctive as the great dining room. A Louis Quatorze bed, for which she has been offered big sums, and a sleeping porch for use in hot weather, are the two items of interest in this part of the house.

There is a big garage at the back of the house.

Miss Normand owns two pedigreed collie dogs, whose ancestors slept before the firesides of the first families of the land in the days before the Civil war. There is a

rose garden at the rear of the house where the owner delights to walk early in the morning.

Artistic Bosworth

Hobart Bosworth is an artist, and his house, in Los Angeles, is filled with his own landscape paintings.

There is a big sun parlor, and there are beautiful gardens in which he delights to work.

In the rear is a barn, where his two thoroughbred horses are housed, for Mr. Bosworth is a skilled horseman.

Entering, one comes at once into the living room, furnished and finished in mission oak, the furniture being all hand made. There are Indian rugs on the floor and a huge clinker fireplace. Off the living room is the library, finished in mission oak, furnished with many books—some of which are De Luxe editions, and Mr. Bosworth's collection of Indian war bonnets, baskets, guns, pipes, arrow heads, three Alaskan outfits of furs, and the actual rifle of Davy Crockett. The dining room is in oak, with a large stained-glass window above the sideboard. The bedrooms are on the second floor, and one of these is known as the golden room, being fitted in gold and white.

Cleo Madison's Home

Cleo Madison, one of the most pleasing and popular of screen stars, dwells in a Swiss chalet, which is surrounded by a big porch, a lawn and, in the rear, some lovely flower gardens, as well as a vegetable garden. There is a barn at the rear, housing Miss Madison's pony, cat and big collie, who all dwell together in peace. Miss Madison has an invalid sister, who spends many hours out of doors in the sun-kissed garden, working among the flowers when her strength will permit.

Roscoe's Preferences

Roscoe Arbuckle is well paid for his comedy films. He drives a big, expensive car, and is a nightly visitor in the best cafes, but in the matter of choosing a home, he is confessedly a bit old fashioned. He has a quaint old place redolent of Fra Junipero's California.

Where to Find It

A PROPOS of the crusades on the part of people unacquainted with motion pictures which have resulted in some parts of the country in rather silly legislation, the Motion Picture News of New York asks:

"The public has heard the worst of motion pictures for years. When are they to hear the other side?"

The public has only to listen to its own heart and its own good judgment for "the other side." The News may feel assured that the American public never has, never is and never will be represented by any group of fanatics of any nature.

The existence of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the material in it is alone, without considering the many others, a thorough proof of the amount of artistic value and solid worth there is in the movies, and the News may feel assured that there are a great many thousands of people in this country—many, many times more than those who see only the dark side of things—who are hand in glove with the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S appreciation of the bright side—the real side—of the movies.

It is the belief of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE that the business of entertainment is a mission. That belief is so strong, that it is almost a religion with the men who write for it and who edit it. The movies are a form of entertainment than which there is no finer, none dearer to the people at large, nor any which has such a wonderful and all-embracing future.

Compared to the good there is in the movies, the evil in them is less than one one-hundredth per cent—if there is that much.

In fact, about the only thing that can be said against the movies is that it cuts down the amount of exercise per day of those who go to them.

But the actors get enough to make up for that!

There was a law once in Connecticut, you know, which forbade a man to kiss his wife on Sunday.

The movies we have not had always, but the fanatic was ever with us.

ALEXANDER GADEN has left the Universal Company to go with the Life Photo Film Company, with whom he will appear in juvenile leads up to January, 1916.

Sure Thing

HE is the "very best" script writer in Los Angeles, a "free lance" who has more orders from the companies working on the coast than he can fill. A few evenings ago he, with three other members of his profession, called at the home of one of Universal's editors for supper, and, of course, all of them were talking shop.

"I sometimes wonder," remarked the wife of their host, addressing the company, "if there is anything vainer than you 'photoplaywrites' about the things you write."

"There most surely is, madam," replied the "free lance," "and that is our efforts to sell them."

The Lens on High



Four Hundred Feet Below

passes the crowd of lower Broadway. The camera man, swinging astride this hemp in the hurricane that almost constantly racks New York's upper air, has his camera focussed on some distant point in Long Island. One of the daily flirts with fate indulged in by the Hearst-Selig news operators. The colossal structure from whose upper works he depends is the new Western Union Telegraph building.

HINTS on PHOToplay WRITING

By Captain Leslie T. Peacocke

Photoplay Magazine's authority in this department is one of the most successful scenario



editors and writers in the world. Many of the most interesting film features are his creations.

CHAPTER II

IN our last article we dealt with the all-importance of originality of plot, and the value of condensing the synopsis into as few words as possible; whilst, at the same time, making the story embodied in the synopsis as vivid and gripping as the plot will allow.

Now we will try and outline as clearly as we can, without being too technical, how the scenes of the photoplay should be evolved.

In these, as in the synopsis, brevity allied with clearness are the chief essentials. No attempt should ever be made to too clearly depict a scene. A very great deal must be left to the common sense of the producing director.

To convey what I mean, I will depict the following few scenes, which I take at random from a produced photoplay, and will then explain why the scenes and the action embodied in them are sketched so very briefly.

Scene 1—Park—Mary (a flirt) seated on bench reading. Charlie approaches. Flirtation. Eyes only. Charlie walks past and off. Mary rises, walks off, opposite direction.

Scene 2—Park—Close-up of Charlie looking back and smiling conceitedly.

Scene 3—Park Gates—Close-up of Mary looking back and smiling encouragingly.

Scene 4—Street—Mary walking. Meets Charlie. He passes her. She drops her handkerchief. He picks it up and presents it to her. Raises his hat and walks on. Mary continues walking. Charlie turns back and follows her.

Scene 5—Exterior of Swell Restaurant—Mary appears and enters. Then Charlie appears. Takes out purse; ex-

amines contents. Is satisfied he can meet any emergencies, and enters restaurant.

Scene 6—Interior of Restaurant—Mary at table. Waiter taking her order. Charlie enters. Sits at adjacent table. Starts to study the menu. Cut scene.

Scene 7—Street—Robert (Mary's fiance) appears, walking rapidly; up to camera, and past it. Cut back to

Scene 8—Interior of Restaurant—Mary and Charlie still seated at adjacent tables. He moves to her table and orders bottle of wine. Waiter leaves room. They flirt. Charlie kisses her. Robert enters. Trouble. Ending with Charlie lying senseless and Robert escorting Mary out of restaurant.

Here, now, we have eight scenes, and all described so clearly, I hope, that anyone with average intelligence can understand them. The topic is not a very well chosen one, perhaps, but it is a very common one and easily grasped by all.

The action runs smoothly throughout and does not need a single "subtitle" to assist it along. Subtitles must be used as little as possible. A scenario full of subtitles is one that is badly written. A writer should be able to make the action in the continued scenes convey the story. However, that is a subject we must deal with later and at more length. We will now diagnose the scenes described above.

Scene 1 is described by the single word "Park." That is enough. There is no use in trying to describe the sort of park you may have in mind. The director will select his own location, but he will have sense enough to know that it must contain a path, and that there is a bench at the edge of the path for Mary to sit on. You may trust to the director to pick out a

suitable location and to know the meaning of the single word "Flirtation." The majority of them are married men and have learned how to use their eyes in early youth, the same as other people.

Scenes 2 and 3 are described as "Close-Up," which means to convey that they are the figures of Mary and Charlie taken at very close range of the camera.

These "Close-Ups," as they are called, should be frequently used in a scenario, as they bring the audience in close touch with the characters and help to relieve the monotony of distant and half-distant scenes. This you will readily grasp if you are a close observer of the pictures you see on the screen, which every scenario writer must be, if she or he hopes to succeed.

Scene 4 is a Street. That is sufficient. Here again the director will select his own location. Never attempt to describe ordinary scenes. You can never tell where the producing company will be located. It may be in the heart of New York city, or the wilds of New Jersey, or the ice-bound slums of Los Angeles, or the boulevards of Chicago. No matter where he may be, you may rest assured the director will select the best site that offers.

Make Scenes Simple

Scene 5 needs no comment. It is taken for granted that Mary would not enter a cheap restaurant. She was reading in the park and is therefore a girl of leisure and probably wealthy. No doubt, well dressed, or Charlie would not have wanted to flirt with her or to examine the state of his finances to see whether he could afford to treat her to a lunch in the restaurant.

Scene 6 is also very clear. At the close of the scene you will notice the words: "Cut Scene." This means to convey that as soon as Charlie starts to study the menu the scene is finished—i. e., the camera stops working.

Scene 7 is another Street scene. At the end of the scene you will notice the words: "Cut back to." This explains that your next scene will be the same as number 6. You cut back to the preceding scene.

Scene 8 is therefore the same as scene 6, and the action is a continuation of the other. When Robert has entered, the one word "Trouble" is sufficient to indicate to

the director that there will be a quarrel and probably a fight.

The director will devise the action he wishes to depict and will do it better than you or I probably could, as he knows the people in his cast and their various temperaments. Directors make their own troubles.

Of course in the scenario containing the above scenes there were some preceding scenes, showing Mary flirting at a party and then becoming engaged to Robert, but the scenes which I have taken at random from the scenario will clearly convey all that I intend, I am sure. I am trying to explain to you how simply and clearly scenes should be worked out, and that a great deal must be left to the intelligence of the director. Be concise in everything.

Tell Story Briefly as Possible

The scenario of a photoplay, which practically means the photoplay itself, is divided into a number of scenes, and every time the camera is shifted to a new position constitutes a separate scene; even though the camera is shifted back and forth to the same scene, after having been shifted to another position.

These are designated "Cut-Backs" or "Flash-Backs," when they occur after one intervening scene. Flash-backs denote very short scenes or flashes, and cut-backs typify reverting to scenes of ordinary length. The writer should not concern himself with the length of the ordinary scene he wishes to depict, as that will largely depend on how the director chooses to follow the action outlined in the script.

All that the scenario writer can safely do is to tell the story in as many scenes as are necessary to carry it to its logical conclusion, and then leave it to the producing director to make the best of it. Of course, if one has had some practical experience in scenario writing, and has worked hand in glove with various directors, as staff writers in some studios have the chance of doing, then a great deal is learned as to the number of scenes individual directors employ in making a one-reel production. I am only alluding to one-reel photoplays at present, because they are the ones most in demand, and we should be contented to learn to crawl before we attempt to jump the big chasms.

I have found that about 40 scenes to a reel in a dramatic or melodramatic story is what is most pleasing to the average producing director, and from 50 to 75 scenes to a reel can be employed in the scenarioizing of comedies; all depending on the quickness or slowness of the action. In so-called "slap-stick" comedies, of course, a great many more scenes are necessary, as the action is very often at breakneck speed. In one slap-stick comedy produced from my pen I remember I employed 177 scenes to carry it out, and the director added 6 more. But that was exceptional, and I think the action was a great deal too fast. However, I advise most writers to leave slap-stick comedies alone, as there is practically no market for them.

I think I am fairly safe in surmising that the majority of those who are engaged, or who intend to engage, in scenario writing have the intention to write for profit and not merely for amusement, therefore it is advisable to devote one's time and energy to subjects that will have a good chance of finding a ready market. And it is my earnest endeavor to guide all who are interested in scenario writing, and who have not as yet achieved the success for which they hope, to the road that is paved with acceptances and real money.

Short Comedies Wanted

One-reel comedy-dramas are, at this present moment, mostly in demand, and those with original plots and which hold a number of good comedy situations, will not go long a-begging. Remember, that it is the situation that makes for real comedy and not foolish, childish acting, such as has been indulged in so freely in the past and of which the public has now become tired and disgusted.

Embarrassing situations from which there appear no means of escape always bring a laugh, and if the party embarrassed can extricate him or herself from such a situation with ingenuity, then another laugh is provoked and the actor immediately gains the sympathy and good-will of the audience. Therefore, think up all such situations you possibly can and embody them in your comedy scenario.

Never plant a "suggestive" situation in

your comedy. Make it your aim and object to keep the moving picture screen as clean and healthy as possible.

Next to comedy-dramas good one-reel melodramas with a strong "heart interest" are mostly in demand, but they must not be too enervating or cast in too sordid surroundings. The dying mother on the pallet bed, the absent drunken father and the sickly sympathetic child have all been done to death. The patrons of picture theatres no longer care to leave the places of amusement with a sad feeling of depression. The public wants "thrills" and they will gladly pay to get them, and the author who can provide them will find a ready market for his efforts.

But do not confine yourself entirely to one-reel melodramas. If your story is strong enough to carry itself into 70 scenes or more, then, by all means, work it out to its logical conclusion; but do not try and pad it out. Far better evolve a strong one-reel dramatic scenario, for which you will find an early acceptance, than to dilute your offering to a semblance of weakness. Watered stock is hard to sell.

Good "Western" dramas and comedies are always in demand, but should be submitted to companies who are working in California or Arizona. Confine your efforts to American stories. European atmosphere is difficult to procure without going to the countries in Europe in which the scenes may be laid, and the American public has more sympathy with the people and subjects with which they are familiar. Leave "Costume" plays alone. The American public does not want them, and you must aim to give the public what it wants. Good American stories, with up-to-date costuming. That's what the public wants. Stick to them and you'll win out.

Tips on the Market

It is impossible to inform readers of the actual requirements of the various producing companies, because they are so apt to change in their policy every once in a while, and writers must take their chance in submitting scripts to one and the other, using all the discretion in their power. Every scenario writer has had to face the same difficulties with which you will have to contend, and the path of a writer is

never an easy one, though it is always open to those who have the determination and the necessary gray-matter to stick to the thorny trail. With brain and determination you can accomplish anything, but one without the other will only lead to a blind road.

The companies which are producing big four and five-reel features are not in the market for photoplays. They are mainly producing stage plays and adaptations from well-known published books by prominent authors. The best companies to submit your one and two-reel efforts to are the old established companies with which every writer who has made a study of moving pictures is familiar.

The following authentic information which we have directly received from the Hepworth Film Mfg. Co., Editorial Office, Walton-on-Thames, England, may interest some, and opens up a very possible market. This company has written to inform us that they are in need of two-reel dramas and one-reel comedies.

Any plot which does not represent the very best work of an experienced kind will be out of place with them. Pictures showing battles or fights between peoples of

different nationalities will not be considered. Plots must suit English life and customs. The minimum price paid by the Hepworth Film Mfg. Co. is \$25 per reel, and for those which make a strong hit with them they pay much better than this. For return of MSS., if not acceptable, I should enclose a dime in silver, as American postage stamps would, I fancy, be of little use, and English postage stamps are difficult to procure over here.

The Hepworth Co. is very reliable and shows every consideration to writers, but self-addressed envelopes must always be enclosed for return of MSS., as in the case of every script submitted to any company.

The Universal Film Mfg. Company has lately advertised the fact that it is no longer in the market for original photoplays, but is going to produce entirely adaptations of plays, books and magazine stories, the film rights of which the Universal Co. is contracting for, and the necessary work on which will be done by their staff writers in the New York studios and the Coast studios at Universal City, California. So free-lance writers will be merely wasting stamps in submitting material to either scenario department.

The Real "Advantages"

A GREAT many theatrical managers are explaining why they went into the "movies." Strange enough, none of them seems to connect his entrance into a new field of activity with the fact that you can usually get a ticket to the "movies" at the box office; that you are not referred to a curbstone merchant when you want to sit further front than the last row, and that thus far motion picture seats are not on sale at the fashionable hotel stands. These three advantages have done wonders for the "movies."

"Variety."

Try it, Fellows

TO give names in such matters is hardly fair—for then everyone says, "So-and-So has had experience." So let us say that it was a very young and very popular member of Vitagraph's western company who was talking to Louise Glaum the other evening.

"Do you know anything about the language of flowers?" asked Miss Glaum.

"Only this much," replied the very young and very popular actor, "that a five-dollar box of roses talks a heap louder to a girl than a fifty-cent bunch of carnations."

Oh, Well!

Full many a film of purest ray serene
The sunny hills of California bear;
Full many a film is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in a Censor's lair.

R. H. Gillmore.

Movie Manners

By Reginald Pelham Bolton

The Whistler

Once there was a Callow One who was convinced that he had been created to Contribute to the Enjoyment of Lovers of Music. He had Large Lungs, a Mobile Mouth and was a Wonder in Whistling. When Popular Airs were played by the Piano Puncher at the Movies, the Mezzo-soprano part was executed Staccato by the Wonder's Wind-organ. Presently the Proprietor perceived that there was no Extra dividend in professional music, so long as Airs on a Wind Instrument could be had for a minus quantity. So the Poor Piano Pounder was handed the Sidewalk, and the Audience was left with the Air Pipe. At last accounts, the Audience consisted of One—the Callow One.

There are more of the same kind.

The Chatter Mag

There was a Dame who had Submarined a Quarter out of her hubby's Pants-pocket, and blew herself and the Next-Door Flat to the Movie. She forgot to take her Hat off, and the Next-Door couldn't remove hers because her Switch was short of Hair Pins. She had so much on her Mind that it Hurt her to hold it in till the Reel ran off. So she sat Sidewise and talked of what she had saved by taking Taxicabs to the Free Market, and the Next-Door informed her and the Audience of the cost of Curtains for her Bathroom Window. Everybody Learned that they didn't agree on the Price of High Living, but that they were One on the marked-down value of Husbands. When the house closed they both agreed it was a Wretched Show.

Some folks have no show.

The Butter-in

A certain Hog cut loose from a Street Car and followed a footpath that led to a Movie. He had the Price of Admission all right, but he couldn't spare the Butt of the Two-fer he was Smoking, so he carried it in, and held it under a Debutante's Nose. He made himself quite at Home. He stuck his Feet through the next seat and his Elbows through the next-door fan's Ribs. He coughed and Guffawed, yawned and Shuffled just as he did at home with Wifey. Then he got up in the middle of a Reel, Trod on some Toes, Tore some Skirts, Jettisoned some cigar Ashes, and went Home feeling he had had a Lovely Time.

Don't think this was the Only One, either.

The Hummer

Hark to the Hen Humming-bird. She Seweth not, neither doth she Sing, but she Hummeth a Heap. This Specimen studied Voice Culture on the Victor record system, with a Blunt Needle. At the Movie she was so primed with Popular Pieces and arias such as Tipperary, that she contributed a continuous Performance obligato, after the manner of a Muted Flute. Nearby Patrons prayed to become Deaf-mutes, but few such Persons recognize real Art. In the Dance Music she hummed the Hesitation and then bits of the Fox Trot. The Audience took the hint, hesitated no longer and Trotted Out. By and by her Talents secured her a job as a Portable Phonograph in a Five Cent Store. Then the Movie business began to look up again.

There are other hens that sing.

The Expounder

Once there was a Jack Daw, who had a Taste for Pictures, and loved his Neighbors as himself. He always read the Leaders aloud so that the Ignorant Public would not have to Spell them out. He learned Lip-Reading so that he could describe all the pictures in Advance, and the Audience only had to sit back and see them with their eyes shut. Many Tender Hearts were thus spared the necessity of witnessing Mary Pickford's weekly wedding, and other Sorrowful Scenes. But he forgot that some Other Birds have a Grade A public school education, so he was sadly Surprised when someone referred to his Jaw as that of a Jack Ass.

And he is not the Only One, by a Houseful.

Personality in Dress

By Ruth Roland

SOME ONE has said very cleverly, "The importance of the superficial is something which only the wise appreciate."

Essentially speaking, clothes are superficial—or, rather, styles are; for clothes are necessary to shelter us poor thin-skinned humans from the burning rays of the sun in the summer time and from the winds that freeze in winter. To the person who finds it necessary to live in modern society, however, where it is a question of personal ingenuity whether one is to have its luxuries or only its responsibilities, style is, if not a necessity, at least a very important matter; for appearance counts much.

Style is something which cannot be learned, and all the money in the world will not buy it. It is a question of personality.

And just as it is the actress' work to depict various personalities and to become for the nonce, each one of these women who ordinarily she is not, so it is also up to her to dress each personality accord-

ing to the style or lack of style which that personality would naturally have.

Shakespeare said that "clothes oft bespeak the man." They *always* "bespeak" the woman. A woman is to be known as surely by the clothes she wears as by the company she keeps. In fact, the two things go absolutely and always together. The dowd dresses dowdily, the woman of spirit and originality dresses that way, the business woman dresses in simple tailor-made things, and the adventuress dresses to lure.

Individuals, it may be said, are the moods of Nature. As she felt at the time, so she created them. Some are joyous, some are sad; some are cruel, some gentle; some brilliant, some dull.

April's daughter is sure to be a maid of alternate laughter and tears: the son of December is a stern man. And they all dress their parts. Realizing this, the actress must train her moods. Training one's moods is, in fact, a



"There are days when blue serge and stiff linen collars would absolutely stifle and make unnatural my attitude towards life. On such days clinging things of misty hues are necessary."

great part of the artistry of acting. One must be sunny and gay for a bright and frolicsome part and pessimistic for the part of the pessimist and in each case dress to suit.

There are days when blue serge and stiff linen collars would abso-



"The trick of style is to have your clothes 'different' and yet not different: subservient to the current style, yet expressive of individuality."

lutely stifle and make unnatural my attitude towards life in general, and there are parts which blue serge and stiff collar would stifle as completely. On such days and in such parts soft, clinging things of misty hues are necessary for either making life or the part worth while.

Clothes, like civilization, are an extravagance no woman wants to do without.

"Style is something which cannot be learned. It is a question of personality."

The Players From Ocean to Ocean

THE "Runaway June" company spent a few weeks in Bermuda early this spring and busted right into British society there.

The whole company, which captivated the islands by their vivacity, were the guests at many functions, amongst them the masquerade ball given by Capt. Grant-Scuttie of the Queen's Own.

The commanding officers of that particular British colony now realize some of the reasons for the superiority of American movies over those anywhere else in the world. It's the people in 'em.

MIRIAM NESBIT, Edison, will appear before the public for the best part of the balance of the year in a series of photoplays in which she is the master mind of a band of clever crooks. Miss Nesbit, like all lady crooks, is a most charming and unvillainess appearing young person.

MAURICE COSTELLO has grown weary of directing and has returned to his erstwhile pleasant task of being a Vitagraph hero. His new debut will be in "The Heart of Jim Brice."

FRED MACE spent a month or so this spring in Havana, where he and H. H. Frazee cooked up a scenario to be built around the Johnson-Willard fight there on the fourth of April.

WILLIAM COURTLEIGH, the New York leading man, is to appear in pictures in Los Angeles this spring and summer under the direction of Oliver Morosco.

ANITA STEWART, Earle Williams, Paul Scardon and Julia Swayne Gordon had a grand time in the mountains of Georgia this spring. They have been busy under the direction of Ralph W. Ince producing "The Goddess," a fifteen episode drama in which the fascinating Anita is the heroine.

KATHLYN WILLIAMS wants to be a movie director as well as actress, and if she keeps on being such a past-mistress of technique as in time past, they'll have to give it to her.

Incidentally she's a believer in the mission of the movies as a force for the improvement of all dramatic forms of entertainment, through which improvement the movie itself will rise to even higher planes than that upon which it rests today.

GRACE CUNARD "kidded" Carl Laemmle, head of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, into playing a super's part in "The Broken Coin," one of the first pictures to be produced at Universal City. He served faithfully and well, and at the conclusion of the episode in which he appeared received the usual three-dollar check—and signed the pay-roll!

DURING the filming of "The Virginian," Dustin Farnum and his company of "Famous Players" went to Escondido, California, to take a cattle scene.

It was rather late in the evening when the company arrived and Farnum, being tired, wished to retire. He walked up to a village loafer seated on a box outside the grocery store.

"Which of those two hotels is the better?" he asked.

"Wal," replied the native, "one of 'em has all rooms with baths and the other believes in personal liberty—you can take a bath or not, just as you like."

OWEN MOORE and Mabel Normand are playing opposite each other in romantic comedy in the Keystone studios this spring and summer.

JOHN BUNNY'S show on the vaudeville circuit closed in Philadelphia the last week in March. It is doubtful if he will make any more incursions into the world of vaudeville, but will in all probability stick to pictures hereafter as heretofore.

HARRY MESTAYER has joined the Selig forces in Chicago in the production of "The Millionaire Baby."

Mr. Mestayer will be on the Pacific Coast as leading man for the company during the summer.

JOE SMILEY, the Lubin director, on going over a story in the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for April recently, discovered an idea for the entertainment of the entire studio, when dull moments cut into their afternoons.

The story that Joe spotted was "The Business of Smash." The resultant cogitations bore fruit in a film which was made up solely and only for the delight of the people of the studio. It consisted of all the great smash scenes from various photoplays, beginning with train wrecks and ending with a scene in which a mountain is blown up and a mining town wiped out of existence.

GEORGE PERIOLAT, formerly with the American, is to play character leads in the \$20,000 prize serial, "The Diamond from the Sky."

PARENTAL championship honors—which some players seem to take dubiously—appear to belong, as far as the photoplay arena is concerned, to Herbert Standing, distinguished character man of Bosworth, Inc. Mr. Standing is the father of seven sons and five daughters. All of the sons are leading men, most distinguished of whom is the internationally famous Guy Standing. The two youngest children are girls, ten and fourteen years of age, with their father in Los Angeles.

And What They Are Doing Today

QUITE a little coterie of stars desert the "legit" for the movies in the photodramatization of "When We Were Twenty-One." Amongst them are Marie Empress, recently with "The Little Cafe;" Helen Lutress of "The Crinoline Girl;" Charles Coleman of "The Adventures of Lady Ursula," and George Backus.

THE horrors of war are to be taken in movies for the Universal Company by Phillip Klein, son of Charles Klein, the playwright, who sailed for Europe this month armed with three movie cameras and a letter from President Wilson.

IRENE HUNT took a flyer to New York for her vacation in March, returning to the Pacific Coast and more work for the movies after a three weeks' look at Broadway and the latest New York styles.

WALKER WHITESIDE, recently the star in the mammoth production of the great English dramatic spectacle, "Mr. Wu," will appear in a photoplay feature, "The Melting Pot," under the direction of the new John Cort Film Corporation. Mr. Whiteside is famous throughout the country for his work in "The Typhoon."

MCINTYRE AND HEATH will appear in photoplays following their return from the road about the first of June.

STELLA RAZETTO, of the Selig studio in Los Angeles, has been fighting off an attack of appendicitis, but after several weeks of illness is pronounced on the road to recovery. During her absence Miss Vivian Reed has been finding an opportunity playing the leads for which Miss Razetto was scheduled.

MISS BELLE BENNETT, a young moving picture actress, has established her own company in Minnesota.

IRVING CUMMINGS is to be leading man in the American serial, "The Diamond From the Sky."

CCOURTNEY FOOTE, Bosworth-Morosco leading man, is to appear, by special engagement only, in one or two Reliance features.

HENRI GACHON, head of the negative department of the Eastern factories of the Universal company, is dead in Southern France. He was serving in the French line at the front, and his passing is by grace of a German bullet.

WILLIAM V. RANOUS, first director to be employed by the Vitagraph company, died a few weeks ago in California, at the age of fifty.

MAYOR JOHN PURROY MITCHELL of New York, has been posing in a municipal efficiency series for the Vitagraph company. These pictures are designed to show the inside workings of the government of New York City.

MAE MARSH, D. W. Griffith's little tragedienne, has just been presented in "The Outcast," a four-part photoplay written by Thomas Nelson Page, U. S. Ambassador to Italy.

BROADWAY, New York, is having an invasion of the "Chaplin mustache," on the countenances of its young men.

WALTER EDWARDS, Howard Hickman and Clara Williams have been practically living in Los Angeles' Chinatown, getting Oriental color, scenes and people in the forthcoming West Coast feature, "The Human Octopus."

MARGARITA FISCHER and Harry Polard are to be starred by the American company in a multireel photoplay made from the novel, "The Girl From His Town."

OLGA PETROVA, well known emotional actress on the legitimate stage, has signed an extensive photoplay contract; and, in the coming eighteen months, is to appear in twelve feature screen dramas.

JESSE LASKY has signed the Scotch comedienne, Margaret Nyblom.



JUDGMENT AFFIRMED.

Officer—Here! what's all this about?

Citizens—We are going to hang him.

Officer—What for?

Citizens—He is always trying to tell the plots of the movie plays he sees.

Officer—All right, go ahead!

—Judge.



There is at Universal City a research department in connection with the property room, the business of which is to insure absolute accuracy in historical costumes and scenes.

Getting It Right

THE AGE OF SLAP-BANG DIRECTING IS OVER. THE
DIRECTOR OF TODAY IS A GLUTTON FOR ACCURACY

By Harry Carr

IN the early days of moving pictures, the directors could "get by" with anything.

In one of the military plays put out during that period, there was a court martial scene in which a sergeant, somewhat amazingly, sat with the officers as a member of the court. The president of the court was a gorgeous and imposing creature; he wore a private's blouse to which were fixed a major general's epaulettes and his distinguished legs were covered with a cavalry corporal's pants. He must have added considerably to the natural terror of the prisoner who, by the way, wore the blouse of an artillery trumpeter of the vintage of 1848 and the trousers of an infantry sergeant. These costumes were actually worn just as I state them.

The moving picture public has now become too critical for such errors.

When the Universal put out its big Samson picture, the entire work was held up for days because the research department could not find out what kind of ink horns the scribes used at that period.

Right at this point, lies the great difficulty of producing pictures. The author of a story can glide delicately over what he isn't sure of. The ink horns of the scribes wouldn't bring any creases of care to the brow of the most careful author. He would just be a little hazy when he came to the ink horns and proceed blithely with his narrative; but you can't be hazy with a scenario. Everything stands out with glaring plainness.

Another detail that kept the research department sitting up nights during the production of that same film was the kind of harp upon which the lovely Delilah played.

On account of its enormous output of films, the Universal has a furniture shop.

When they were producing "The Spy," an entire set of furniture was manufactured in order to duplicate the furnishings found in an old sketch of Washington's headquarters. Every detail of that room was reproduced.

One striking instance of the struggle for accuracy was a story of the Boxer Rebellion in China, put out by the Universal. A woman had a dream that her daughter was attacked by the Boxer army. The dream was a "flash" and only lasted fifteen seconds; but armor and a special type of sword was manufactured for 300 Chinese soldiers for that flash.

One of the greatest battles for accuracy was fought by D. W. Griffith when he produced "The Clansman." One of the big scenes in that film is the Battle of Petersburg. Before beginning the scene, Griffith sent to the National Soldiers' Home, a few miles from Los Angeles, and hunted up six old men who had been in the Battle of Petersburg. With them he went over the ground. One of the old fellows appointed himself spokesman. "Now," he said, "we was charging here—" He was interrupted by a loud snort of disgust. "Huh, we wasn't charging there; never did charge there; we charged over here,"

spoke up another veteran. In about seven seconds, the Battle of Petersburg was in imminent danger of being re-fought on the spot. In the end, Griffith had to send the veterans back to the soldiers' home and employ the professor of history at one of the colleges of Southern California, to find out what really did happen at the Battle of Petersburg.

"In the early days of moving pictures, directors could 'get by' with anything. Things are different now. No moving picture director would dream of attempting a military film these days without the counsel of a professional soldier."

One of the tough problems that kept this professor busy for a month was the surrender of Lee. Now, everybody knows what Gen. Grant and Gen. Lee did at that memorable scene; but what were the other officers doing? It was known that Gen. Grant was smoking a cigar and turned his head away to avoid blowing smoke in some one's face—whose face?

Again, when Lincoln signed the call for volunteers, history tells who was in the room, but where were they standing?

In order to have the news of Lincoln's assassination announced with historical correctness, the Griffith professor advertised for newspapers published on that date. To his surprise, a whole raft of them were offered. The one accepted was a South Carolina paper which, by the way, announced this story of all newspapers with a small headline on an inside page.

During the progress of the Clansman, Griffith lost his chief military adviser. He was a young cavalry officer, just resigned from the army, owing to the ill health of his wife. In addition to the main battle scene, Griffith had a battery placed on a hill ready for a "cut back." The officer rushed up in great excitement and demanded that this battery be removed. He said it would rake the trenches if it opened fire. Griffith explained that this battery would not show in the picture; it was there for a separate sub-picture to be taken later.

"Well," said the West Pointer, "if you're going to have that battery there, I'm going to quit; I couldn't take any interest in this battle. It spoils the whole thing for me every time I look up at those guns."

They told him that he couldn't quit; he was under contract.

"Well," said the West Pointer, white with determination, "I am willing to go to court with you and see if any judge in the land will make me continue to work with a battery in such a hell of a place." They finally had to let him go.

Gen. Lee had two horses that he rode during the war. Was he riding Traveler, the white one, during the Battle of Peters-

burg? He was; the professor found out.

One question they were never definitely able to settle. What lines of the American Cousin were being said when Lincoln was shot?

One of the great sticklers for military precision is Cecil de Mille of the Lasky Company. When the Warrens of Virginia was produced, a West Pointer stood at the elbow of the producer. At one time, the whole film was stopped and important—one may say sweeping changes—were made because the West Pointer's soul was ruffled by a discrepancy so small and so technical that it is doubtful if one out of a hundred Civil war veterans would have understood, had it been explained to them. In this production, the military critic was the court of highest resort. No moving picture director would dream of attempting a military film in these days without the counsel of a professional soldier. It is safe to say that there is not a moving picture in Southern California in which there are not several former army officers.

In the Spoilers the Selig people went to the expense of making an exact reproduction of the town of Nome and no exposition ever had a more careful or faithful model of a mine than the one blown up in that picture.

Mr. Ince uses Japanese assistant directors in all his wonderful Japanese pictures to insure historical accuracy. To show the

Ince punctiliousness in the matter of properties, one of his property men was wandering around Los Angeles like a lost soul a week or so ago, begging every newspaper for a picture of the United States Senate.

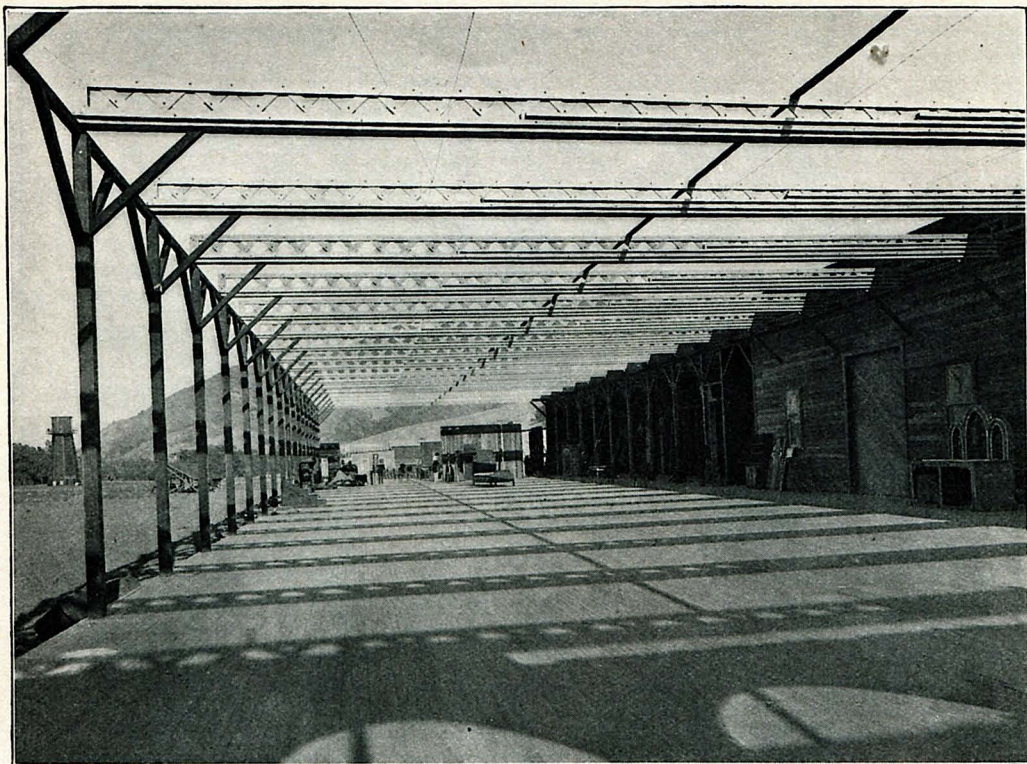
He took one forlorn look at each picture and gave it back with a sigh. What ailed him was he couldn't find a close-up

picture showing a minute outline of the carving on the pillars that punctuate the walls of that distinguished chamber.

"Well, you can see just about what they look like," protested one of the photograph donors.

"Just about what they look like?" gasped the young man. "My gawd, you don't know Ince."

In one picture a woman dreamed her daughter was attacked by Boxers. The dream was only a fifteen second "flash" but armor and a special type of sword was manufactured for three hundred Chinese soldiers for that flash.



A Quarter-Mile Straightaway "On the Boards"

It is impossible to say "a quarter-mile behind the footlights," because footlights there are none. This is a theatre of all out-doors, and Jehovah hung its spotlight far up in the cloudless California sky aeons and aeons ago. It is the new stage at Universal City, and many companies can—and do—work on it at the same time, without in the least interfering with each other. In many ways there is nothing like this stage in the whole realm of picturedom.

That Was Funny

A COMPANY of Vitagraph players were in Canada taking scenes for a big story of the "Great Northwest." They were many miles from anything that resembled a hotel and the members of the company were "put up" in the cabins of the natives, one here and one there. George Cooper was staying with a Canadian of French extraction who was very proud of a friend of his in New York, one Gaston Lespinasse, of whom he told George constantly.

"You live in New York?" he asked Cooper, the first evening at supper.

"I do," replied George.

"You know Gaston Lespinasse?"

"Never heard of him."

The Canuck looked at George as if he doubted him. "That funny," he said. "Gaston is the cook at the hotel."

The Shearer Shorn

A YOUNG newspaper man by the name of Duece went to inspect the studios of the Big U branch of the Universal. He intended to propose to all the movie actresses and then write a "story" on his experiences.

All went well, and all the ladies took it as a good joke, until the ardent lover came to Miss Agnes Vernon, leading lady for Murdock MacQuarrie. Then it was that Fate got in its work, for Mr. Duece looked into Miss Vernon's eyes and all the fun left them. Instead of continuing his fake proposal, he asked her out to dinner and then and there made a real proposal, which the young woman accepted.

And then Mr. Duece showed just what kind of a fellow he is by routing a jeweler out of bed and purchasing the diamond ring.



"I love you!" he cried fiercely. Bernice felt herself yielding. Happiness surged through her. Their lips met.

Beauty to Burn

By George Orcutt

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS: Bernice Frothingham, twenty and a beauty, falls in love with Robert MacCameron, the son of a neighboring farmer. Her stepfather, Colonel Frothingham, is a multimillionaire with great pride in his family name. He frustrates the proposed marriage by arranging to have the young man sent away for three years. Bernice, thoroughly disillusioned by her lover's spineless consent, runs away to Chicago to hunt a job under the name of Bernice Gale. She makes a friend of Sarah Wilbur, a trained nurse, and through her advice secures the chance of a tryout from Tom Morgan, director of the Transcript Producing Company, as a moving picture actress. As she is approaching the Transcript office she is intercepted by the Colonel and two detectives. He has a warrant for her arrest, alleging that she is insane. At this point Tom Morgan interferes and, by threatening to let the newspapers know all about the affair, frightens the Colonel into permitting Bernice to go on with her work. She makes the acquaintance of several members of the company and has her tryout. Tom Morgan tells her she will do for something. She goes home a little disappointed. Morgan writes the Transcript's New York office that he has a "find" so pretty that she has "beauty to burn."

For a week Bernice sits around the studio



with nothing to do. Then, one evening, Morgan takes her to dinner and explains that he did not want to pay any attention to her for a while for fear the other members of the company would suspect him of favoritism.

The next day she gets her first part. One of the scenes necessitates a plunge into Lake Michigan and a swim for a motor boat with Budlong, the leading man. When Bernice dives for the boat, she takes a long swim under water, and as she and Budlong reach the motor boat, she looks over her shoulder and finds Morgan swimming out after them.

Her dramatic experience makes Bernice the center of a group on the train returning to the studio, which reveals to them the fact that she is not only beautiful, but a charming girl.

She becomes more and more of an expert in the studio, and eventually plays leads with Arthur Gordon, a handsome actor with an interesting past, military as well as otherwise. She becomes infatuated with him, contrary to Sarah's advice.

Whereupon Tom Morgan, who is disgusted and frightened at the thought of her familiarity with Gordon, whom he knows to be a specious scamp, engineers a New Year's dinner at which Gordon gets drunk and disgraces himself in the center of the floor before the entire party.

CONCLUSION

CHAPTER XV—Continued

BERNICE awoke slowly and painfully to the consciousness that she was being bundled into a taxicab.

She heard Tom Morgan's voice, as though in a dream, saying "Winthrop Avenue." Her head ached as the machine dodged in and out of the traffic in the Loop, halting and starting again suddenly. They were blockaded, along with a stream of other motors a block long, in Washington Street for five minutes—an interminable five minutes. As they crossed State Street she caught a glimpse of the noisy, surging throng that filled the sidewalks from curb to building line. She wondered why there were so many people out and then she remembered that it was New Year's Eve. The image of the big restaurant and the crowd of revelers came back to her. For a moment she realized only that something terrible had happened. She could not remember what it was. She

closed her eyes. She did not want to remember. She wanted to go to sleep. Her head sank back against the cushions; but she could not shut out the sudden and awful vision of Arthur Gordon's face as it had appeared to her when it pressed nearer and nearer to hers as he held her closer and closer to him. A little groan escaped her.

Tom Morgan felt so sorry for her that he could not but hate himself for his own part in what had happened. He told himself that he had only set the stage and the rest had followed; he had not urged Arthur Gordon to drink; he had only seen to it that there was always a full glass in front of the man. But this reasoning, though specious enough, did not satisfy him. He had known that Arthur Gordon could not resist drinking when there were other people to drink with him, when drinking was the order of the occasion. He had known that alcohol made a beast of the man. He had planned the New

Year's party with the definite intention of letting Bernice see for herself that Arthur Gordon was not the Sir Galahad that she imagined him to be. Perhaps he would have been able to justify himself if he had not realized of a sudden the depth of his own interest in Bernice. As he sat back in his corner of the cab, Tom Morgan saw, for the first time, that his motives were mixed. "It is true," he said to himself, "that Arthur Gordon isn't fit to marry her. Nobody who knows him would deny it; no woman could be happy with him for a month. But," and the admission was a painful one, "I wouldn't want her to marry him if he were all that she thought he was."

Bernice stirred and wrapped the rug more closely about herself.

"Are you all right, Miss Gale?" Tom asked.

"I've got a frightful headache," Bernice answered, "but otherwise I'm all right."

"Sleep will cure that. You can take a day or two off from the studio—a week if you like."

"I feel as if I never wanted to see any of them again," Bernice said wearily. Tom realized that tears were close to the surface.

Sarah came running downstairs as the taxi stopped in front of the entrance to the flat and took charge of Bernice.

"She fainted at the supper-table," Tom said briefly, "and so I brought her home." He would have liked to tell Sarah more of what had happened but he knew he could trust to her good sense and that he could do nothing just then to help, so he went home.

Sarah promptly put Bernice to bed.

"Don't try to talk," she said. "You need to go to sleep just as fast as you can."

Bernice covered her eyes with her arm.

"I can't talk about it now, Sarah. It was too awful. Arthur—" and with the mention of Arthur's name she burst into sobs.

Sarah placed a soothing hand on her forehead and said nothing.

"There," she said, "go to sleep."

The sobs gradually ceased.

"It was the most awful thing that ever happened to me in—" Bernice began, and the sobs broke out afresh.

"He kissed me so abominably in front

of everybody," she said when she was quieter. "Think of it, Sarah, we were dancing and he insisted on dancing right on after the others had stopped and he wouldn't let me go. It was horrible. And then I got away and ran back to our table and he ran after me and I was so frightened I could have died and then—" She covered her face with her hands. "I can never go back to the studio. I can't ever face them."

"Tut!" Sarah said. "It wasn't your fault. Go to sleep now and everything will look different in the morning."

Bernice awoke, refreshed: but bitterly unhappy.

"I don't ever want to see him again," she said to Sarah over her coffee.

"It was New Year's Eve you know," Sarah said mildly. "It's rather the custom—"

"What's that got to do with it?" Bernice interrupted sharply. "I could stand his having been drinking if he hadn't been so horrible. I hate drinking. I've always hated it. But—why, he was hideous. He was disgusting!"

Sarah tried to take her mind off the subject by gradual stages.

"Was the dress a success?" she asked.

"O, I suppose so," Bernice answered. "What difference does it make about a dress? I—"

"I thought it was a charming dress," Sarah continued placidly. "And you were beautiful. You fairly glowed with—"

"I hate being beautiful," Bernice cried. "I don't want to be beautiful. I don't want to be *pursued*. It's a curse."

Sarah saw that it was no use to talk just then but she persuaded Bernice to take a nap.

Early in the afternoon Arthur Gordon called.

"It's Arthur," Sarah explained to Bernice in the bed-room. "He wants—"

"I won't see him," Bernice said hotly, "tell him I'm not at home to-day."

Sarah looked at her.

"All right," she said softly and turned to the door.

"No," Bernice called, "tell him to wait. I might as well have it over with."

Sarah delivered the message to Arthur and went back to help Bernice dress. Sarah was more anxious than she would have liked to admit to herself. She hoped

with all her heart that Bernice would dismiss the man without any hesitation; but she was not sure. There were no traces of drunkenness in the well-groomed Arthur Gordon who had presented himself so promptly. No one would have known by looking at him that he had not gone soberly to bed the night before and awakened after nine hours' sleep to a cold tub. His eyes had looked squarely into Sarah's; he had shaken hands with her firmly before she had had time to refuse; she had thought there was a slight flush on his clean-shaven, clear-skinned face, but she might have been mistaken. He seemed perfectly poised. In a word, he was the Arthur Gordon who had so completely won Bernice's love. In her heart, Sarah was afraid that the sight of Arthur would make Bernice forget the bitter episode in the restaurant and that she would find herself as much in love with him as ever. Sarah's fingers trembled as she hooked up Bernice's dress. But she said nothing.

Arthur was on his feet the instant Bernice appeared in the doorway of the little drawing-room. His shoulders were thrown back, his fine head poised, his whole carriage reminiscent of the training he had had in the British army. Just a moment he stood erect, then bowed.

"Dear lady," he said, "I haven't any excuses. I have come to seek forgiveness but not to ask it. I know I cannot expect it and yet—" he looked at her eloquently.

Bernice realized in a flash that the man was hollow. She could trace in his face, gravely appealing as it was, the expression that had so horrified her the night before. But she did not hate him. She rather pitied him. She realized that he was no more an actor on the stage than he was off—that he never ceased to act from the moment he got up in the morning until he retired at night, unless he had been drinking. That was the one flaw in his acting. When he had drunk too much the mask had come off; he was no longer a gentleman. That one episode had given her the key with which to unlock the mystery of Arthur Gordon. She saw that he was no longer capable of a spontaneous act. Everything he did was calculated for its effect. And nothing, she realized as she surveyed him, was more characteristic than the speech he had just made.

"Dear lady," he had said, "I haven't any

excuses. I have come to seek forgiveness but not to ask it. I know I cannot expect it—."

"You are quite right, Arthur," Bernice said, and the calmness of her own voice surprised her. "You cannot ask forgiveness and I cannot give it. It isn't a case of forgiveness. It's a case of my having made a mistake. I don't love you and that's all there is to it."

Arthur waited, as if expecting her to continue.

"You understand perfectly, I think," Bernice said, and turned as if to leave the room.

"I understand," Arthur answered. It was as if he had been sentenced to death but was determined not to wince. "I have lost you—unless we can be friends?"

"I'm afraid we can't," Bernice answered coldly. "Don't make it necessary for me to say any more. I think it will be much simpler if we see nothing of each other in the future."

"That's final?" Arthur said quickly.

"That's final," Bernice said. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," Arthur Gordon said, and for the first time his perfect poise almost deserted him. Bernice saw that he was angry. His acting had failed. With an effort he controlled himself and picked up his hat.

As the door shut behind him Bernice threw herself on the couch and burst into uncontrollable sobs.

Sarah hovered over her.

"If he had only been *real*," Bernice said at last. Sarah nodded understandingly and that was all that ever was said between them about Arthur Gordon.

CHAPTER XVI

Bernice did not succeed in forgetting Arthur all at once; but nobody knew it, and if Sarah suspected she kept her own counsel. Neither of them ever saw him again. When Bernice went back to the studio a day or two later he had gone and nothing was said about him in Bernice's presence. Tom Morgan saw that she was kept very busy during her hours at the Transcript Company's building and so a month passed rapidly.

Bernice found herself more and more interested not only in her own work before

the camera but in many of the other problems of converting a scenario into a finished film. She began to turn a critical eye on the sets of scenery turned out by the Transcript Company's staff and to note its merits and defects. One day she was annoyed to discover that the property man had supplied a mission table of weathered oak as part of a colonial drawing-room of the time of George Washington. She watched her chance to speak to Tom about it when he was alone. It was really none of her business whether a Transcript Film put mission furniture back a hundred years or not.

"What is it, Miss Gale?" Tom asked as she stood waiting, undecided whether to make her criticism or not.

"That table," Bernice said. "It doesn't belong."

"Right you are," Tom said. "O, Williams," he called to the property man, "that table won't do. Nothing colonial about it."

Williams hurried off to find another table and Tom went on as if nothing had happened. But later in the day he found a chance to thank Bernice.

"I'm obliged to you," he said simply. "I ought to have noticed that table myself. But it got by me. I'm careless about those things I'm afraid. I need your help. Will you give it to me?"

His smile seemed peculiarly winning to Bernice.

"Of course I will—when I can," she said.

That night she made Sarah go with her to a neighborhood theatre where other than Transcript Films were on hand, in order to see what their rivals were doing. She noted a number of details to criticize. One film in particular delighted her because the interior scenes were so well planned. Her experience was now sufficient for her to appreciate how much pains had gone into suggesting the room the director had in mind with as little furniture as possible in order that the stage might not appear crowded. She saw that the simpler the background against which the actors were photographed the better they stood out. She was astonished to find how frequently this simple principle was forgotten.

Bernice was fascinated by her discovery of this aspect of picture-making. She began to develop an eye for good groups.

Two or three times she made slight suggestions to Tom and he acted on these so promptly that she made more daring ones.

"Come out to dinner with me," he said when he had accepted her opinion that a scene was too crowded to photograph effectively. "I want to talk some of these things over with you."

Their discussion lasted two hours, while with knives and forks laid on the table cloth to show the outlines of the sets, they moved salt cellars back and forth instead of actors.

"I'm going to have Williams get up some miniature stages for me," Tom said as they got up to go, "I'm going to play with them evenings. I've been going stale. I've got so much interested in scenarios that I've been forgetting some of the rest of my job. But I must say," he added, "that I haven't your eye for effects. You're putting it all over me."

Bernice flushed. Her memory flashed back to Arthur Gordon. She had not thought of him for two weeks and now she was reminded of him by Tom's compliment—she called him Tom now. Tom's way was so different from Arthur's masterly indirection. Tom spoke straight from the shoulder, as one man to another. There was no doubting his sincerity. He meant precisely what he said and Bernice was happy at hearing him say it. There was nothing hollow about Tom Morgan.

That dinner was the first of many. Tom came often to the flat in the evening. He peopled the miniature stages which they set up on the dining-room table with lead soldiers.

One evening after he had gone Sarah looked up from the book she was reading.

"Bernice," she said, "do you ever wish you were back at 'Red House' these days?"

Bernice looked up with a smile.

"I don't believe I've thought of 'Red House' for a month," she said. "I'll never go back. Why, Sarah, I'm making good!"

"I should say you are," Sarah responded warmly. "And do you realize that it's been only six months or so since Tom check-mated your father?"

"It's been more interesting than all my life before that Sarah," Bernice said reminiscently. "I never knew what it was to be so satisfied with just living before."

Sarah smiled wisely to herself.

"You know," Bernice went on after five



"She did not want to remember. She wanted to go to sleep. Her head fell back against the cushions: a little groan escaped her."

minutes of reverie, "there's something awfully human about that man. He's—."

"What man?" Sarah asked innocently.

"Why, 'Tom Morgan,'" Bernice said. "Who did you suppose I meant?"

"I didn't know," Sarah fibbed gracefully.

"You hadn't mentioned any man. But I should say that Tom Morgan had an inhuman passion for work."

"It isn't work with him," Bernice observed; "it's play. Why, it's the most fun I've had yet—working at the Transcript Studios."

Again Sarah smiled wisely and said nothing. She was happy in Bernice's happiness.

Bernice sat for a long time thinking about Tom Morgan. She felt that she knew him better than any other man she had ever known—and liked him better. She knew that he liked her. If she had been a little franker with herself she would have said that he loved her. For though no word of love, no attempt at a caress, no suggestion of flirtation had ever escaped Tom Morgan she knew that he cared for her. She could not have told how. It was not necessary that she should be able to offer proofs. She *knew*. She was very happy.

A week later Tom and Bernice took Sarah with them on their bi-weekly visit to the neighborhood theater a couple of blocks away. It was one of those warm nights of which there are always at least one or two in the last half of March or the first half of April, nights that offer a tantalizing foreglimpse of what summer is to be, nights that in the country are intoxicating with the odors of spring and that even in the city give one a strange pleasure not wholly accounted for by the mere softness of the air. The three knew each other so well that they were able to enjoy each other's company without talking, certain that the spring night appealed alike to some inner sense in all of them. There was the lightest of breezes off the lake, warm, soft, caressing. It was just growing dark.

They found themselves in front of the theater just after the first performance had begun. They had half an hour to kill before the second one. Tom proposed that they walk up Sheridan Road a half dozen blocks.

"Yes, let's," Bernice answered.

But just as they turned the corner and

saw the long row of lamps that mark that highway of motor-cars Sarah met a trained nurse of her acquaintance, a girl whom she had not seen for a long time, and decided to walk back to the flat with her.

"We haven't gossiped over our cases for six months," Sarah apologized, "and it may be six months before we meet again."

Tom and Bernice walked on, side by side, without saying a word for half a mile. Bernice was happy simply in being with him and she knew that he was happy in being with her. She felt no strain because they did not speak. They had often walked so together in these last weeks just as they had often talked eagerly for three hours on end and then failed to say all they had to say. But gradually Bernice began to have a sense that tonight was different. Tom walked steadily and easily on. They kept step together automatically. What was the difference? Merely that this was the first evening that felt like spring she decided and knew that was not the secret even as she decided. She felt that Tom was going to put his arm around her. And then that thought struck her as silly. They were in Sheridan Road, in plain view always of a dozen passers-by. How absurd, she thought.

They reached one of the cross-streets.

"O, look," they both cried simultaneously.

The moon, a great red disk, was just rising out of the lake. It looked as if it were almost near enough to grasp. With one accord they turned down the cross-street toward the lake, looking at the disk, which, even as they walked two short blocks rose higher and grew smaller and less red. The street ended in the sandy beach of the lake shore but to the north was a low retaining wall, the top of which was level with the ground behind it and furnished a path. Tom took Bernice's arm and helped her up and as they walked along he kept it in his.

"Do you know, Bernice," Tom said, "that you'll be having an offer to go down to New York or out to Los Angeles at about twice the salary the Transcript Company is paying you. It'll happen most any time."

"It would be very nice to go to Los Angeles," Bernice said. "I suppose it's like this"—and she nodded toward the silver path across the ruffling water which

led to the moon—"I suppose it's like this most of the time out there. But I'd hate to leave the Transcript Studio just now. I'm learning so much working with you."

"I like working with you," Tom said quietly, "so much that I could never advise you to leave the Transcript Company while I'm the director."

"What would you advise me to do?" Bernice asked in a matter of fact tone.

"I'm not in a position to give you disinterested advice," Tom said in the same tone, as if he were gravely considering a business proposition which interested him but slightly. "What I should like you to do is another matter."

Bernice said nothing. She had a delicious sense that nobody in the world was quite like Tom, so outwardly calm and so inwardly tense. It was as if he were making mild fun of his own wild eagerness—not mocking it—merely acknowledging it with a smile at himself.

"What I want you to do," Tom continued amiably, "is to stay and marry me."

(THE END)

He Didn't Have to Tell Him

THE "Leading Man" with one of the Universal western companies, rushed madly up to the "Heavy," his eyes snapping, his jaw tightly set, and his hands clenched. It was very plain that there was going to be trouble. The property man grabbed the cape which the "Heavy" was wearing, and drew back to a safe distance.

"Did you tell the director that I was a fool?" demanded the "Leading Man."

"No," replied the "Heavy." "I did not—I thought he knew it."

"WAL, Sally, did them motion picture people get a moving picture of everything on the farm?"

"Yes, Hiram—everything, 'cept the hired man; they couldn't ketch him in motion."

"SALAMMBO," Gustave Flaubert's titanic story of ancient Carthage, was the first photoplay produced at the New York Hippodrome under the new motion picture policy.

Bernice's heart gave a little leap in spite of herself.

"Well," she said, in a tone that reproduced Tom's exactly, "I'll consider that. It rather appeals to me."

Tom turned quickly, his arm went around her.

"I love you," he cried fiercely; "I've loved you ever since that day you defied your step-father."

Bernice felt herself yielding. Happiness surged through her. Their lips met. A moment later, a little breathless, she released herself, and looked at him.

"I love you," she said.

He kissed her passionately.

"Let's go home and tell Sarah," she said.

"Sarah will be almost as happy as I am."

"Nobody," Tom said, "could be as happy as I am—or as lucky. You beauty."

Bernice looked up.

"Arthur Gordon said that to me once and I hated him for it. It made me hate being beautiful to hear him say it. But now—now, I'm glad!"

Hadn't Noticed

TWO "extra women," sweet, young things of about eighteen years, were talking, and, as usual, the conversation was about some "him."

"Did you notice that good-looking fellow who sat behind us in the street car this morning?" asked the first "extra."

"You mean the handsome fellow with the green necktie and tan suit, who wore his hair pompadour? No. Why?"

SOCIALISTS are using Jack London's powerful photoplay, "In the Valley of the Moon," to further their propaganda. It is said that the film has been one of the most powerful arguments that the party has ever used.

UNCLE SAM has bought 66 projection machines for the purpose of treating the sailors and soldiers in his service to movie shows in all parts of the world and the waters thereof.

The Camera Cavalry at Attention



Cleo Madison, the heroine of a thousand hair-breadth escapes, is a splendid and daring horsewoman. Here she is with her favorite mount—fiery, but well trained as the picture shows.

Rocks and Roses

LOVE LETTERS (AND OTHER-
WISE) FROM OUR READERS

Thank You!

Belleville, N. J., March 26th, 1915.
Photoplay Publishing Company,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Enclosed find 30c in stamps for which please send me January and February PHOTOPLAY; and I will say I never knew there was such a wonderful magazine till this month and I can hardly wait for it to come out.

Very truly yours,
RAYMOND A. SMITH.

From An Innocent Aspirant

Minnequa Hospital, Pueblo, Colo.,
March 8th, 1915.

Gentlemen:—I have just been reading the April number of your wonderfully interesting magazine and being somewhat of a movie fan and scenario writer, I must congratulate you on your honest intentions which have, I see, commenced with the April issue, by eliminating all the fake correspondence schools and all such concerns that make a graft from the innocent, aspiring scenario writers. Also in the matter of more actors and actresses.

No doubt there are lots of pretty girls who think the world would like to see their figure and charming features and would like to draw big pay checks. They are now shown by your plain, honest, solid facts that an amateur has got as much chance to get on the screen as I have to become President of the U. S. A.

Yours truly,
W. BETTENS.

Sylvia Appreciates

Detroit, Mich., March 29th, 1915.
Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:—I think your magazine a wonderful wonder. I can hardly wait until the fifth of each month to come and I read it from cover to cover.

Every copy is better than the one before

it, and if you keep it up I really don't see how you will be able to supply the "Photoplay Fans."

Since you have installed an Answer Department, I think your magazine incomparable.

I especially adore your interviews.

With most sincere wishes for the continued success of your magazine, I remain,
SYLVIA E. GOLDSMITH.

Slapping Shubert

San Francisco, Cal.
March 6th, 1915.

To the Editor:—Being an enthusiastic admirer of the "Silent Drama" and having witnessed this afternoon the stupendous production of "The Clansman," by David Griffith, I am forced to register my humble protest against such wet blanket articles as "Mr. Shubert Protests" in the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE this month.

He says, "Actors of both sexes cheapen themselves at least commercially by appearing in picture plays."

Do you think Sarah Bernhardt has "cheapened herself" because she has appeared in picture plays? I should say not.

Whenever I read of protests belittling picture plays, I always think of two girls I knew. One is quite a beauty; the other, while not so beautiful physically, has that rarer and more exquisite gift, personal magnetism, and, of course, when she began to outshine "Beauty," "Beauty" got piqued, and now, when anyone speaks of the other girl's charm "Beauty" invariably exclaims: "Oh, but she is from such a common family!"

And so it is with the legitimate and picture plays. While, of course, the picture plays have not yet outshone the legitimate plays (for filmdom is in its infancy) they have, at least (to use the vernacular) given them a run for their money.

If not, why do the legitimate managers rise up and make such protests?

I wonder has Mr. Shubert or any of the other legitimate plutocrats seen "The Clansman?"

If so, can they conceive any more realistic way in which that play could be depicted on the stage? I think not.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Oh, Cruel Ivan!

Pasadena, Cal.

March 28th, 1915.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen:—The way you printed the pictures of the players in your April issue displeased me very much. Why not print as large a picture on every page as you can, and have nothing else on that page except the name of the player and the company that he or she is with? I do not like to see a lot of border around a picture.

IVAN W. DICKSON.

A Friend in the North

Lennoxville, P. Q., Canada,

March 20th, 1915.

Dear Sir:—I have read your magazine, the PHOTOPLAY, and it is the best magazine I have ever read in my life. I enjoy it very much. The stories are grand. I am going to keep on reading the magazine. I have read it for a year.

Yours truly,

ARTHUR CROTHERS

Brief Praise But Good

New Bedford, Conn.

March 10th, 1915.

Dear Sir:—Photoplayers like to receive bits of praise from the people out front. No player can give the best there is in him, or her, without knowing that it is appreciated. I appreciate my favorites and want them to know it. I want PHOTOPLAY to let them know it, for PHOTOPLAY plays no favorites and every player would come in for his or her share.

PHOTOPLAY is my favorite magazine. It has ever been excellent. Good luck to you.

Yours,

NANCE O'NEILL.

She Loves Her Husband

Crete, Ind., March 8th, 1915.

To PHOTOPLAY:

PHOTOPLAY is certainly great. The illustrations are greater, and Mary Pickford is

greaterest. But Charlie Chaplin is my favorite.

But that is not what I started to write about—it was to ask for a little information. I am making a collection of photographs of actors and actresses that are of Irish descent and I like to know who are of that nationality and who are not.

I think we outsiders ought to have a right to put in a word once in awhile. We pay just the same for PHOTOPLAY as any one, and when that one lives five thousand miles from nowhere in an inland town, that boasts of two churches, two stores, and a schoolhouse—not a sign of a movie within six miles. Can you conceive of a life more desolate than mine? Do you wonder that I feel that I will run over some times? And that I hail PHOTOPLAY with such great delight, as my chief pleasure. Then think, on top of it all, that I cannot afford a Ford even, and publish a few names of your Irish actors.

I guess I am like some of my Irish ancestors—poor and Irish. Proud of it; but very unhandy.

I will end this all in a love story: I would not live in this place if I did not love my husband.

Yours,

MARIE DE COSAND.

All for Nine Dollars

Syracuse, N. Y.

March 27, 1915.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,

Chicago, Illinois.

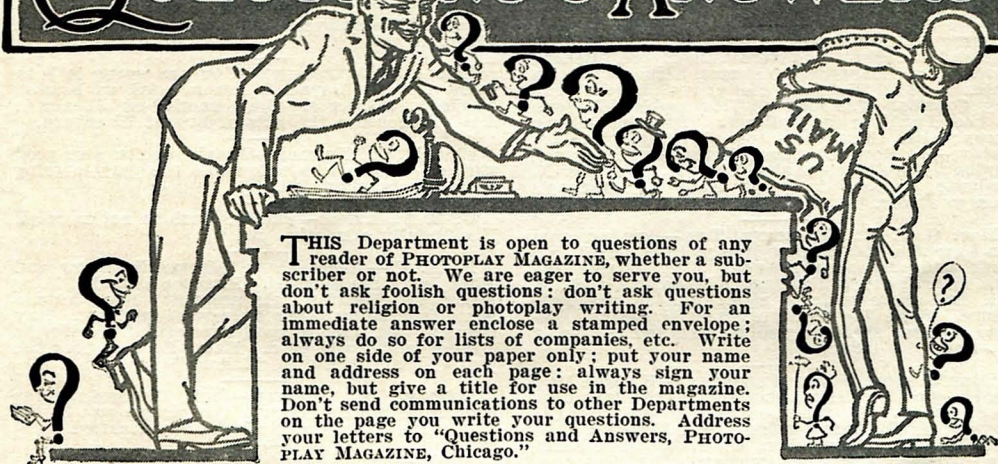
Sir: We can hardly understand your attitude with regard to the recent publication of an article in your magazine, informing the public, in just so many words, that so-called schools and concerns selling photo-playwriting courses, etc., are "no good." Good and bad alike have suffered severely from this criticism, and we are almost daily receiving the most cutting and hard, sarcastic letters from our former patrons and others, accusing us of being "fakirs," etc., and referring to your magazine as the source of their information.

We have given 4 times more for their money than any other concern we can recall, giving them a Twenty Lesson Course which is without parallel, also a set of books, rubber stamp outfit and a \$5.00 visible typewriter, etc., etc., for \$9.00.

Respectfully,

AMERICAN FILMOGRAPH Co., Inc.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS



THIS Department is open to questions of any reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, whether a subscriber or not. We are eager to serve you, but don't ask foolish questions: don't ask questions about religion or photoplay writing. For an immediate answer enclose a stamped envelope; always do so for lists of companies, etc. Write on one side of your paper only; put your name and address on each page: always sign your name, but give a title for use in the magazine. Don't send communications to other Departments on the page you write your questions. Address your letters to "Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Chicago."

I. N., MINNEAPOLIS.—Enid Markey played opposite Charles Ray both in "The Power of the Angelus" (Domino), and "In the Tennessee Hills" (Kay-Bee). A photograph of Grace Cunard will be mailed you if you send a quarter to the Universal Film Co., Mecca Bldg., New York.

EUDYSS A., ALAMEDA, CALIF.—Give us brand name in asking about those films, just saying "Universal" isn't enough. There are ten or fifteen brands of Universal films and we have to know which one you saw to give you the right information. Antonio Moreno of Vitagraph isn't married. Yale Boss is just old enough to be wearing his first long trousers. Maurice Costello has not separated from his wife. Where did you ever get that idea?

E. L. G., FOREST PARK, ILL.—The American Beauty studio is at Santa Barbara, Calif. The daughter in Kay Bee's "A Midas of the Desert" is Elizabeth Burbridge.

MRS. V. H. C., FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.—Vivien in Vitagraph's "Uncle Bill" is Anita Stewart. You can see her again in "From Headquarters," released on March 16. She certainly is great.

"GLADYS," COLUMBUS, O.—The children in American's "Imitations" were Dwight Young, Marguerite Steppeling and Claire Gamble. Ruth Stonehouse and Bryant Washburn are not related. No, Francis X. Bushman says he is not married.

"DUBY II," MANDAN, N. D.—Norma Phillips and J. W. Johnston have the leads in "Runaway June." Certainly, a theater not regularly running Essanay films can secure the Chaplin comedies, but that is a matter you will have to handle through your exchange. J. Warren Kerrigan is not married. Players frequently are glad to send their photographs to their admirers, but you should enclose a quarter at least to cover the cost and postage on them.

BARBARA H. S., ST. PAUL.—Arnold Daly came to Pathe from the legitimate stage. You can secure a photograph of him by writing the Pathe Freres, 1 Congress Street, Jersey City, N. J. "Bobby" Blethering in Reliance's "Runaway June" is George M. Marlo. There are to be fifteen episodes of "The Exploits of Elaine." Pearl White has been married.

CATHERINE C., MONTREAL.—Ruth Roland played that role you mention in Kalem's "Old Isaacson's Diamonds." Players will answer your letters when they have time, if you send stamped envelope. Ella Hall should be addressed care Universal Studios, Universal City, Los Angeles, California.

LOUIS M., PINE LAKE, WIS.—The cast of Broncho's "The Cruise of the Molly Ann" is as follows: Nell Farrell—Rhea Mitchell; John Farrell—Walter Belasco; Captain Tom—Harry Keenan; and Bill Jones—Walter Edwards. The spy in Thanhouser's "The Emperor's Spy" was Miss Kroell. The girl in Broncho's "The Boss of the Eighth" is Enid Markey; "Steve" is Walter Edwards and "Shorty" is Shorty Hamilton.

H. M. L., PARKVILLE, MO.—You are mistaken about Ruth Donnelly. You ask who plays the part of the husband, the old man, and the child, but don't tell us to what film you refer. Give us a clue to work on. Charley Chaplin's companion in "A Night Out" was Ben Turpin. Famous Players' "A Bachelor's Romance" was four reels in length.

W. E. MC., CINCINNATI.—The cast in Kalem's "The Fatal Opal" is as follows: Alice Bainbridge—Marin Sais; Frank Morton—Douglas Gerrarde; Judge Morton—William H. West; and Sandy McGee—Paul Hurst. Charles Chaplin is the only player cast in that Keystone film.

R. H. C., ATLANTA.—The complete cast of Vitagraph's "413" is as follows: Elaine Hall—Anita Stewart; Tina—Julia Swayne Gordon; Raymond Davis—Harry Morey; Mr. Hall—Anders Randolph; Baron Barcellos—Harry Northrup; Sub-chief of Secret Service—Paul Scardon.

J. W. C., MARYSVILLE, KAN.—Irene Howley is with the Biograph Company now in Los Angeles. Address her care of the Biograph Company in that city.

BILLY S., MINNEAPOLIS.—Peg in Imp's "Peg o' the Wilds" was Violet Mersereau. The girl in Reliance's "The Studio of Life" was Marguerite Loveridge. Hope you win your debate; go to it!

MRS. R. WILLIAMS, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will not recommend to you any school of photoplay writing. "Cut-back" in scenario writing refers to the second or third showing of a particular scene that has been presented earlier in the play. "Screen" and "flash" are about synonymous. If you will carefully look over the sample scenario published in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY you will get a good idea of the form in which your script should be prepared.

MRS. L. J. D., WARREN, PA.—The cast of Domino's "The Friend" is as follows: Grant Keller—Charles Ray; Bruce Livingston—Webster Campbell; Daisy Edwards—Enid Markey. Charles Chaplin was born in England.

EMMA L., ST. LOUIS—Florence LaBadie is still appearing on the screen. You must have missed some of the recent releases in which she was seen. "Ruth" in Kalem's "Old Isaacson's Diamonds" was Ruth Roland. Crane Wilbur is now with the Lubin company.

BETTY G., ALBANY—The leads in Kalem's "The Girl and the Explorer" were Tom Moore, Richard Purdon and Marguerite Courtot. The prince in Kalem's "The Theft of the Crown Jewels" was Guy Coombs. The cast of Vitagraph's "Shadows of the Past" is as follows: Brandon—Harry Morey; Mrs. Brandon—Rose E. Tapley; Mark Stetson—L. Rogers Lytton; Helen—Julia Swayne Gordon; Antoinette—Anita Stewart. Francis X. Bushman appears in plays made at Essanay's Chicago studio.

MRS. G. J. R., PALESTINE, TEX.—Are you sure you have the title of that Imp picture right? We don't find any such release. King Baggot has been interviewed in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and you will find more articles about him in the near future. Send 15c to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Chicago, and we shall be glad to mail you a copy of the issue you missed.

"BETTY FROM NORTH CAROLINA"—Wallace Reid played opposite Claire Anderson in the last Reliance picture. At the time this is written "The Craven" is the latest release in which Mr. Reid is to be seen. Harry Von Meter, not Jack Kerrigan, played "Jim" in American's "A Heart of Gold." Mr. Kerrigan is still with American. Wallace Kerrigan does not appear regularly in pictures.

G. C. P., FRANKLIN GROVE, ILL.—Cleo Madison is unmarried and may be reached by addressing her at the Universal Film Co., Los Angeles, Calif. She has appeared in innumerable Universal films, among the most recent releases being "Their Hour" and "Diana of Eagle Mountain."

"THE 1915 GIRL," SAN FRANCISCO—"Jim" in American's "A Heart of Gold" was Harry Von Meter. Joseph Kauffman was the player in Lubin's "The Furnace Man." Must have name of play and the brand to answer your other question. Just saying "Universal" isn't enough. As to those films you call "silly," you will discover that hundreds and hundreds of other fans think they are great. It's hard, you know, to satisfy everybody and the manufacturers are endeavoring to provide something for all.

LAURA M. O., GREENLAND, N. H.—Enid Markey was "Pepita" in Kay Bee's "The Fortunes of War" and the two men who were her suitors are Herchal Mayall and Charles Ray. The Keystone player appearing as "Hogan" is Mark Swain. Thanks for boosting the department.

A. F., KAMLOOPS, B. C.—Why don't you write a scenario yourself? There is no place that I know of for you to send your ideas to to have a photoplay written.

FLO AND PEGGY—See answers to your questions under "Photoplayers Constant Reader" and "Inquisitive."

PERMA E., ALLENTOWN—You are wrong in both cases. Beverly Bayne is not married to Francis Bushman, in fact she isn't married at all, nor is Ruth Stonehouse the wife of Bryant Washburn.

MRS. H. W., NEWARK—Thank you for your good wishes. People who talk while the play is going on are pests, that's all.

G. E. F., TEXAS—Pauline Bush is not married. Wonderfully attractive girl.

P. M. C.—James Cruze, Marguerite Snow and Alice Joyce are married. Florence LaBadie, Mary Fuller and Charles Ogle are not. Mrs. Costello has taken minor parts in several pictures. Any company will take a good synopsis, if the idea is original and really good. Harry Benham took the part of John Storm in "Zudora."

DOROTHY C., SEATTLE—Jack Pickford is the brother of "Little Mary." His picture was in the May issue. Marguerite Clarke is unmarried.

H. H.—The Liberty theatre in New York is showing "The Birth of a Nation," a Mutual production. Hundreds of theatres in New York are showing Mutual films; enquire at a number of them and see if I am not right.

MRS. B. S., DALLAS—Miss Turner has been in England for the past two years, that is why you haven't seen her in pictures. Mr. Farnum is the original Ben Hur. Maurice Costello's health is perfect—look at him in the pictures and judge for yourself.

C. D. & S.—Warren Kerrigan is with the Universal Film Co., address Los Angeles, Calif. Bob Leonard and Ella Hall are not married. Address them in care of the Universal Film Co. No, of course, Cleo Madison was not in "The Master Key." How you fans notice things.

I. K. G.—House Peters played opposite Blanche Sweet in "The Warrens of Virginia." Tom, Matt, and Owen Moore are brothers. Director Griffith is with the Majestic and Reliance branches of the Mutual.

GRACE, GLEE AND GAY—Ethel Clayton appears in "The Furnace Man." Tom and Owen Moore are brothers. See answer to your other question under "Miss Forward."

No—They're Not Dead

PRESIDENT WILSON might explain it in terms of psychology, but we refuse to try to explain it at all. Every month there sweeps over this country a rumor of the death of some star photoplayer and at once this office is flooded with letters, asking if it is true that Mary Pickford or Blanche Sweet or Mary Fuller or Mabel Normand is dead, or whether Charley Chaplin or Francis Bushman or John Bunny or King Baggot have passed to "where it's always double drill and no canteen."

Last month we received three or four dozen letters asking if Florence La Badie had joined the Heavenly Movies. She's the liveliest thing you've ever seen. Have a heart. Why pick on Florence? We can't afford to lose her.

Don't worry, fans, keep your seats! With nearly all your favorites the show has merely started. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has staff correspondents at the front wherever photoplays are being produced and if there's any news, you shall have it as soon as the current magazine can be gotten off the press. We scooped even Dame Rumor on the Alice Joyce news; you read it on the first page last month. Don't worry; it'll get you into bad habits and summer is coming!

BLANCHE A., NEW YORK CITY.—There are no specified number of scenes for one reel photoplays, two reel ones, etc. We have seen single reels with more than eighty scenes and with less than thirty. As a rule, however, we should guess fifty to sixty scenes about the average one reel script. Your idea of the usual rates is quite correct. You have to take what the concern offers you as a rule, but if your script is really unusual it will demand a fair price. Some companies of course pay more than others.

"BEVERLY," RICHMOND, VA.—Owen Moore is a splendid actor of juvenile and character roles. He has appeared in Biograph, Victor, Universal, Reliance, Lasky, Famous Players and Imp productions and now we learn is to do some work for Keystone. He married Mary Pickford while both were playing in the East. We cannot answer your third question.

G. H. G. AND M. G. G., CHICAGO.—Florence Lawrence will perhaps have returned to the screen by the time this gets into print. We don't know on the day this is being written what company is to have her services, but she is reported to be "coming back" and that very soon. The other two players you mention are no longer appearing in the movies. Dorothy Davenport is appearing in feature films.

R. B. G., TYLER, TEX.—It is not necessary to copyright a motion picture scenario before submitting it to the film companies.

"E PLURIBUS UNUM," CHICAGO.—Max Figman is married to Lolita Robertson, his leading woman, and both have been appearing in Masterpiece films. That company is located in California, but we understand Mr. and Mrs. Figman are no longer to be connected with it.

"PRYSCILLA," MONTREAL.—Glad you like the department. Gilbert Anderson is a very, very live man—Don't believe a word of those wild stories about this and that popular star being killed. They're all "bunk." John Bunny is touring the country, and the reason you still see him in Vitagraph pictures is because the pictures were all taken before he left the Vitagraph studios. Chaplin is pronounced with the accent on the first syllable. No, Yale Boss is not related to Arthur Houseman. We can't agree with you on the serials. Some of them we thought very good, but it's all a matter of opinion.

ZORA E. A., PETERBORO, N. H.—Crane Wilbur is now with Lubin. Earle Williams is still on the screen. You must have missed some of his pictures. Pearl White has appeared on the cover of *PHOTOPLAY*. King Baggot has appeared opposite several different leads. The last picture we saw him in Arline Pretty was opposite him.

"UNIQUE SUM," NEW YORK CITY.—We don't believe the script editors of any of the reliable film companies steal ideas from scripts submitted and then reject the scripts, but there are some companies that might be guilty. Moral—do business with reliable concerns only—the well established and better known ones.

MARY C., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Your first question is too indefinite for us to answer. Give us the right brand name of the film and we'll try again. Yes, Winifred Greenwood is Mrs. George Fields. Mabel Normand is still with Keystone. William Garwood had the lead in the American picture you name. Yes, the actor you mention is married, but his wife doesn't appear in pictures. The salaries of the various players we think to be nobody's business but their own.

"GESHW," CHICAGO.—Yes, Jack Kerrigan, Warren Kerrigan and J. W. Kerrigan are all the same individual. His name is Jack Warren Kerrigan. You don't say who made the picture you mention. There happen to be three films all of the same title.

DOROTHY S., NEW YORK CITY.—Ethel Clayton had that part in the Lubin film you name. None of the players you mention are married—if the press agent is to be believed.

EDWIN C. I., MONROE, WIS.—We know of no such book. The marketing of your films after you have them made is going to be a problem. Most of the exchanges don't take in outsiders. Such firms as Warners Features, Pathe, Inc., and World Film Corporation buy films but you would have to satisfy them of the quality of your product.

R. J. B.—The National Board of Censorship is a volunteer organization of social workers in New York City, formed in 1909 on the initiative of the People's Institute. A number of civil and social organizations were invited by the People's Institute to join in the censorship of the pictures and the film manufacturers of the country voluntarily consented to submit their films to this body. The members work without salary, with the single exceptions of the general secretary and his assistants, who are paid. The board is supported by voluntary contributions from the manufacturers of film and public spirited individuals who donate various sums. The miser in Domino's "The Mills of the Gods" was played by Jay Hunt.

MONTGOMERY READER, MONTGOMERY, W. VA.—Leah Baird was married some time ago to an ex-changeman of the middle west, but still continues her work in pictures. Edna Payne and Edna Maisson are both employed by the Universal Film Co. and can be addressed by writing them, care of the studios of that company, Universal City, Los Angeles, Cal. We cannot answer questions pertaining to the religion of this or that player. *Seneca Trine* in Universal's serial "The Trey o' Hearts" was played by Edward Sloman.

FLOYD S., GAINSVILLE, GA.—The complete cast of American's "Heart of Gold" is as follows: *Jim*—Harry Von Meter; *Jake*—Jack Richardson; *Fred*—Reeves Eason; *Mary*—Vivian Rich and *Mrs. Carr*—Louise Lester. The English lord in Broncho's "Shorty Falls Into a Title" was Jerome Storm. *Jack* in Reliance's "A Wife from the Country" was Jack Clifford. The other girl in Kalem's "Old Isaacson's Diamonds" was Cleo Ridgeley. You'll have to tell us which brand of Universal that film was. Universal has so many different brands that it is almost hopeless for us to find the cast sheet without knowing which brand to look under. To find out about the Essanay prize winners write Essanay Film Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago, Ill.

GRETCHEN MCE., ST. PAUL, MINN.—Harold Lockwood is no longer with Famous Players but soon will appear in productions made by the American Film Manufacturing Company at Santa Barbara, California.

FELICIA L. R., BROWNWOOD, TEX.—Bryant Washburn is the husband of Mabel Forrest, who also appears in Essanay pictures. Their pictures appeared in the April issue. But the others you name are unmarried. We can't tell you the exact locality where the scenes in that Mrs. Fiske picture were taken, but perhaps if you were to enclose a stamped envelope for a reply and write the publicity department of the Famous Players Film Company, of New York City, you would be able to learn. The leading players in "The Spoilers" were William Farnum, Kathryn Williams, Bessie Eytan, and Thomas Santschi. Jack Kerrigan was born in Louisville, Ky.

J. L. F., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—"Julius Caesar" was produced by the Cines Company of Italy. The same firm made "Quo Vadis" and many other big features. No, the entire production does not have to be enacted all over again when a film is worn out. The negative is not exhibited—it is only the positive prints which are made from the negative that are shown in the theaters.

F. W. B., MADISON, WIS.—Yes, to your first question. Just send the synopsis of your story to those companies. They don't want scenarios of the usual kind showing the action scene by scene. Such a scenario is prepared by experts in the employ of the film company from the synopsis you submit. Ford Sterling did not appear in Keystone's "Sea Nymphs." The actor you mistook for him was only made up the same as Sterling used to make up. Mr. Sterling was at that time in the employ of the Universal Company but is now back with Keystone.

MISS GEORGETTE P. PASSAIC, N. J.—Crane Wilbur has left Pathe Freres, but instead of being in vaudeville as you suggest he is now acting in Lubin films. The brand of film for which the letters "A. B." in a circle form the trademark is Biograph. The letters stand for "American Biograph."

MRS. R. S., CINCINNATI, O.—Of the players you name Ruth Stonehouse is the only one known to be married. Her husband is Joseph Roach.

A MOVIE FAN—Marguerite Snow is Mrs. James Cruze in private life. The Mutual company sends "Reel Life" only to exhibitors. It's a house organ.

V. G., SOUTH CHICAGO—Of course, I'm not angry at you. I hope that you will write to me whenever you feel in the mood to do so. I have not heard that Warren Kerrigan is engaged. Careless of him not to let me know, if he is.

S. E., NEW ORLEANS—Your request for an interview with your favorite will be granted as soon as possible.

GLADYS B.—To be on the safe side you had better send 25c for the photograph. The address of the American Film Co. is Santa Barbara, Calif. It was Harold Lockwood who played opposite Marguerite Clarke in "Wildflower." I do not understand your other question, make it more clear.

A. D. J., WASHINGTON—Alice Joyce was with the Kalem company at Jacksonville during the winter. The pictures in which Marguerite Clarke appeared were taken in California.

MIGNON—Beatriz Michelena played the lead in "Mignon," a California M. P. Corp. production. Send 25c and we will prepare that list of players for you.

E. C. B.—Surely. Keep after it. Every effort increases your ability as a writer. The letters you received from the scenario editors sound very encouraging.

E. LEX—Marguerite Loveridge takes the part of Tommy Thomas in "Runaway June." If you want Miss Leonard's photograph write to her personally. You will have to state your other question more clearly.

INTERESTED—Tom Moore played the lead in "The Cabaret Singer." You refer to Ruth Roland in "Old Isaacson's Diamonds." Florence LaBadie has appeared in many pictures besides the "Million Dollar Mystery."

E. S., BUFFALO—Maurice Costello is still appearing in Vitagraph pictures. He's busy as a director, too. Irene Warfield was the leading lady in "Blood Will Tell." Essanay. I don't see why you think they ridicule all ministers in the pictures. A play to succeed is always based on well known human characteristics, emphasized sufficiently to make the point strike home.

BLONDY—If you write Miss Stewart you might say you would like to hear from her. William Clifford is married. The mother in "Mother's Roses" was Mary Maurice; the daughter, Dorothy Kelly, and the son, James Morrison. Glad to hear that you are a PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE enthusiast.

JUNE B.—Write to the Publicity Department of the Universal Film Co., Mecca Bldg., New York, and perhaps he can get you one of Ella Hall's autographed photographs. Yes, I think that you had better send 25c for the picture of Universal City.

E. K.—If you go to any public stenographer in any large office building, you can get your scenario typewritten. Have it neatly prepared with good margins and double spaced lines.

PEGGY—Address Lillian Walker personally, we will gladly forward your letter. Blanche Sweet is with the Lasky company at Hollywood, Calif. Mabel Normand with the Keystone in Los Angeles. No trouble at all, write often.

W. M. H., PITTSBURGH—No, none of the players you mentioned is married except G. M. Anderson, and his wife is a non-professional. Florence Lawrence has left the movies, temporarily at least. Fred Mace is with the Peerless company. Irene Boyle is a member of Kalem. Lottie Pickford is taking the lead in the new serial, "The Diamond from the Skies." E. H. Calvert is with the Essanay.

CRISY HOPKINS—The Box Office Attraction Co. and the World Film Co. are two separate corporations, the first now being known as The Fox Film Co. It is very necessary to have a scenario type-written, because editors refuse to spend valuable time solving handwriting riddles.

E. K.—The only way I can suggest for you to get a photograph of Ella Hall and Robert Leonard is to write the publicity director of the Universal Film Co., Los Angeles, Calif., and tell him that you would like the pictures. Send 25c for each.

A READER—Mary Pickford is married to Owen Moore. He has just joined with the Keystone company. They have been married about four years.

D. M., DETROIT—Kathlyn Williams will soon be seen in "The Ne'er Do Well," a photoplay that was taken in Panama a short time ago. The story is from the pen of Rex Beach and is one of his best stories.

A MOVIE FAN—For answer to your questions I refer you to E. K. and "Photoplayers Constant Reader."

Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give below a number of the principal ones:

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., Mecca Bldg., New York City, or Los Angeles, Calif.

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Orange, N. J.

ESSANAY FILM MFG. CO., 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago, or Niles, Calif.

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 213 West 26th St., New York City, or Los Angeles, Calif.

KALEM COMPANY, 235 West 23d St., New York City; Jacksonville, Fla.; or Hollywood, Calif.

LUBIN MFG. CO., Indiana and Twentieth, Philadelphia.

MUTUAL FILM CORPORATION, 71 West 23d Street, New York City, or Los Angeles, Calif.

SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., 20 East Randolph, Chicago, or Glendale, Calif.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY, Locust and East 15th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THANHOUSER FILM CORPORATION, New Rochelle, N. Y.

BOSWORTH, INC., 220 West 42d St., New York City, or Los Angeles, Calif.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 120 West 41st St., New York City, or Hollywood, Calif.

ECLAIR FILM CO., 225 West 42d St., New York City.

PATHE EXCHANGE, 25 West 45th St., New York City.

RELIANCE-MAJESTIC, 29 Union Square, New York City, or Los Angeles, Calif.

KEYSTONE COMPANY, 1712 Allesandro St., Los Angeles, Calif.

BIOGRAPH COMPANY, 807 East 175th St., New York City.

N. Y. MOTION PICTURE CORP., Longacre Bldg., New York City, or Santa Monica, Calif.

CALIFORNIA MOTION PICTURE CORP., San Francisco.

GAUMONT COMPANY, 110 West 40th St., New York City.

KRITERION, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

WORLD FILM CORPORATION, 130 West 46th St., New York City.

GEORGE KLEINE, INC., 106 North State Street, Chicago.

FOX FILM CORP., 130 West 46th St., New York City.

AMERICAN FILM CORPORATION, 6227 Broadway, Chicago, or Santa Barbara, Calif.



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The B. V. D. Company, New York.

London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.

J. E. D., ONTARIO—You will find answer to your question under "Miss V. H."

H. L. W., NEW YORK—The man that you asked me about is not in the cast of the Lubin picture "Beneath the Sea." I would suggest that you write to the Lubin company, sending in the name of your old friend and if he is a member of their company they will be glad to let you know.

C. Q., NEW BREMEN—Miss Nansen has come over from Denmark to appear in pictures for the Fox Film Company. And she's a wonderful actress, too.

SUBSCRIBER—I have read the clippings that you sent and it seems to me that the censorship board must be having quite a hard time in Columbus. Public opinion is the best censor there is.

S. L.—Because you said so many nice things about our magazine we are going to be nice too and have a picture of your favorite in our gallery soon.

MARGUERITE SNOW ADMIRER—Edith Storey, Beverly Bayne, Richard Travers and James Morrison are not married. Norma Talmadge is not Mrs. Moreno in private life, nor is Mary Fuller, Mrs. Ogle. Regarding Ruth Stonehouse, see K. R. Monroe, N. C. Indeed I do think that Marguerite Snow is a splendid actress.

A. D., HARTFORD—For answer to your question I refer you to J. J., Washington, in this issue.

MRS. K. F. P., WILMETTE—Crane Wilbur is now with the Lubin, though he was with Pathe for a number of years.

H. B., SAN RAFAEL—Mabel Norman is not married. Thank you for the kind words.

F. U.—Kindly give me the name of the company that produced the play you speak of. You will find answer to your other questions under C. D. S., "Inquisitive" and "Photoplayers Constant Reader."

M. E. S.—Send your questions to me. I will gladly answer them.

HELEN H.—There are no large studios located in Denver. Numerous stenographers are employed at a moving picture plant. Some film favorites have their private secretaries, while others prefer attending to their own affairs.

J. C. B., CLEVELAND—Editors generally have rejection slips which they put on a scenario when it is returned. It doesn't make any particular difference, but I think I would let the company name the price. Then if they were not willing to pay a sufficient amount you could take it elsewhere.

E. K.—Kindly give me the name of the company that produced the play you mention, and I'll be glad to trace the matter further.

D. A., CHATTANOOGA—For answer to your question see "Madelin F., Detroit."

C. E. P., MINNEAPOLIS—Thank you for your letter. You have offered some very good suggestions and I appreciate your interest very much. Miss Bayne is a Minneapolis girl.

N. T. T.—I guess that you don't understand that this isn't a studio and we haven't any need for stage hands. I would suggest that you write to some film company and ask if they are in need of mechanical assistants.

F. R.—The same for you as N. T. T.

J. J., WASHINGTON—Marion Leonard is still in movie land. Trunnelle is pronounced as if it were spelled "true-nell." Glad that you think the magazine instructive. Write again some time.

E. G.—You refer to Van Dyke Brook, the middle-aged man who plays with Norma Talmadge and Leo Delaney.

Y. M., FRISCO—See A. S., Pittsburgh, for answer to your question.

A. G., KANSAS CITY—You could not start right in as leading lady. At first you would have to take extra parts, and then, if you seemed to have any talent, you would undoubtedly be given larger roles. There are so many in the field at the present that there isn't much chance for a beginner, so I really discourage the idea of starting without experience. It is one of the most serious lines of work there is. Suppose you wanted to be a lawyer or a doctor; would you expect to start right in with a good practice?

LURA, IOWA—I refer you to Mrs. K. P. F. Wilmette, in this issue, for answer to your one question concerning Crane Wilbur. He has been married, but is now a widower.

K.—Rita Stanwood played opposite H. B. Warner in "The Ghost Breaker." Beatriz Michelena is with the California Motion Picture Corporation. I think that small cities can stand the feature pictures as well as the larger ones, don't you? Your town should have "Mignon." It is a wonderful play.

KERRIGAN COMPANY—The Mutual and Keystone have companies in Los Angeles. Some of the other large studios are located in suburbs just outside of Los Angeles. Mr. Laemmle is at the head of the Universal. I would write to Mr. Kerrigan and explain the circumstances, and I haven't a doubt but he will send you the photograph. But don't be a sponge; send a quarter.

L. D., JAMESBURG—Miss Talmadge and Antonio Moreno are not married.

W. M. H., BINGHAMTON—The majority of the large companies issue instruction sheets. I do not recommend a scenario school. Would you expect to become a Jack London or a Booth Tarkington in a few lessons?

A. E. P.—Signe Auen, Francella Billington and Florence La Badie are not related in any way.

P. S., KANSAS CITY—Mary Fuller is not married. See answer to your other question under "A Reader."

A. D. E.—To both of your questions I answer "No." If a magazine story is used, all rights to that story must be purchased from the magazine by the producing company.

MYRTLE A.—Mary Fuller is with the Universal. You may address her care PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Chicago. Arthur Johnson is married. I refer you to L. P. C. O., in this issue, in answer to your other question.

A. H., PORTSMOUTH—In answer to your first question, see "R. R. Monroe, N. C." Miss La Badie may appear in some of the last episodes of "The Twenty Million Dollar Mystery."

E. T. M.—You will find answer to your first question under "Photoplayers' Constant Reader." If I were in your place I do not believe that I would write to Mr. Cruze.

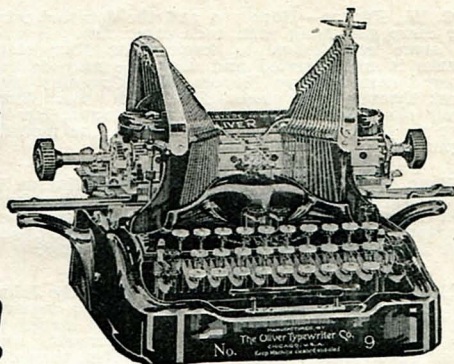
MISS FORWARD—Tom Moore and Marguerite Courtot in "The Cabaret Singer." Miss Courtot is not married, but Mr. Moore is the husband of Alice Joyce.

PENNYS PA—Miss Irene Boyle plays the part of the doctor's wife in "The Primitive Instinct." The "Adventures of Kathlyn" and "The White Mouse" were taken in California. Helen Holmes was the operator in "The Operator of Black Rock." I am glad that you think so much of PHOTOPLAY. Watch the next few issues.

(Continued to Page 160)

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E. E. P., ELKHART, IND.—That's the idea, be versatile! Go after the big ones and the little ones alike. Charlie Chaplin is not married, but King Baggott is thought to be a non-professional. Chaplin is with Essanay at Hollywood, Cal., and Baggott is with Vitagraph in Brooklyn. If you are going to do any kidding, try it on the King—he doesn't carry a cane so freely.

C. W., FRISCO—Hope you and the deserted mining camp get along with each other fine. It will be some consolation to know that Marguerite Clarke is not married and that she may be addressed care Famous Players Film Company, 213 West Twenty-sixth street, New York City. Very likely she would send you her photograph, but be sure to send postage. Good luck to the modern Argonaut.

MISS E. S., MCKEESPORT, PA.—Ethel Clayton is not married to Joseph Kaufman, nor is King Baggott married to Leah Baird. Did you see Miss Clayton in "The Blessed Miracle"? Don't she and Kaufman handle that play wonderfully?

E. L., LOS ANGELES—The principals in the Johnson-Jeffries fight got very little from the moving pictures, as the exhibition of them was barred in nearly all of the larger cities. The royalty was never made public, but it is known that they did not prove the gold mine that was anticipated. Vitagraph took them and did the releasing.

HENRY KING'S LOYAL FRIEND—Owen Moore is Cleo's sweetheart in "The Battle of the Sexes" (Mutual). What you folks want is a daily bulletin about your movie friends, but PHOTOPLAY features players of all companies, and we shall probably get to Henry before long. He's mighty good.

A READER, GRAND FORKS—PHOTOPLAY accepts many short stories if they are of the sort that you find in the current issues. There is no rule regarding the length of time it takes to get scripts back from film companies. If of no use to the producer, they are usually returned at once, but in a case where the availability is doubtful, a meritorious manuscript is often retained for some time.

ANNIE M. M., CHICAGO—Florence La Badie's address is Thanhouser Company, New Rochelle, N. Y. You will find many pictures of her in an interesting interview in August, 1914, PHOTOPLAY. The whys and wherefores of Jimmie Cruze are all explained in September PHOTOPLAY of that year.

JOHN W., ST. PAUL—Charlie Chaplin is at the Essanay Studio, Niles, Cal.

CALOPTICAL—You will probably find a lot of interesting information regarding Dustin Farnum in the roles you mention in an interview to appear shortly. Watch for it; you'll like it.

GORDON K., SUPERIOR, WIS.—"Smiling Eddie" Lyons was born at Beardstown, Ill., in 1886, and at present he is with the Universal. You will find a mighty interesting interview with him (lots of pictures) in March PHOTOPLAY. Are visitors permitted at Universal City? Why don't you ask if visitors are permitted at the exposition? There were more people at the opening of Universal City than attended the opening of the fair. Lenore Ulrich is playing for the Moresco productions and very likely will be featured in other plays than "The Bird of Paradise," though nothing has been announced to that effect. A wonderful player, with wonderful management; her great success is assured.

CECELIA S.—I turned your "Seen and Heard" contribution over to the joke editor. You ought to see him in action. He's one of these New York newspaper men, and he has gotten so that he can read jokes all day and never crack a smile. We had quite a lot of stuff on Cleo Madison in the February issue; a story by Cleo herself.

ADRIANE G., CAMBRIDGE—Norma Talmadge is unmarried, Marguerite Snow and Jimmie Cruze have children, and they have played in the movies.

K. C., DANBURY, CONN.—The best way for you to secure that special photograph is to write to the publicity department of the Universal Film Company at Los Angeles, describing the picture and asking the price.

A SUBSCRIBER—Your scenario must be typewritten. It is not necessary that you buy a typewriter just to write one story. Either rent a typewriter or go to some public stenographer where you can have it done for a reasonable price.

C. C. V., WILKESBARRE—William Farnum does not pose regularly for the Selig Company. See answer to Mrs. K. P. F., in this issue, for answer to your other question.

A. W., DAYTON—Beverly Bayne is 20 years old and is not married. Charles Chaplin is single, too.

M. B., WASHINGTON—Kindly give me the title of that play and by what company it was produced, and I will be glad to answer your question. J. Warren Kerrigan, Jack Warren Kerrigan and Warren Kerrigan are one and the same man.

P. F., TRENTON—For answer to your question see R. R. Monroe, N. C.

C. S. M., ROME, N. Y.—See "A Subscriber" for answer to your question.

H. C.—Florence La Badie is still appearing in Thanhouser photoplays. I haven't the slightest idea why they didn't put her in "Zudora." I refer you to "Inquisitive" for answer to your last question.

E. A., GREAT FALLS, MONT.—Address letters to Lasky Feature Play Company, 220 West Forty-eighth street, New York City.

N. O., BRONX—The companies with studios in New York City are Biograph, Vitagraph, Colonial, Edison, Famous Players, Kalem, and Universal.

R. H. S.—Your first question is answered under "Photoplayers' Constant Reader." The best way for you to do would be for you to write to the publicity department of the Thanhouser Company, stating that you would like Miss La Badie's photograph. Send 25 cents to cover expense of sending picture.

M. N., BALTIMORE—Mr. Bushman's middle name is Xavier. Marguerite Clayton is not married to G. M. Anderson.

MRS. E. S.—I thank you for your information and also for your kind words about the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Miss Jeanie MacPherson is with the Lasky Company.

A. S., PITTSBURGH—None of the players that you mention is married.

J. J., PITTSBURGH—Same to you, J. J.

MRS. G. F., MAYWOOD—From your description I think that you must be referring to Charles Chaplin. You know he is noted for wearing trousers large enough for a young elephant.

MRS. K., SCHENECTADY—The Keystone have a staff of scenario writers, but they are in the photoplay market just the same.

L. P. C. O.—Clara Kimball Young is married to James Young. They are both with the World Film Company. Her maiden name was Clara Kimball. Miriam Nesbitt is not the wife of Marc McDermott. I am sure that Miss Nesbitt and Mr. McDermott will be pleased to hear that they are your favorites.

A. G. C.—Your guess is correct. Fay Tincher played in "Bill." The Thanhouser Kids are still in the movie ranks. Florence La Badie is 20 years old. You might try a letter. For answer to your other question see "Movie Fan."

(Continued to Page 162)

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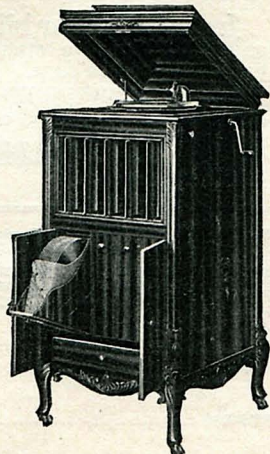
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NAME

ADDRESS

P. O. STATE

"LADY RAFFLES"—You were right, Francis Ford's brother played in "The Mysterious Hand," "Three Bad Men and a Girl" and "The Call of the Waves." None of the ones you inquired about is married.

ANNIE C. H., PORTSMOUTH—Florence La Badie, I repeat, is not married. She has large light blue eyes. The Fairbanks twins have brown eyes.

ST. PAUL C.—George Larkin is married, his wife being Dolly Larkin. Cleo Madison is not married, nor is Florence Walcamp, but William Clifford and Florence Lawrence are.

FLAY RICE—Anna Little took the leading part in "The Link that Binds." Muriel Ostriche has left the Thanhouser. Why so interested in "Almost Married"?

BEVERLY G.—Miss Gertrude Robinson is no longer with the Biograph Company. None of the players you mention is married except Carlyle Blackwell, and his wife is not an actress.

E. K., HOLSTEIN, IA.—None of the players you mention is married except Grace Cunard and Dorothy Davenport. Dot is the wife of Wallie Reid of the Majestic Company. "The Trey of Hearts" and "Kathlyn" have been published in book form. The magazine has been sent to your friend, and we know she will like it.

A. M., BUTTE—Read what Captain Peacocke has to say. He knows the game from A to Z.

L. J., JR., LOUISVILLE—Antrim Short took the part of *Willie Corson* in "Dad." You refer to George Morgan in "The Crimson Moth."

JUDY G.—Jere Austin took the part of *Dr. Brent* in "Nina of the Theatre," a Kalem production. The player that you mention is not married.

CLEO, TIFFIN, OHIO—Again, I say, Miss White was married to a non-professional. Crane Wilbur question I refer you to Mrs. K. P. F. Wilmette, in this issue. There are fourteen installments in the first and about that number in the second serial of the "Exploits of Elaine." Pearl, Glen and Leo White are not related. Arnold Daly, Sheldon Lewis and Creighton Hale are all members of the Pathe stock company.

M. GRAYE, MILWAUKEE—Try to give me the name of the producing company when asking about a play. The Evening Sun is a New York newspaper. The Dramatic Mirror is a theatrical paper. They are both published in New York, so you will have to send your subscriptions there. Ruth Stonehouse is married, so is Carlyle Blackwell. Helen and Dolores Costello are daughters of Maurice Costello of the Vitagraph. For answer to your last question see "A Subscriber."

L. H., WATERLOO—We shall be glad to forward a letter to "Pearl K." and she probably would be glad to hear from you. Try it and see.

MISS E., SAN JOSE—House Peters has been in the movies over a year. He is 33 years of age. You are right; Page Peters is his brother. Find other answer under M. B. S.

I. M., MONTREAL—Edith Taliaferro took the part of *Nellie* in "Young Romance." Tom Moore is with the Kalem Company; Alice Joyce has left the company. Miss Stewart first starred in "The Wood Nymph." No trouble at all.

R. Y., HILLSBORO—Thanks for your remark about the novelization of "The Trey of Hearts." Mary Pickford is very much alive and is still appearing in pictures at the Famous Players studio in Los Angeles. None of the players you mentioned is married.

M. M. M., MAINE—I am sorry but there is no record of the casts that you asked for. See under "L. P. C. O." for answer to your other question. I am glad that you are a photoplay fan; it's the only life!

M. L., QUEBEC—The only ones that are married on your list of photoplays are Ruth Stonehouse and Francis Ford, though not to each other.

W. A. N., Mabel Normand is not married. By all means write for her photograph. She will be only too glad to send you one under those circumstances, but don't be a sponge! Send a quarter.

HAROLD E., ABERDEEN, WASH.—That scenario appeared in March Photoplay. Will be glad to send you one on receipt of 15 cents. It is a mighty good form to follow.

MADELIN F., DETROIT—So many of the stage stars are now going into pictures that there isn't much chance for an inexperienced person. Of course all companies need extra people and you could undoubtedly secure a position as extra girl. The screen stars who have made good without experience got into pictures just at the right time. By that I mean when the business was young and before it was possible for the companies to secure the stage folk. Maurice Costello is still acting and directing for the Vitagraph Company at Brooklyn, N. Y. Alice Joyce is married to Tom, not Owen Moore. Beverly Bayne is single.

J. J. S.—The Imp releases through the Universal Arthur Johnson is still with the Lubin, though he spends more time directing than he does acting. The cast of the "Strength of the Weak" follows: *David Fleming*, Bryant Washburn; *Lalia Fenton*, Gerda Holmes; *Mrs. Fleming*, Helen Dunbar; *Mrs. Fenton*, Camille D'Arcy; *Stanford Black*, Lester Cuneo. Send 15 cents for any issue of Photoplay that you desire, but state plainly the one you want.

A. E. W.—Guy Coombs was *Elwin* in "The White Goddess." Yes, you are right; he was with the Kalem about a year ago.

M. B. S.—R. House Peters is married to a non-professional.

HELEN DARLING—Write to the publicity department of the companies and state that you would like the photographs of certain players. It would be proper for you to send 25 cents to cover the cost of the picture. Anita Stewart is just 19, and is not married. Earle Williams is still a Vitagrapher.

INQUISITIVE—Ruth Roland, Beverly Bayne, Florence La Badie, Edith Storey, Ethel Clayton, Ella Hall, Mabel Normand, Charles Chaplin and Richard Travers are not married. Tom Forman and Edith Taliaferro were in "Young Romance."

REMUS—Miss Storey is not married to Earle Williams. She did appear with another company, but then returned to the Vitagraph.

M. S. J.—Harold Lockwood is now with the American Film Company. The reason for the two different statements was because the one was answered before he left the Famous Players and the other after he had joined the American Company.

PHOTOPLAYERS' CONSTANT READER—Mr. and Mrs. Cruze have a little daughter, named Julie, who sometimes appears in pictures. Florence Lawrence is not married to Owen Moore, nor is Earle Williams married. Mary Pickford is the highest salaried photoplay actress in the world, but she certainly is worth it to millions of fans.

"TILTO TITA"—William Garwood took the part of the son in "Old Enough to Be Her Grandpa." There will be a Dustin Farnum interview as soon as it is possible to arrange one, Tilto.

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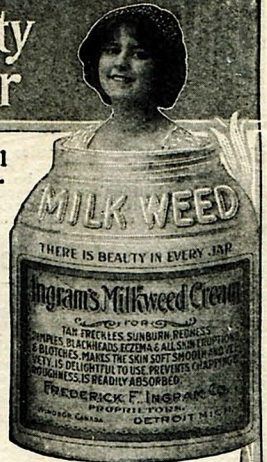
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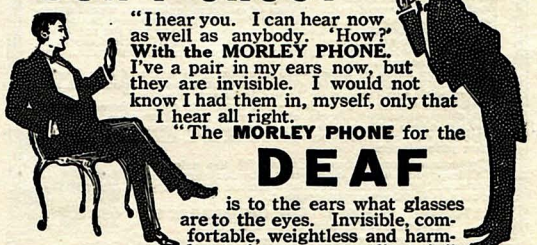
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MILDRED B., WINNIPEG—Miss Ethel Clayton is with Lubin, at Indiana avenue and Twentieth street, Philadelphia. The usual amount sent for a photograph is 25 cents. I have given Miss Anderson's name to the editor and he will interview her as soon as possible. Glad that you like the magazine so much. It's built to please you people.

M. M. F., JACKSON—To tell you the truth, I think that he is married, but as I have no absolute proof I will have to take the word of the press. They are supposed to know everything.

M. A. T., BROOKLYN—The man sitting on the floor on page 93 of the September PHOTOPLAY is "Sweedie," Wallace Beery of the Essanay Company.

E. M. B.—Write to the Essanay Company at 1333 Argyle street, Chicago, Ill., for information about the contest.

L. C. T., LEXINGTON—Unless you have had some experience I do not advise you to go into the movies. You would be very foolish to give up a sure thing for something uncertain. When people realize that acting for the movies is a very substantial business they will realize why we are so ready to discourage enthusiastic novices.

I. D., GRAND RAPIDS—Beverly Bayne is single; are you glad? She lives in Chicago, by the way.

E. B. C.—Almost any company will accept a story that has an entirely new plot. Under these conditions an amateur has a chance to sell a photoplay.

"INQUISITIVE, TRENTON"—Mary Pickford is with the Famous Players Film Company. Address 213 West Twenty-sixth street, New York City. Send 25 cents to the publicity man of the Famous Players Company and he will attend to the photograph. Miss Pickford makes \$100,000 a year, and she's worth it.

J. F.—I am glad that you are so alert. Keep watching.

M. COLE—Miss Blanche Sweet did not appear in the photoplay that you mentioned. Address the Lasky, publicity department, at 220 West Forty-eighth street, New York City.

PEGGY—Preserve your equanimity. Read my note to you fans at the head of this department. No, huh, La Badie is still with us and you will have a chance to see those beautiful eyes a great many times—on the screen.

PRISCILLA FAN—No, again, you are mistaken. Priscilla, for Mr. Bunny is not dead; in fact, he is healthier than ever and is still gaining in weight. Did you read the introduction to this department?

CURTIS E.—Mary Pickford is the highest salaried person in picturedom. That will settle all argument, will it not?

MARGUERITE, L. W.—See answer to your question under "Inquisitive," in this issue.

R. M., HARTFORD, CONN.—Address Robert Leonard and Ella Hall, in care of Mecca Building, Universal Film Company, New York City. I do not agree with you at all, for I do not think Miss Cunard is foolish in reel or real life. For answer to your Snob question see "Photoplayers' Constant Reader."

CABARET—Billie West is with the Mutual Film Company. You will note that her name is spelled "Billie," instead of "Billy."

S. J., NEW ROCHELLE—Eugene Palette is connected with the Majestic-Mutual.

K. F.—George Fisher took the part of Gordon Elliot in "The Scrub," a Domino production.



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I. O. U. C., RACINE—Miss Ethel Clayton appears in many pictures produced by Lubin. Ask the theatre manager to get you the Lubin releases with Miss Clayton. Warren Kerrigan is not married. You may have to wait, and send stamped envelope for an answer to your question unless you want a personal reply. Write to Miss Clayton and tell her how much you like her acting. I am sure that she will appreciate it.

F. H., KENNEY, ILL.—Antonio Moreno was on the stage for a number of years before he joined the Vitaphone Company. See "Inquisitive" for answer to your other question.

Miss D. G. E.—J. W. Johnston played opposite Bessie Barriscale in "Rose of the Rancho." Mr. Johnston is a very versatile and talented actor.

ALPHA—Kindly state the producing company when asking about plays. You refer to Robert Leonard in "The Master Key."

BABE—Creighton Hale is with the Pathe Company. He is not married.

M. T. HEIKELMAN—You are mistaken, Carlyle Blackwell's wife did not play with him in "The Man Who Could Not Fail." Mrs. Blackwell is a non-professional. Sid Chaplin is a brother of Charles Chaplin. His picture was in the May issue of PHOTOPLAY. Sid isn't tall, but about the size of Charley—why say more?

K. P., KENNEY, ILL.—Mary Fuller is with the Victor-Universal Company. Miss Beverly Bayne will appear in "Graustark." Vera Sisson is not married.

L. J. M.—Don't get impatient. Lillie Leslie, one of your favorites, appeared in the May issue. Your other friends will be interviewed as soon as it is possible for the editor to arrange it.

SYLVA O.—You refer to James Cruze in "Zudora."

M. F. R.—Yours is the sort of a letter I like to get. Come again. The cast for "Winning Him Back" is as follows: Ruth Castle, Clara Williams; Rex Castle, Harry Keenan; Yvette, Louise Glaum; Wallace Castle, George Fisher. I am sure Cleo Madison will be glad to hear from you.

B. A. HASSERT—Harry Carter is with the Universal Company, Mecca Building, New York City. Try him out with a letter. J. W. Johnston took the part of Craig in "Where the Trail Divides." Robert Leonard and Ella Hall are not married.

G. D. O.—Charley Chaplin is with the Essanay Company at Niles, California. Send him 25 cents for the photograph, for even his good nature has limits.

E. C. S.—James Cruze was on the legitimate stage before going into the movies. For answer to your other question I refer you to "Photoplayers' Constant Reader."

Miss A. M. S., CINCINNATI—Thurloew Bergen took the part of the prince in "A Prince of India." He is married to Elsie Esmond, who took the part of the adventuress in the same film.

E. J.—Alan Hale is still with the Biograph Company. Billy Quirk is married.

R. H. N.—You refer to Julie Cruze, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Cruze. Write to the Thanhouser Company at New Rochelle, N. Y., for the synopses of "Zudora." "Graustark" will be released in a short time.

MOVIE FAN OF "18"—Stella Razetto and Guy Oliver had the leads in "The Lady of the Cyclamen." Edith Taliaferro and Tom Forman in "Young Romance." Guy Coombs played opposite Alice Joyce in "The White Goddess," the story of which ran in April PHOTOPLAY.



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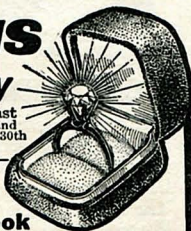
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MRS. R. L. I.—James Kirkwood played with Mary Pickford in "The Eagle's Mate." It was produced a year ago.

V. H.—Your story need not be in scenario form before it is sent to any company. See what Captain Peacocke says about this in the May issue of PHOTOPLAY. Don't be afraid to submit your manuscripts. Try first one company, then another.

R. R. MONROE, N. C.—Miss White's husband was a non-professional Ruth Stonehouse is married to Joe Roach, a scenario writer for the Essanay Company.

C. A. R., BIRMINGHAM—The only way an amateur can get a start in the movies is to secure a place with some company and go through the long and weary struggle of playing minor parts at "experience per week." It is a pretty poor business proposition, if you haven't an income.

ANDY—You'll have to wait a little on your wild desire to correspond with your friends. Half the people sign their names just as you do, and don't give any address, but we're going to try to work out a scheme so that you can get together. The people you mention are all unmarried.

HAZEL W., HARTFORD, CONN.—"X." the unknown quantity in this case, is found to be Xavier, and he is under thirty, and still a major leaguer. He don't have time to slump. Ruth Stonehouse is married; behind the camera she is Mrs. Roach. Florence Lawrence is not in the movies at present, although she promises her friends that her hibernation will end with the advent of spring. Dick Travers is with Essanay in Chicago. Robert Leonard and Ella Hall are at Universal City, Los Angeles, and George Larkin, Fox Film Company.

P. A. E. T., WASHINGTON, D. C.—In a word, "No." How many do you want, anyway? However, I suppose some people are just naturally born that way. No, wait; leave Harry Morey alone—he's married.

C. R., CHICAGO—No, it is not true that Crane Wilbur took the part of the *Stork* in the "Birth of a Nation." Can't say what Kathryn will do, I am sure, now that the Elephant is going back to the legitimate to appear at the White House in Washington, starting 1916.

YOST F. B., MANOR, PA.—Pearl White came from the heart of the Ozarks, and her first appearance was in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," of course, as *Little Eva*. Thus she started on her stage career, and continued before the footlights for a number of years until she joined the Pathe Company, soon to play the role of *Pauline* in her many perils. She has traveled extensively, but when she's home she answers her telephone at the Pathe Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth street, New York City. Those "will o' the wisp" pictures are purely optical illusions and are produced by taking two pictures on one film. The Universal you refer to was filmed near that Lozonglaze city.

FREDA L., ST. LOUIS—So you hope Mary Pickford hasn't died of pneumonia! Well, what do you want her to die of? Mail your complaint to this office and we'll see what can be done. For our part, not living on Botanical avenue, we hope that she doesn't die at all—would not be treating the fans right.

MR. P. S. R., NORMANDIE, PHILADELPHIA—You have the same chance in photoplay acting that you have in any of the other many very overcrowded professions. If you can spend two or three years at "experience per week" you may be justified in thinking about breaking in; otherwise just be a fan. You've as good a chance to become a major league ball player. Oh, well, try chess then.

ROCHESTER MAKE MEANS QUALITY—You evidently believe in advertising. Just for that we'll drop this down a Cutler mail chute. None of your friends are married. You evidently belong to the younger set. Good night, daughter.

GRETCHEN, TOLEDO—You have funny opinions: asking whether Charlie Chaplin is dead and if he is married, all in the same question. Ford and Cunard are not married. We don't know how big Charlie's pay envelope is; he told us once, but it was English money, and we couldn't figure it out. Gretchen, if you can't wait for **PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE** now, I don't know what you will do in two or three months. Well, you watch and see. Edith Story is a brunette, Gretchen, certainly. Eddie Lyons is not married. Don't worry about that pen of yours; it's all right.

M. E. T., UXBRIDGE, MASS.—Jimmie and Marguerite are married. Mr. Cruze merely takes the part of a reporter in many of the plays in which he appears. You don't want a list of plays, you want an itinerary of his life.

IDA L. F., LAKEWOOD.—Many thanks for your nice letter. I turned your answers in the "Lips Contest" over to the Contest Editor. Call again.

L. A., CLINTON, IA.—No. Mary Pickford is not divorced, nor is she securing a divorce. Some more Sewing Circle gossip.

CLAIRE G., QUINCY.—"Tillie's Punctured Romance" is a Keystone feature. Roscoe Arbuckle weighs two hundred and forty, but he's gaining—he'll be quite a boy when he gets his growth.

K. H., BRENTWOOD.—You may address Mable Forrest in care of the Essanay Film Co., Chicago.

J. H. S., TOLEDO.—No. Charlie Chaplin hasn't been killed doing any of his stunts. He's a pretty wise old bird—always looks out for C. C.

L. W., CHICAGO.—There is no way that you can keep in touch with the Mary Pickford bills at the various theaters, except to watch the advertisements in the papers and to note the announcements of coming features at the theaters you attend. Hope you see them all.

J. L. B., TACOMA.—No, kind friend, Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are not married. Blanche Sweet is married. You will find some interesting news in answer to your question about Francis Bushman and Edna Mayo in the June issue. Doesn't it settle that matter for you? Glad that you know Mary—where some people get those ideas about Mary and Owen is beyond me: you confirm the information that we have here, that their married life is very happy.

CARTHAGE, WATERTOWN.—Mack Sennett may be addressed at 1712 Alessandro Street, Los Angeles. Sure, you may be just the man he is looking for—we won't guarantee what for, however!

ANTHONY, NEW ORLEANS.—You aren't in love—you're merely in need of a spanking. You will find an Edward Earle interview in this issue, but it's by another author—the one you mention is in a different part of the country. There will be a lot of contests in the coming issues. Watch for them.

MISS B. C., PORTLAND.—Shoot! Send as many jokes as you want to, only try to send smiles, at least.

LEO, N. Y.—Oh, just address your letters to "Questions and Answers Department." I got one the other day addressed to the "Answer Man Chicago," but it probably found a postman who is a movie fan. Mr. Roach is not an actor—he's one of the men behind the guns, in the Essanay Camp. The cast of Selig's "Millionaire Caddy" is as follows: *Henry Page*, Wm. Stowell; *Clarence Forbes*, Edwin Wallock; *Doris Wilson*, Adele Lane; *Jarvis Wilson*, Joe Hazelton; *The Old Caddy*, C. C. Holland. Neither Anita nor Norma is married.

C. L., BROOKLYN.—You probably have merely struck the wrong theaters—ones which do not happen to handle Great Northern Films. The company is still in business.

SNOOK-CHEYENNE.—Beverly Bayne is unmarried, and her home is in Chicago.

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BERNICE C., ST. LOUIS.—It is probable that Alice Joyce will soon reappear in pictures, but at the present moment she is devoting her time exclusively to her home. Certainly Mary Pickford lives with her husband—those gossip rumors are the limit. Can't say whether a kind Future will bring forth plays with Owen and Mary playing opposite each other or not—I most surely hope so.

B. D. E., BINGHAMTON.—Hope your play is successful, and the only way to do with it is to submit it to the various scenario editors. Elsewhere, however, we have mentioned two or three companies which are not in the market for any sort of scripts whatsoever.

CAROLYN P., LITTLE ROCK, AND WOOD VIOLET, HOLYOKE.—I PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will be glad to send you nearly any of the back numbers upon receipt of fifteen cents. We merely ask that you do not judge the present magazine, and the ones to come, by these antediluvian editions. The Universal group includes Big U, Gold Seal, Imp, 101 Bison, L-Ko, Joker, Nestor, Powers, Rex, Sterling, Victor and Laemmle. Universal City is a really wonderful city—the metropolis of the photoplay world, and you must arrange your trip so that you can visit it, when you are out there. Now when did you hear us advising anyone to study moving picture acting by mail? I don't think you did either! We discourage people in their aspirations to become photoplayers because not one in a hundred, to say the least, has any idea of the seriousness of this profession. The movies are the third largest industry of America, the day of the star-by-cance has passed, and thousands of people are devoting all their time, their energy and their money to acquire proficiency in this field. Against such competition, or trained and efficient minds, what chance has Hallie-of-ham-rye experience? See our position?—to encourage people who have not the ability and means to take this up, would be nothing short of criminal.

J. S. M., NEW BEDFORD.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's editors are always glad to read contributions submitted for use in our pages, but manuscripts must be prepared in the usual typewritten form.

EARL V. E. C., DETROIT.—We stand pat on everything that we said regarding the correspondence schools. In practically every instance they make promises that they know they cannot fulfill, and bleed a gullible public through radiant pictures of a success that is as far away as the end of the rainbow. A sucker is born every minute, and PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE can't stop that, but it dislikes to see them imposed upon if it can be helped.

PHILIP B., BROOKLYN.—As a form of amusement, you would probably find that breaking into the New York "400" is much easier and more entertaining, than attempting to visit a film studio. It is almost impossible to secure passes and, having once secured them, you will find that you are very much in the way. Charlie Chaplin is said to receive \$2,000 per week from the Essanay Company, and it's part of the contract that he refrain from dying, so don't worry.

MIRIAM B., SCHENECTADY.—Joseph Roach, the husband of Ruth Stonehouse, is with Essanay in Chicago, in the capacity of scenario writer.

R. W. D., PORTLAND.—Many thanks for sending us the clippings.

MISS J. J. J., BLOOMFIELD.—We'll have to see what we can do for you in regard to a story about Hobart Henley: don't know why he's been overlooked. No, Marguerite Clarke is not Harold Lockwood's wife.

MRS. S. M. H., ST. PAUL.—No. one can not use copyrighted stories as the basis of scenarios. You might be able to secure permission from the author to use his story in a scenario, but otherwise you cannot do so.

H. A. F., INDIANAPOLIS.—Your suggestion about mentioning players specifically is good, and we are doing so, except in certain instances where we do not care to use the player's name. Perhaps your letter went astray because Charlie Chaplin is with the Western branch of Essanay, at Niles, California. Try your luck there.

The Fable of the Faithful Fan

By W. J. McLaughlin



AMARY PICKFORD Feature was being shown at the Local Theatre. Jones was a Rabid Movie Fan and a Staunch Admirer of Little Mary.

Nature had been very Unkind to Jones, and like all Chaps whose Facial Appearances are Conspicuous, he was of a Sensitive, Retiring Nature.

During the First Part of the Performance, he had a clear view of the Screen; but before the Feature was Put On, a Beautiful Young Thing in a large Picture Hat was ushered to a Seat directly in Front of him. He strained his Neck trying to follow his Little Favorite on the Screen until he got Sore. Then he summoned up Courage enough to say:

"Will you kindly remove your Hat, Miss?"

The Beautiful Young Thing remained Unmoved. Fifty feet of Little Mary were lost to Jones. He became Absolutely Desperate and shouted:

"Say, take off that Hat! I want to Look as well as you do."

Whereupon the Beautiful Young Thing looked him straight in the Eye and replied:

"If you want to Look as well as I do, Old Top, you'd better go Home and change your Face."

MORAL

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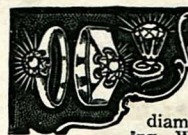
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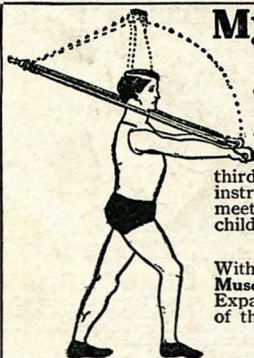
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